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The Educational Department

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The Christmas Emphasis

At Christmas time the year-round claims of youth become more evident. Childhood now takes on a kind of seasonal supremacy. "The plenary masterfulness of youth" flames out anew, and we again realize that "youth will be served."

Parental Responsibility

The first responsibility is with parents. They must retain at home the atmosphere of home, and also work with school in training body, mind and soul. They must help their young folks to make the most of school. They must never once forget that only two per cent of those going out in life at fourteen ever reach those higher grades men call success. Every year of education adds cash value to earning power after school. The United States Bureau of Education has discovered this.

The School Task

Now that the new academic year is well along and many schools seem to have more than the usual attendance, one can possibly again recall that with privilege goes duty. The final business of the school is not grading, not study hours, not discipline. It is making school so interesting that young people will there do their best. It is so humanizing all school life that while youth will be served, youth also will learn how to serve,—in that Christmas spirit one of our women's colleges has symbolized in its motto:

"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

LYMAN P. POWELL.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925.

County of New York } ss.:
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared S. S. McClure, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit;

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The S. S. McClure Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York; Editor, S. S. McClure, 250 Park Avenue, New York; Managing Editor, George S. Brooks, 250 Parks Avenue, New York; Business Manager, T. C. McClure, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

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S. S. McCLURE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of October, 1925.

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Notary Public, New York County (My commission expires March 30, 1927, Clerk's No. 445, Registers No. 7495.

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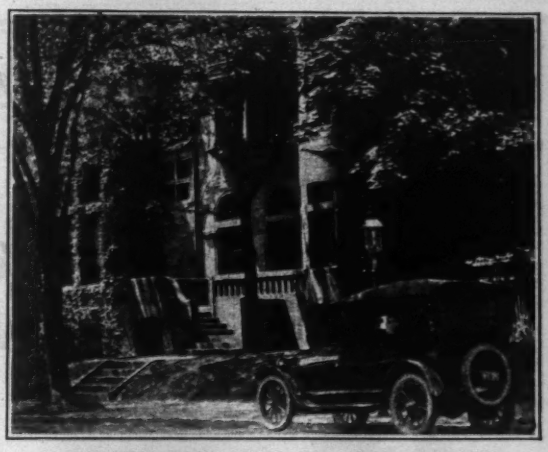

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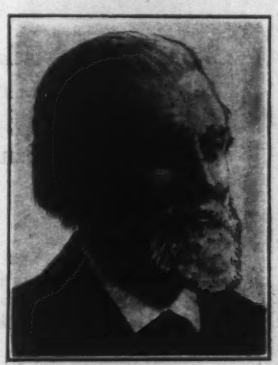
"The human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease."—Professor Foges, Vienna.

THE LAZY COLON

(Large Intestine)

By CHARLES M. CAMPBELL
Associated with
ALBERT K. DETWILLER, M.D.

16th Thousand Since October



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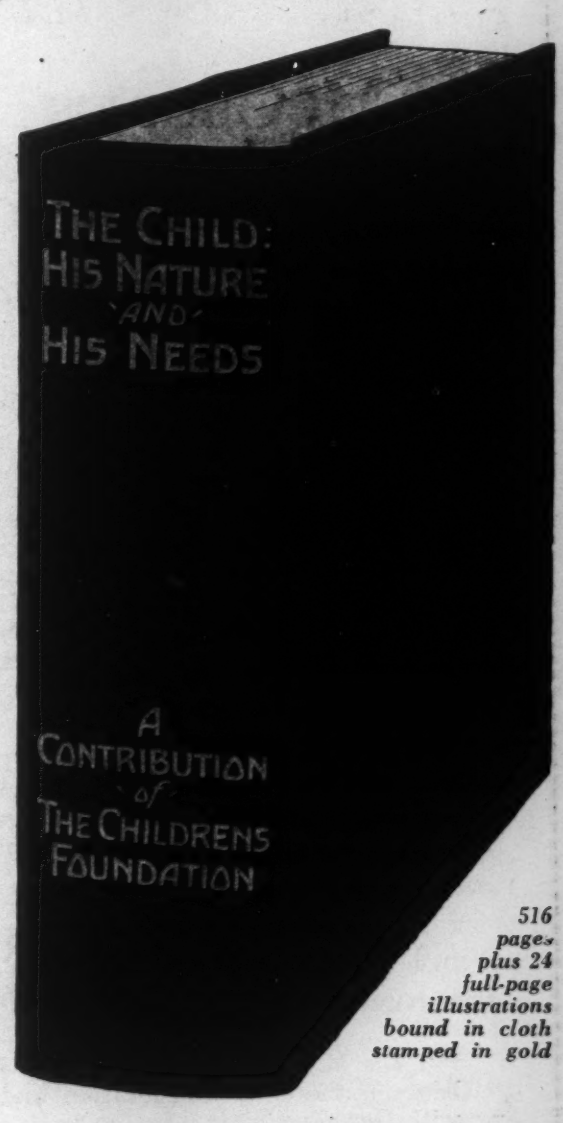

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In January

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

EMILIANO ZAPATA,

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He was more cruel than Geronimo the Apache; more capable in directing his men than Attila the Hun; more resourceful in campaigning over broken country than Ghengis Khan. He was unquestionably the greatest outlaw this continent ever knew. It is possible that he was the greatest bandit in the recorded history of the world.

For eight years (1911–19) his word was law in one hundred thousand square miles of Mexican Territory. At the height of his power he rode at the head of twenty thousand men. He laid a score of cities waste, executed more than twelve hundred prisoners, collected several million dollars in loot, married twenty-six women, named two presidents of Mexico, offered to declare war on the United States and, at last, died penniless from a saber thrust in a duel. His body was buried by one of his Indian girl wives.

Here is his history—pages written with a *machete* and punctuated with a rifle—told by one who knew him in the beginning, who campaigned with him when he was successful and who said "good-bye" to him just before the final, spectacular duel that ended Zapata's life.

THE STEEL CORPORATION AND THE WORLD WAR

Ida M. Tarbell, in her *Life of Judge Gary,* tells of the relationship between the Steel Corporation and the Government during the War with Germany.

A high official of the Steel Corporation was called to Washington to appear before the General Munitions Board. He explained that, at the moment, there was an early April shortage of ore.

"Why?" asked a well-meaning if impractical member of the Board.

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"Why did you allow the season to be late at such a crisis as this?" demanded the Board member.

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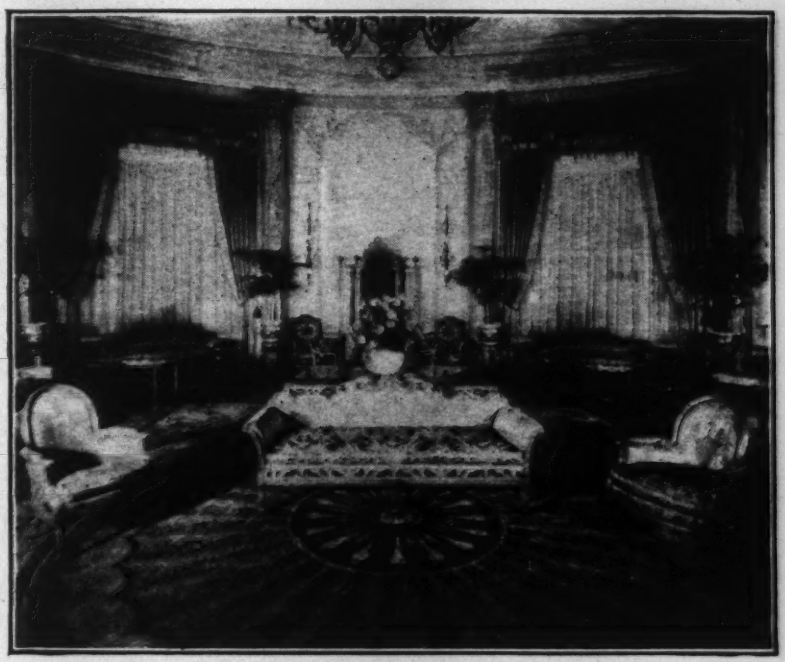

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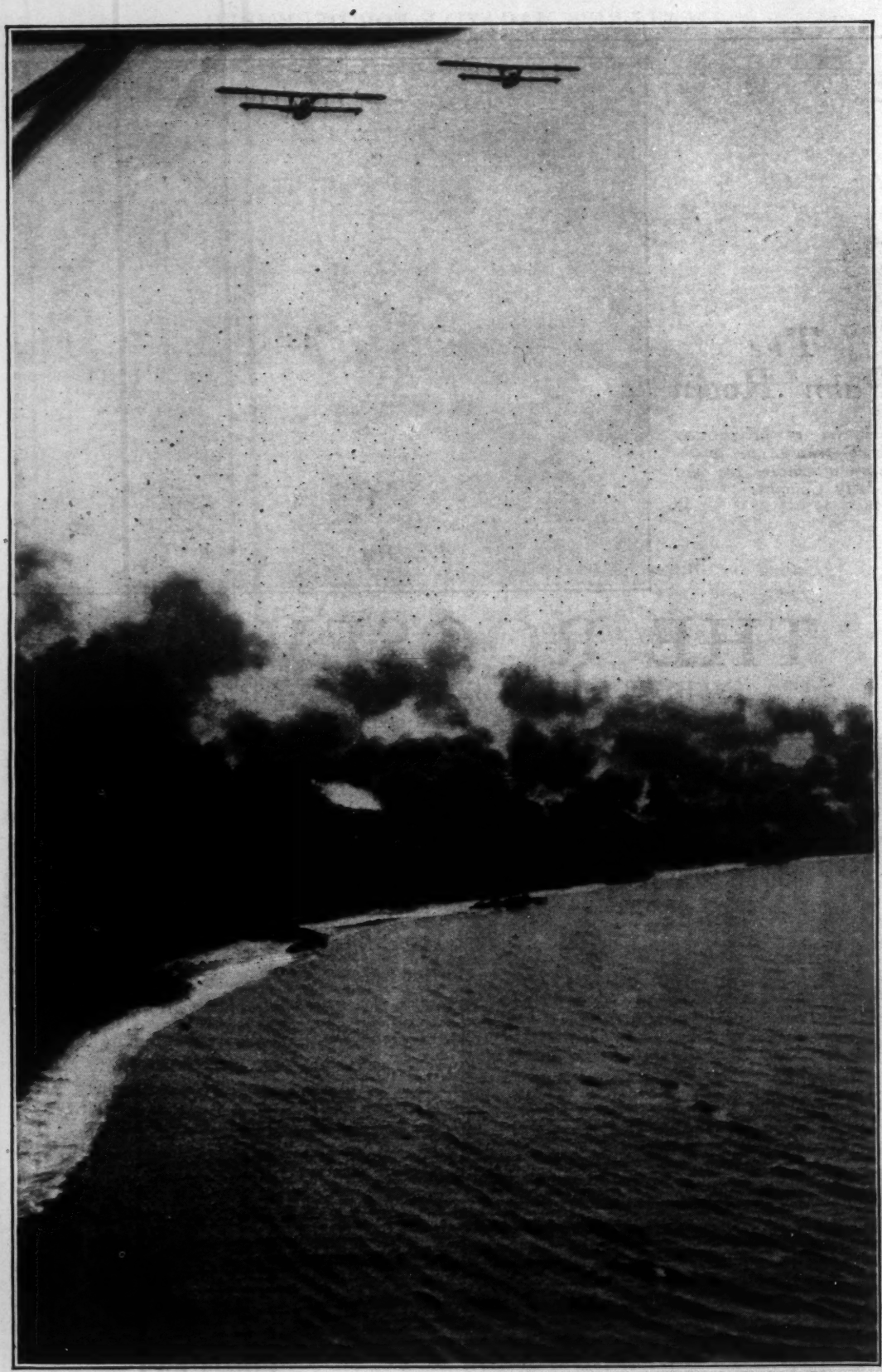


Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Destroyers' make a smoke screen for the fleet, while planes scout.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, Vol. II, No. 2 | DECEMBER, 1925 | Founded 1893 | Whole Number 378

A REPLY TO MITCHELL'S PLAN FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

By LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CLIFFORD A. TINKER

Formerly of the Bureau of Aeronautics U. S. Navy

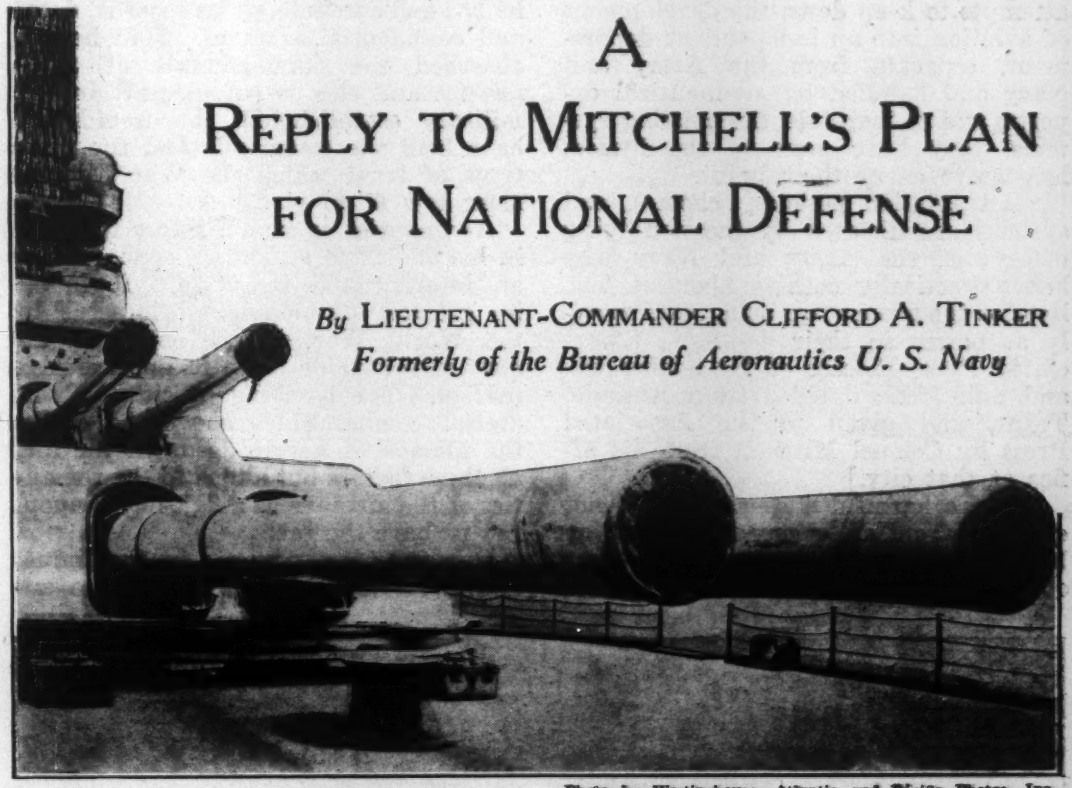


Photo by Westinghouse, Atlantic and Pacific Photos, Inc.

The fleet's loud speakers.

While writing this article, Lieutenant-Commander Tinker had access to all necessary official data in both the War and Navy Departments. He has consulted the best-informed men in the departments about the matters in controversy and presents here as accurately as possible the material upon which is based the air policy of the Government of the United States.

After an investigation, the editor of this magazine found that this article accurately presents the views of Navy and Army leaders.— *Editor's note.*

ON September 6, 1925, the whole Army and Navy were startled by finding in the newspapers of the country an Associated Press dispatch given out by Colonel William Mitchell, formerly Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, which attacked the sister services in unmeasured terms. The attack was based upon the loss of the Shenandoah and the mishap of the PN-9 off the Hawaiian Islands. Colonel Mitchell, the avowed spokesman of the

proponents of a separate air force in America, charged that:

"These accidents are the direct result of the incompetence, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of the national defense by the Navy and War Departments. In their attempts to keep down the development of aviation into an independent department, separate from the Army and Navy and handled by aeronautical experts, and to maintain the existing systems, they have gone to the utmost lengths to carry their point.

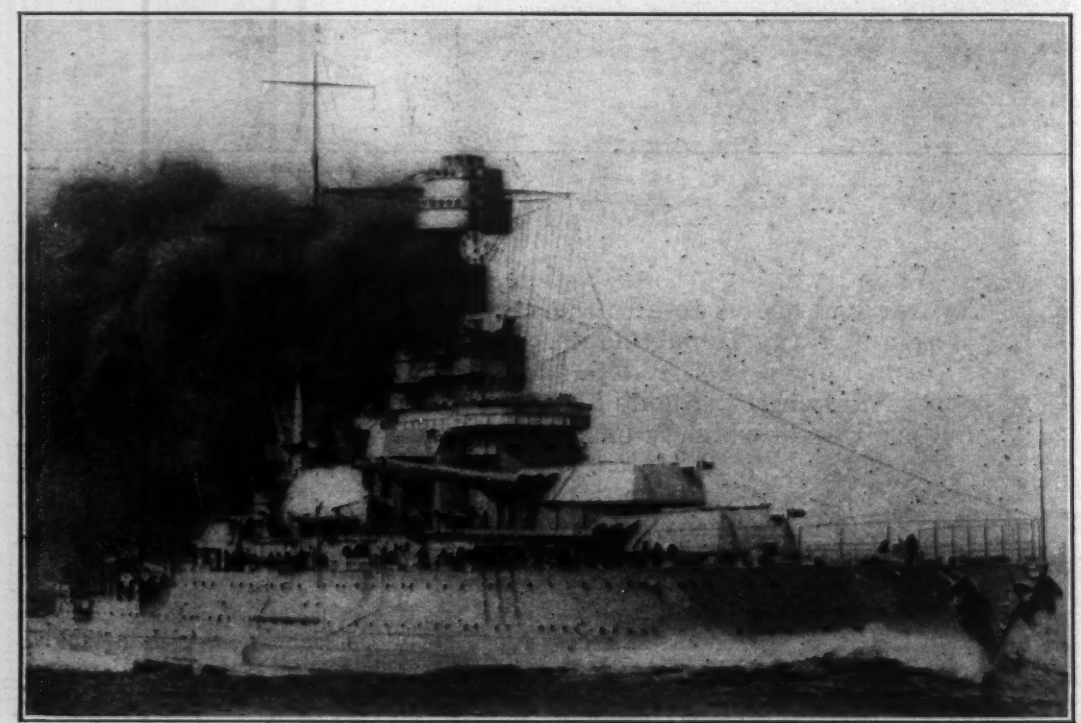
"All aviation policies, schemes, and systems are dictated by the non-flying officers of the Army and Navy who know practically nothing about it. The lives of the airmen are being used merely as pawns in their hands." [Associated Press Release of September 5th and 6th, 1925; dated at San Antonio, Texas, and given to the Associated Press by Colonel Mitchell from his office at that city.]

A more harmful statement could not emanate from an enemy of the nation bent on weakening its morale in time of war.

It has been the subject of widespread editorial comment that Mitchell's statements always contain much truth. Taken as a whole, it would be surprizing if they did not. Mitchell has been in the Army since 1898; he has been with the Air Force since its beginning; he has had access to all its records, data, and confidential archives. Had he not absorbed the fundamentals of aeronautics and the use of aircraft in the military establishment, he would not have held the commands and the positions of trust which the War Department saw fit to give him.

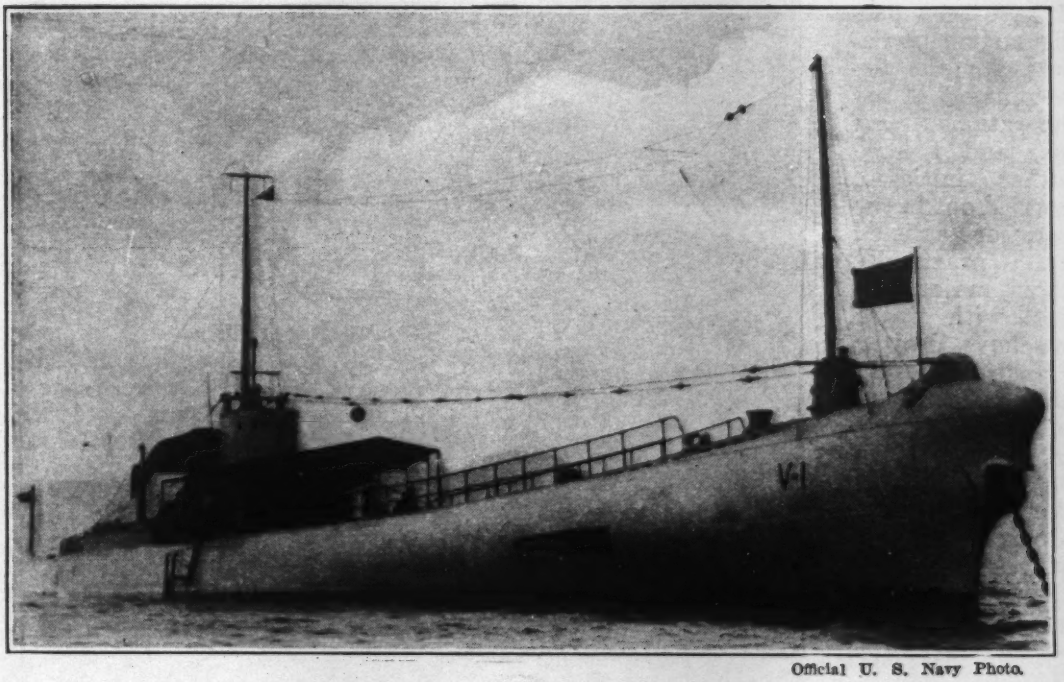
Aeronautics is man's latest triumph in his efforts to annihilate space. It is an international sensation. It found its greatest developmental impetus in the World War, and achieved an almost unbelievable place in public imagination. The bombing of cities, gladiatorial combat miles above the earth, the glamor of heroic deeds in the air, all these factors but added to the romantics of the airplane as a fighting weapon. Let us have the facts.

Our very preeminence in the industrial world, our leadership in the ad-



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

The U. S. S. Tennessee. These great floating gun platforms are not obsolete because of aviation; aviation has made them more efficient than ever before.



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

A new V type submarine that accompanies the battle fleet to sea and is able to maintain the same speed as other units of the battle fleet.

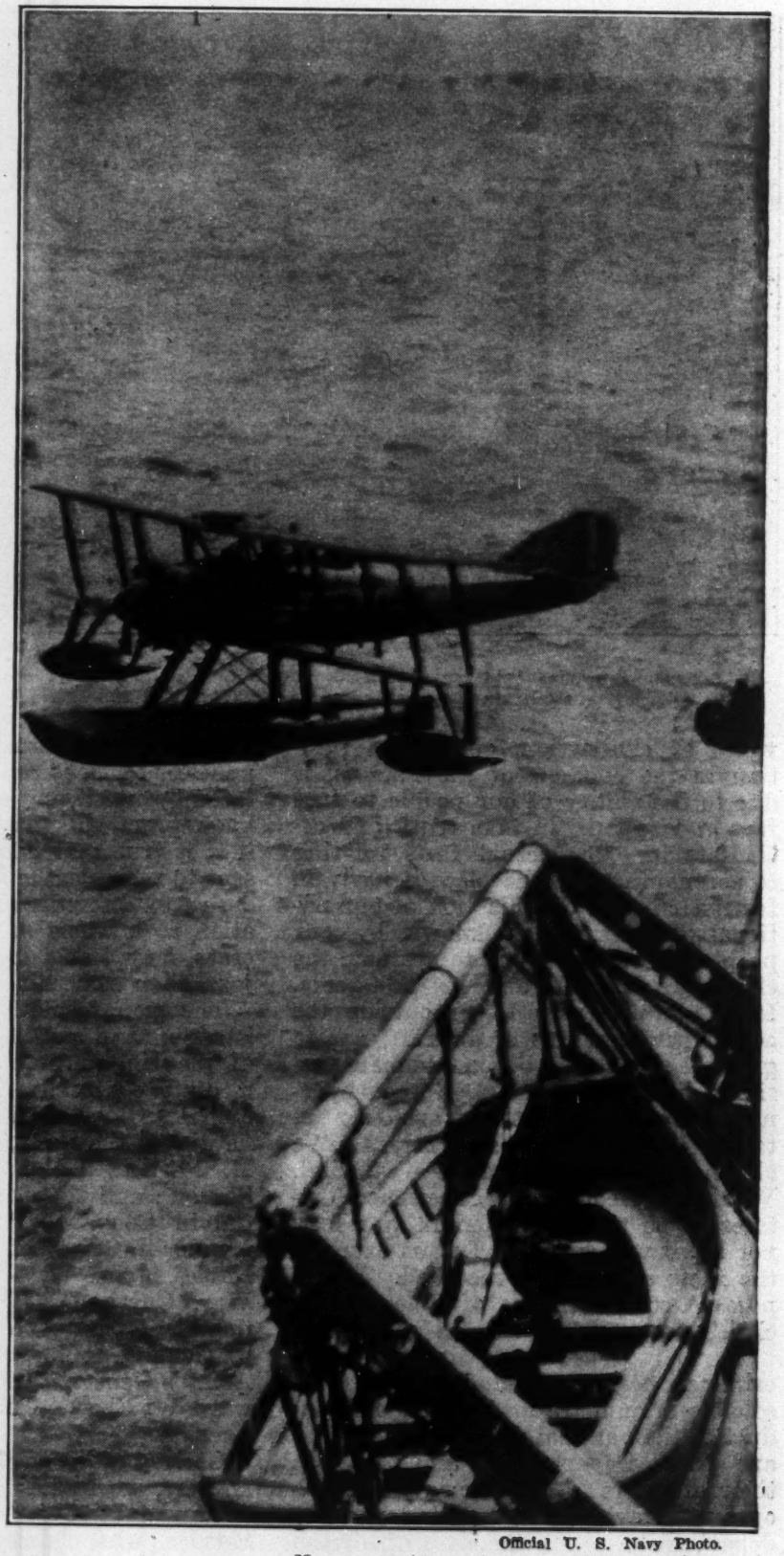
vance of civilization, our proud position in the councils of the nations, is due to the ability of our people to face fact and fight it, to take truth and assimilate it. The actual facts relating to aeronautics and the place it has won for itself in the organization of our national defense, when known by our people, will enable them to evaluate the claims of Mitchell and his adherents. It is not necessary to go outside the actual performances of aircraft, nor to give them a status beyond human possibilities and bordering on the supernatural, to prove that they are essential to our military and naval forces. We all know they are essential—yea, vital. What knowledge and experience dictates to be their function in war may not be so well known. Let us examine the facts as officially recorded. I propose to compare some of Colonel Mitchell's statements with the actualities.

If it is true that "incompetence, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration" mark the conduct of the national defense by the War and Navy Departments, and that "in their attempts to keep down the development of aviation into an independent department . . . . the lives of airmen are being used merely as pawns in their hands;" if it is true that "all aviation policies, schemes, and systems are dictated by non-flying officers . . . . who know practically nothing about them;" if it is true that gallant men are being sent to their deaths by bureaucrats who desire to discredit and keep down aviation as a whole so that these bureaucrats may hang onto their miserable jobs, then something *ought* to be done.

The men responsible for the administration and policies of the air forces of the United States are those in immediate control: Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy, and General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service; and those in ultimate control: Calvin Coolidge, President and Commander-in-Chief of our Armies and Navies, John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, and their advisers, headed by General John L. Hines, Chief of the Army's General Staff, and Admiral Edward W. Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations.

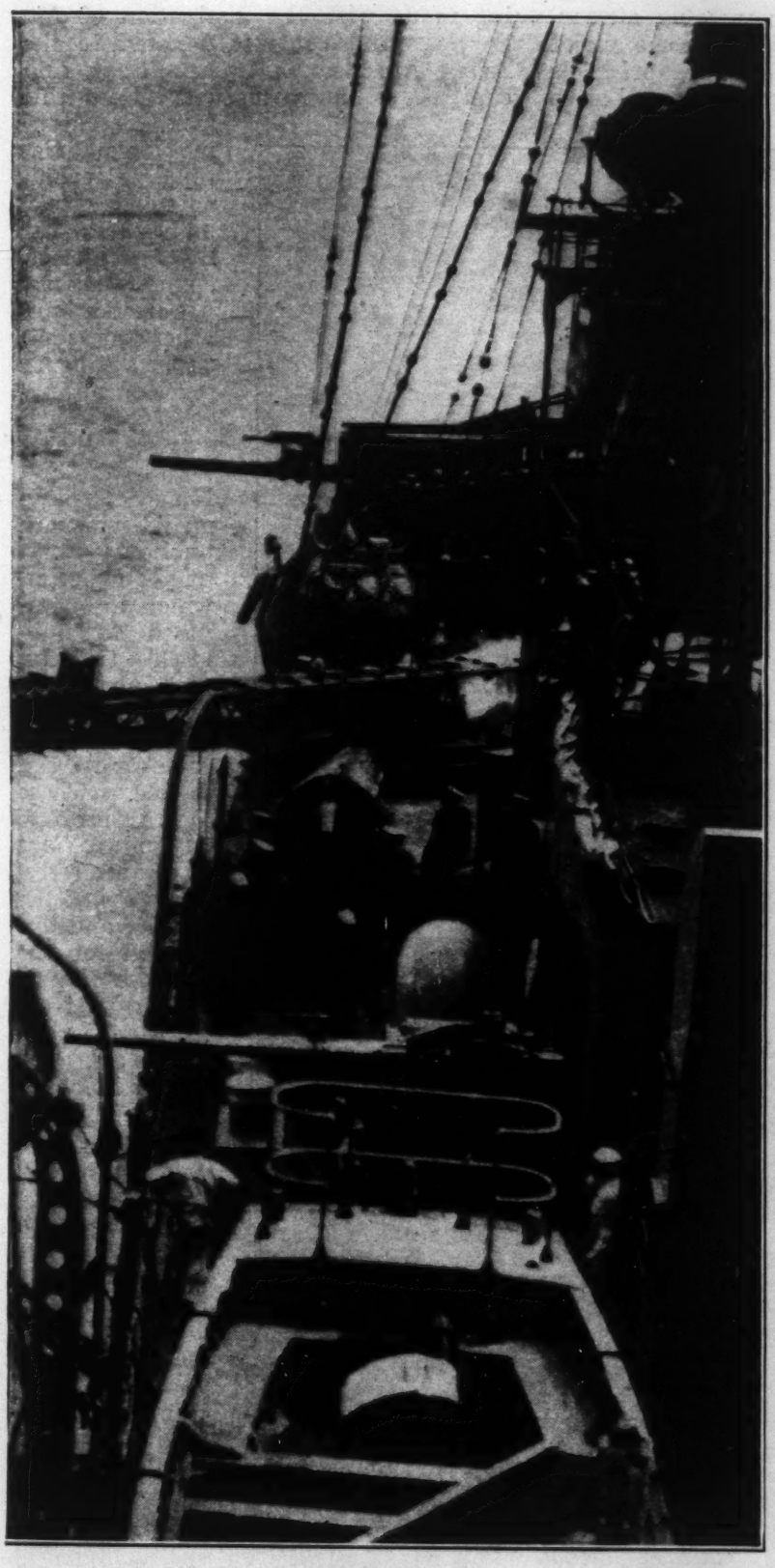
Getting at the truths involved in these matters, we find that Mitchell himself, as Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, who claims in his own words given under oath, "in these capacities

I have been particularly concerned with the development of air operations and use and I have either initiated, carried out in the air, or assisted in practically every major project with which we have dealt," [Hearing before the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of United States Air Services, House of Representatives, 68th Congress. Printed in five parts with index. Hearings held in 1924-25; report issued 1925.] has had more to do with our present Army air establishment than any other man in the country. He had more to do with "all aviation policies, schemes, and systems" than any other man in America, wears medals for it, has been away from this paramount position only a few short months. If, in the last four years at least, Army airmen have been used as pawns, he has moved the pawns. He cannot show me an order, either in the files of the War Department or Navy Department, signed by higher authority



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Navy spotting and observation plane, being



launched by catapult from a light cruiser.

than himself and the officer in the Navy Air Service corresponding to his own position, that did not first have the consideration and approval of those in direct and immediate charge of our aeronautic activities.

In further refutation of such absurd statements, it is well known to the general public that no unusual undertaking, involving new and untried fields in aeronautic operation, is ever officially permitted until elaborate safeguards are provided by the Army or Navy, or both, as protection to the fliers and crew who man the planes. This includes ships strung along lines of flight, the establishment of remote supply bases, the organization of radio facilities as navigational aids, and the most complete paternal solicitude on the part of every one attached to the services afloat and ashore, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the last gob and doughboy.

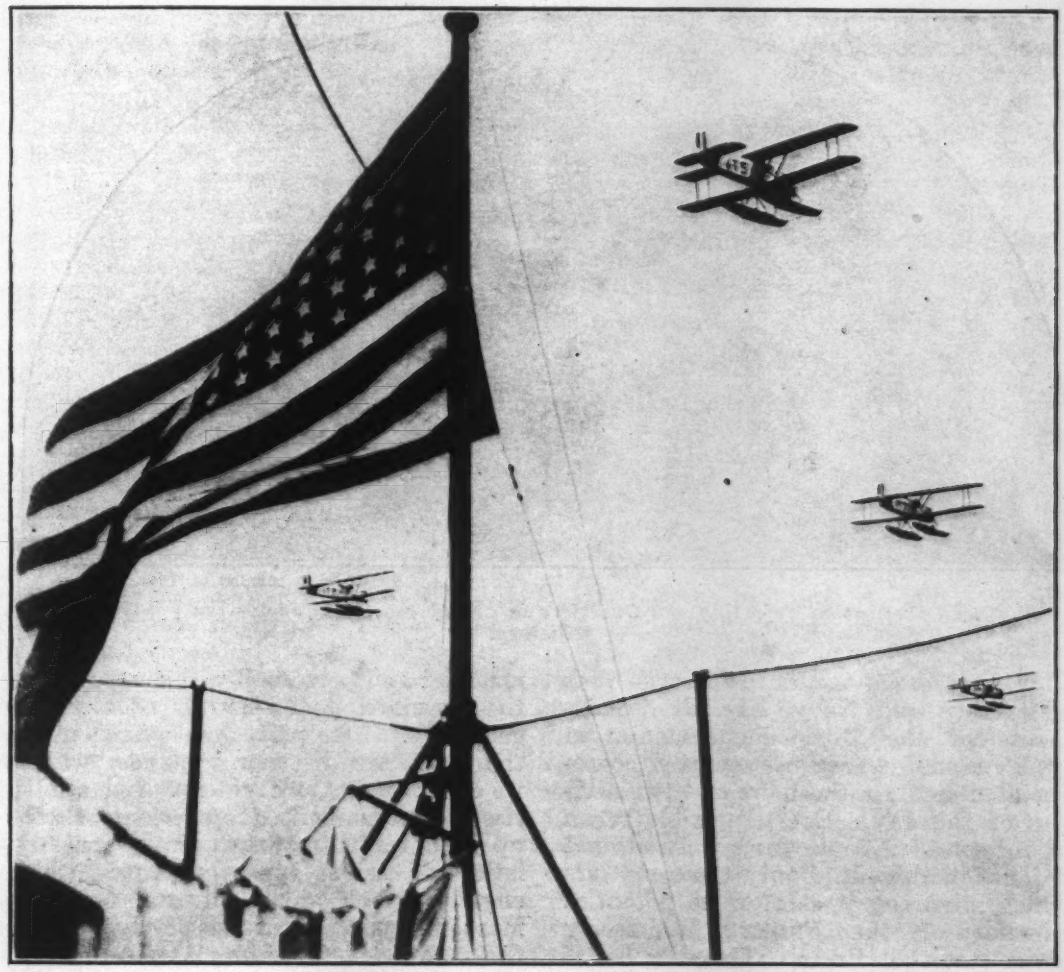
Mitchell knows that the Army and Navy have spent millions in

safe-guarding their pioneering airmen, and that the funds did not come out of meager aeronautic appropriations either. As an instance, just recall some of the details of the Army's around-the-world flight. To keep the three planes in the air, to guard the lives of the intrepid pilots and their crews, and to provide supplies and replacements beyond those sent to depots in foreign lands by the Army Air Service, the Navy employed 33 surface ships from our Pacific and Atlantic fleets. These ships were manned by 339 officers and 5,062 enlisted men. They were diverted from their usual duties for 128 days; they consumed 6,256,194 gallons of fuel costing $318-165, while steaming 135,-556 miles. This does not include the services of two destroyers and two Coast Guard cutters in Alaskan waters, nor those of a Fish Commission vessel also requisitioned for the cause. The whole cost of this service, without which the flight would have been impossible, had nothing to do with the dissipation of Air Service funds, it was donated to the Army Air Service by the Navy and charged to the fuel fund. Does this look like "keeping down aviation," "criminal negligence," and using the lives of airmen as mere pawns?

Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, dressing for a flight in a Navy plane.

Consider another statement, that relating to service propaganda. Mitchell says: "Both the War and Navy Departments maintain public propaganda agencies, which are supposed to publish truthful facts about our national defense to the American people. These Departments, remember, are supported by the taxes of the people, and are created for the purpose of protecting us from invasion from abroad and from domestic disturbance from within. What has actually happened in these Departments is that they have formed a sort of union to perpetuate their own existence, largely irrespective of the public welfare . . . ." [Associated Press Release of September 5th and 6th, 1925; dated at San Antonio, Texas, and



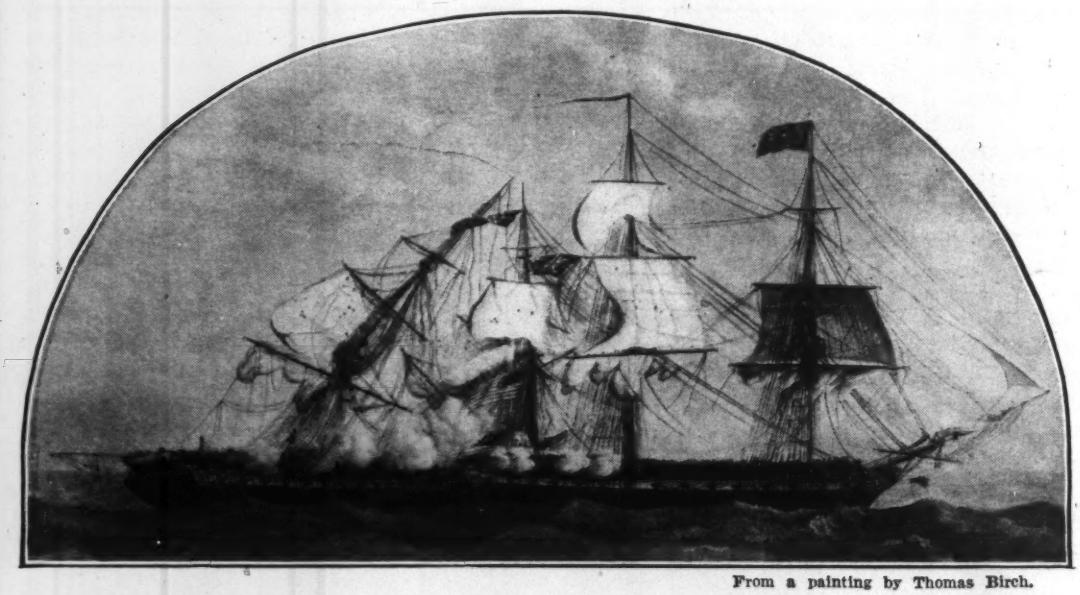
Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Torpedo planes circling over the fleet during maneuvers.

given to the Associated Press by Colonel Mitchell from his office at that city.]

"To get publicity and make a noise about what was doing with aircraft, this so-called Hawaiian flight was arranged for . . . . What other thing has the Navy done this summer? After borrowing some airplanes from the Army, that were entirely inadequate to the work in hand, they went on the MacMillan trip to the Arctic. More propaganda! As far as can be learned from a distance, they . . . . got nowhere and did nothing. The Shenandoah was going west on a propaganda mission, for the Navy Department to offset the adverse publicity caused by the failures in the Pacific and Arctic. Note: Propaganda and not serviec is the keynote of these undertakings." [Associated Press Release of September 5th and 6th, 1925; dated at San Antonia, Texas, and given to the Associated Press by Colonel Mitchell.]

Who organized these Army Air Service activities—the flight to Alaska, the flight around the rim of the United States, the "dawn-to-dusk" flight across the country, the flight around the world? Mitchell did. His duties as Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service and its Chief of Operations and Training made it obligatory upon him to do so, and he states only the bare facts when he says: "I have either initiated, carried out in the air, or assisted in practically every major project with which we have dealt," but his pride in these projects, often publicly expressed, is no greater than that of every American.



From a painting by Thomas Birch.

The Constitution defeating the Guerriere in one of the most famous sea fights in history.

What are the facts? It is true that the Army and Navy, like all departments of the Government, maintain press rooms where newspaper correspondents obtain the news of the activities of the day. Every possible scrap of information concerning the national defense, withholding only those matters which might be of comfort to potential enemies of the country, is freely given to the Press. This is as it should be; the people of the country demand, and rightly, to know how these defense matters are being conducted; they are vital to the general welfare. Just read the preamble of our Constitution if you would know how vital. Our founders placed the "common defense" even above "law and order" and the exalted "union" which make us a nation. Woe betide those in high places who cover up and hold secret from the people the facts concerning our strength or weakness in military and naval organization! To deprive the country of such vital facts is indeed "almost treasonable."

The Hawaiian flights of the Navy, the around-the-world flight by the Army, and kindred activities, including air racing and record performances for speed, endurance and altitude, are organized and carried out to test the reliability and performance of aircraft in the hope that peak performances by material and personnel will some day be the standard performances of aircraft generally. If we push our equipment to the limit, we discover weakness which we may correct, we note proved qualities for permanent adoption, we check up on development, we learn characteristics of various types of aircraft and engines which aid us in the forward march of aeronautics as an agency in the national defense and as an adjunct to commercial systems of transportation. Without such tests there can be only the slowest progress. Pioneering is an American trait; the pioneering spirit of the Wright brothers gave human flight to the world. Has any one suggested the official crucifixion of Mitchell for his part in the gallant and proud records of the Army Air Service in these pioneering, epoch-making flights?

Is the country being fooled by its military leaders who give great value to Hawaii as a place of strategic importance should we be forced to conduct a war in the Pacific? Mitchell, self-styled master of strategy, says yes. I quote from his recent press statements: "Now what have the Army and Navy done to show that existing obsolete systems should be maintained? First, the great Pacific naval maneuvers . . . . the main features of these were the assembling of a fleet of some 148 sur-

faces vessels in the Pacific, the parade up our Pacific coast and entrance into San Francisco harbor, and then the trip to Honolulu. Press representatives and Congressional committees galore were handled, fed and entertained according to the good old Navy's propaganda system. It was heralded that the Navy had taken the Hawaiian Islands . . . . as far as Honolulu is concerned, *it is not a position of decisive influence in the control of the Pacific.* Its value consists in being an excellent submarine base to act against hostile surface seacraft and submarines. The control position of the Pacific is our own territory of Alaska and the peninsula of Kamchatka opposite. It is reported that from $50,000,000 to $80,000,000 has been spent just for this Pacific parade of our Navy . . . . more properly, the vessels belonging to the United States, because, in fact, it is no Navy in the modern conception of the term." [Associated Press Release of September 5th and 6th, 1925; dated at San Antonio, Texas, and given to the Associated Press by Colonel Mitchell from his office at that city.]

Further, he adds: "The way that America will be reached from Asia is by the way of Alaska. The water that has to be crossed is scarcely wider than the English Channel. The route from Europe is by way of the same course that the around-the-world fliers took, to Iceland, Greenland and North America . . . ." [Ibid.]

It is evident that Mitchell wants the public to believe that our Navy and Army are obsolete; that Hawaii is of small strategic and tactical value; that our peril is from attack by hostile aircraft by way of the Arctic, either across Bering Strait from Asia or from Continental Europe by way of Iceland, Greenland and the icy wastes of Labrador.

Colonel Mitchell is a distinguished graduate of the Army School of the Line and of the Army Staff College. He must differ from all his colleagues for, if there is a place on earth which is internationally recognized by military students and experts as being of the supreme strategic importance, that place is Hawaii with its key-port Honolulu.

In formulating the treaties at the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments at Washington, in 1921–22, the high contracting parties were able to come to an agreement on the limitation of capital ships and on a treaty of *status quo* respecting insular fortifications because of the fact that we had Hawaii and Great Britain had Singapore. These two naval and military bases are of such tremendous importance in the control of the Pacific that England and ourselves felt secure in curtailing the building of capital ships and neglecting fortifications elsewhere in the territory which lies between them. The Pacific, or Far Eastern, diplomacy of the great powers (Great Britain, Japan, Italy, France and the United States) is chiefly dictated by our ownership of Hawaii; this is history. It remains for Mitchell to dispute the judgment of the diplomatic, military and naval leaders of the world.

Remember the old saw about the fond mother watching a parade in which her son Denny was a marcher? Observing from a convenient vantage point the progress of the parade, the good lady suddenly cried out: "Look at thim comin'! thousands of thim; an' me bye Denny is the only one in step!" Mitchell seems to be the only prominent military authority able to place a correct strategic valuation on the Hawaiian Islands; the whole world is out of step with this brilliant strategist.

The "parade of the Navy," which he criticizes, during the maneuvers off Hawaii, was for the express purpose of testing the present facilities of our

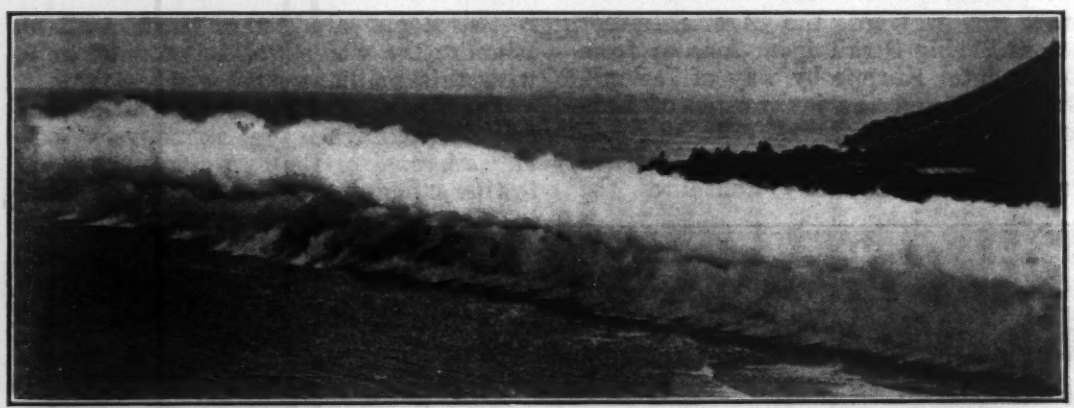
Official U. S. Navy Photo.

naval base there to maintain our fleet, and to demonstrate the ability of the present defenses to cope with an attack in force from any quarter. The lessons are of the utmost importance. In the language of Senator Fred Hale, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate, who recently returned from Honolulu: "We have only the beginning of a naval base in the Hawaiian islands; steps should be taken at the earliest possible moment to remedy the situation. . . . *when properly developed it will be a base that will make our country impregnable from the west.*" [Associated Press Dispatch.] If Senator Hale's recommendations, which are in line with those of the War and Navy Departments covering the last quarter of a century, are carried out through Congressional appropriation, the "parade" will have answered all its critics, informed and misinformed.

Now consider the possibility or probability of the United States being smothered by air attack by way of the Arctic. Dust off your atlas and glance at the map of the northern hemisphere; it will be illuminating. Presuming that Mitchell means Japan when he speaks of "an insular Asiatic power whom you all know," and that Japan is the enemy which will invade the United States by way of Kamchatka and Alaska, the map will show the route and the distances over which the attacking aircraft will have to fly. Can a more isolated, long-distance, non-supplyable, impracticable route be found on the map? If so, it will be the one from Continental Europe to the United States by way of Iceland, Greenland and Labrador.

We have the experience of the around-the-world fliers. They left Seattle on April 6th, 1924, and reached the nearest Japanese territory, in the upper Kurile Islands, 1,480 miles from Tokyo, on May 19th following. Despite the fact that the season was picked and that the expedition had the help of naval vessels and Coast Guard cutters, with food, fuel, engines and spare parts and propellers to replace like commodities used up, damaged or destroyed under the terrible hardships and hazards of the region through which the planes passed, it took 44 days to make this distance, about 4,480 miles. The time was long enough for a battleship to steam from New York via the Panama Canal and Hawaii to Yokohama, Japan, and back to Hawaii. One plane never did get farther than the Aleuthian Islands; Major Martin, leader of the flight, crashed into a mountain peak in a fog or blinding snowstorm and was lost for seven days. Fortitude of the American kind alone saved Martin and his companions from death in the frozen wilderness. The work of these heroes of the air showed that such a flight could be made with the aid of naval ships; but it showed more emphatically than anything else that such a route is impracticable for air attacks *en masse* against the continental territory of the United States, or *vice versa,* the island of the Japanese Empire.

Gaining the American continent by way of Iceland and Greenland from Europe was even more hazardous than the trip from America to Asia. From Kirkwall, Scotland, to American ter-

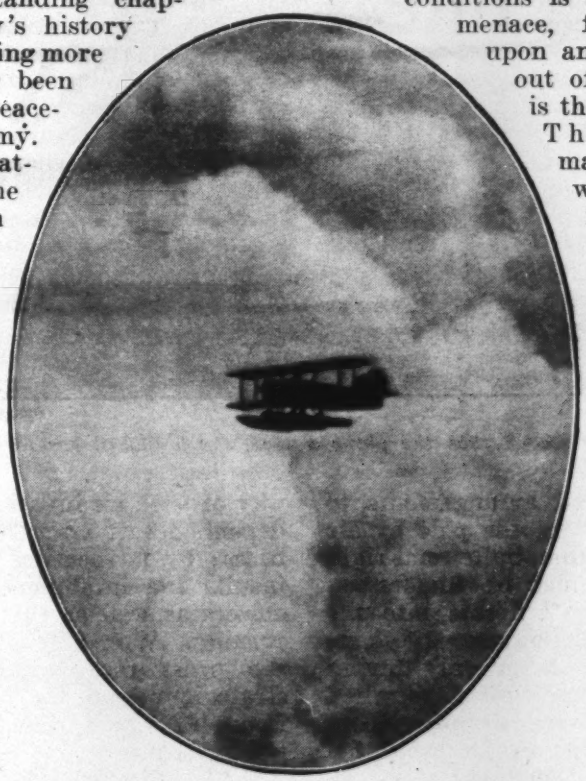


Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Smoke screen laid by planes to aid shore attack.

ritory took thirty-six days of hardship, including the loss of one plane and the rescue of its crew from a watery grave. Our fleet could cross the Atlantic four times in the same period. The flight could not have been made over such a route as that negotiated by our Army fliers without the ships of our Navy serving as floating bases and rescue craft.

Make no mistake, this world flight is one of the outstanding chapters in the Army's history of conquest. Nothing more thrilling has ever been accomplished in peacetime by any army. But it must be patent to even the least informed in military and naval matters that the whole project proved the utter dependence of aircraft on surface ships in long voyages over water, and demonstrated the absolute necessity of the most complete cooperation between air forces and naval forces in any endeavor taking aircraft from our shores. It also proved beyond all peradventure of a doubt that routes through the Arctic, east or west, by heavier-than-air craft, that is airplanes and seaplanes, are not practicable.



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

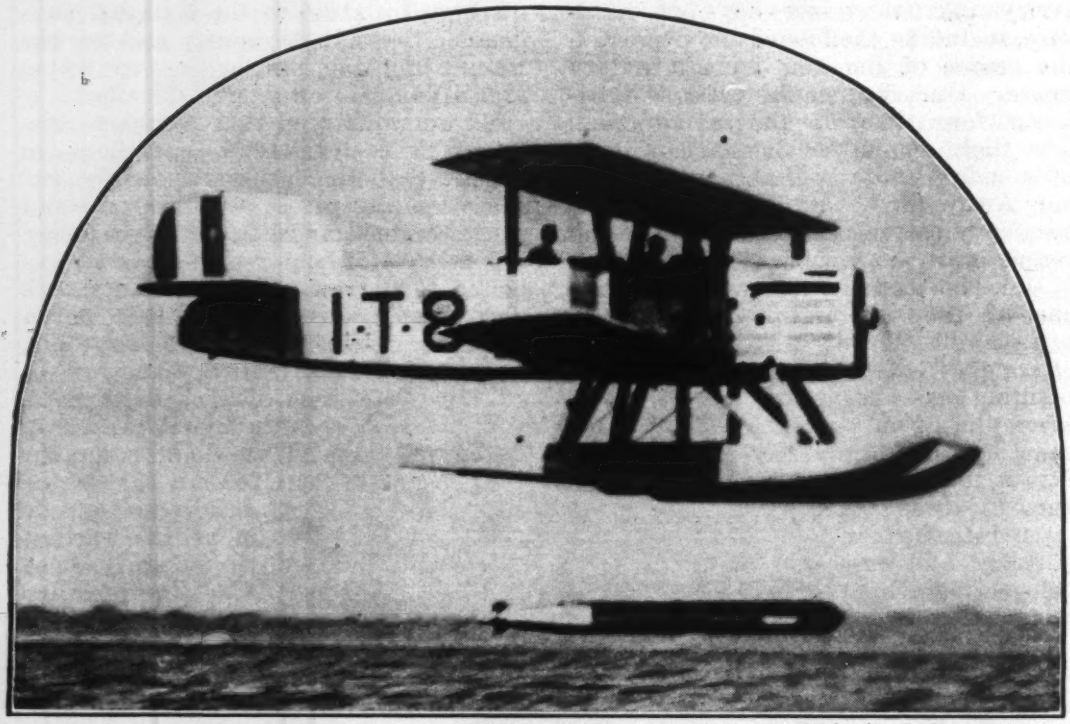
A torpedo boat above the clouds. It is a torpedo-carrying Navy plane.

If further proof is necessary concerning this last statement, read what Commander Donald B. MacMillan says regarding the planes used by him on his exploring, *not propogandist*, expedition to the Arctic. It should be remembered that his planes were of the most recent type. They were amphibians, having hulls for landing on water and also a set of wheel landing-gears for alighting on the ground or ice. In a dispatch by radio to the National Geographic Society, the society and not the Navy being sponsors for the expedition, MacMillan said on August 21st last:

"I am convinced that northern Arctic work is extremely hazardous in heavier-than-air machines simply because landing places are uncertain and caches of food and gas cannot be relied upon. A fjord is free to-day and ice-bound to-morrow. A cache under such conditions is not a help but a menace, for, if depended upon and a plane arrives out of fuel, destruction is the inevitable result. The lighter-than-air machines can do the work and should do it at the earliest opportunity.

"Commander Byrd wished to make one more flight with maximum loads to prove to himself more decisively that the work cannot be done. I admire his courage as I do that of every man in his command. They have been flying over ice-strewn waters and ice-capped hills, where safe landings are impossible. If the officials of the United States Navy could have seen conditions from the air I am convinced that orders would have been issued to stop all work at once, due to bad weather, clouds, fog and snow."

Officials of the United States Navy did order all work stopped as soon as conditions were made known by radio from the Arctic. That MacMillan's judgment was considered sound in other quarters is evidenced by a recent report from Amundsen (whose polar flight by airplane failed because of weather and ice hazards) that the sturdy old ex-



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

At the second that the plane dipped, she launched her torpedo.

plorer has completed arrangements to try another "hop" for the pole by air next May in an Italian-built semi-rigid airship. But it must be understood that exploring "hop" flights into the Arctic which have no strategic time limit and which are staged only during mid-summer, and made on days when weather conditions are propitious, no matter how long the waiting time between them, cannot be considered as having any military or naval value in war. Continuous flights, of huge air forces through these regions, bent on surprize attacks on the United States, and carried out regardless of seasons or current weather conditions, are not a grave danger. We cannot abandon Hawaii on such a premise.

Nevertheless, as a strategist, Mitchell sees only a few miles of water, Bering Strait, between the United States and Asia; he ignores thousands of miles of desperate, uninhabited icy wastes and frozen treacherous waters east and west of that isolated point; he points to the route of the world fliers from Europe to America as an easy jaunt for an air force invasion; he ignores the mighty forces of nature standing in the way of such an invasion; he ignores the dependence of aircraft on land and sea bases; by advocating such strategy he insults the intelligence of his brother officers as well as that of our potential enemies. Worse, by advocating through the press the consideration of such strategic miscalculation, he befogs the issues of the national defense in the public mind.

When Mitchell says that our existing Army and Navy are "obsolete systems;" that our Navy is "no navy in the modern conception of the term," he knows he is stating untruths.

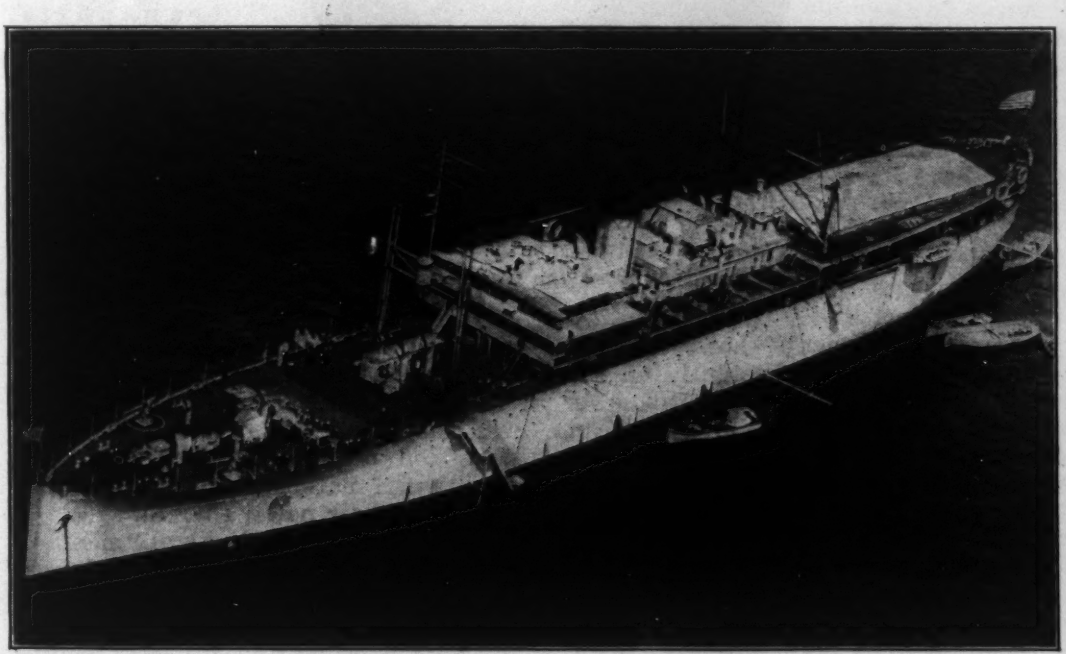
Our existing "obsolete systems," the Army and the Navy, have won all the wars in which we have ever been engaged; they are the systems which brought into being the greatest invading force in history, took that force across the Atlantic, and saved civilization by winning the most desperately fought war of all time. Less than seven years have passed since those victorious invaders returned to their homes, yet time enough for the leaders of the mighty host to digest the lessons learned and apply them to our present organizations. The organization of our

Army and Navy, to-day, with the reserves and economic mobilization factors behind them, has placed our national defense system far ahead of anything ever before evolved for an avowedly peaceful, non-military nation; militaristic powers employing universal military service on a grand scale have perhaps gone us one better in permanent mobilization, that is, in size of standing army units, but not in principle and potential efficiency.

That lack of funds is spreading a small standing army out too thin, and making it almost impossible to keep up the organization and reserve training required by the National Defense Act of 1920, is true, but the system is correct and a long, long way from being obsolete. Not a diplomatic or economic move is made by the great powers unless our attitude is considered. Why? Because our Army and Navy represent obsolete systems? Because we are Chinaized? Hardly. Our ability to wage war is well understood abroad, if not at home. But we must not let our pursuit of economy, desirable and necessary as it is, break over the border of plain horse sense and weaken the sinews of the "common defense" so dear to our fathers and so vital to our children and ourselves. Yet, above all, we must not allow quack national-defense doctors to cram down our throats get-well-quick panaceas for a disease wholly imaginary.

Before going into the Mitchell scheme for national-defense organization and creation, we should understand a few fundamental truths which underlie the whole subject of aeronautics and the national defense.

It should be apparent to everybody, whether they have had military or naval service or not, that it is impossible to legislate natural laws out of existence, impossible to legislate into existence new natural laws, and impossible to ignore those laws of the universe which now obtain. That new laws may be discovered is undoubted, but until they are discovered we cannot seriously entertain theories concerning them, especially in connection with our national defense. I mean by this that aircraft are limited in their use by the laws of nature, that is, the law of gravitation, the laws of gases, of fluids, of solids, the limitations of strength of materials, of weather conditions, and the fallibility of human beings who operate them. These handicaps cannot be legislated out of existence. No matter what agency is trusted with the development and operation of aircraft,



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Mother-ship Wright, which serves the planes with the fleet at sea.

whether the Army, the Navy, a separate Air Force, or a Bureau of Aeronautics in a Department of Defense, these limitations must necessarily influence the use of aircraft.

The winds of heaven blow where they listeth; fogs of long duration envelop our coasts; rain and snow and hail visit our lands and sea areas alike; night follows day; can Congress or Mitchell himself do away with these impediments to aircraft operations? If not, we must be content to believe that there are times when aircraft cannot be used in war maneuvers, and that this is one of the chief reasons why we cannot turn over to an air force the entire conduct of a war, or even the sole defense of a comparatively unimportant secter.

Any force which cannot function twenty-four hours a day, every day, while it may have its vitally important place in the scheme of strategy and tactics, cannot replace those elements, however commonplace, which are constantly on the job in spite of weather hazards. As Mitchell himself says, aircraft can attack what they can see, they can also report what they can see, this is their value; when they cannot see they have no military value. Thus it is that air force or air power is not in itself all-sufficient; it falls into the category of an adjunct to other military and naval arms, just that and nothing more. Remember these facts. They are as true as Nature and Nature's laws.

Official U. S. Navy Photo.

Midshipmen at the Naval Academy studying plane engine construction.

What does Mitchell propose as a defense organization to replace the "existing obsolete systems?" He says we should "have a single Department of National Defense, under one head, and under it a Department of Aeronautics, Department of the Army, and Department of the Navy." He says that "the mission of a Department of Aeronautics should be to provide for complete aeronautic defense and aeronautic development of the country; that of the Army, for the protection of the land areas; that of the Navy, for naval operations out on the high seas and not along the coasts, not on the land . . . should it be required to use surface ships, merchantmen may be taken and equipped with flying-off decks for use as airplane transports whenever the necessity arises." [*Winged Defense,* by William Mitchell, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.]

Mitchell has gone into discussions of extreme length on this line, all having about the same strain of reasoning; the foregoing, however, may be considered the strongest expression of his peculiar ideas concerning the national defense and the functions of air power therein.

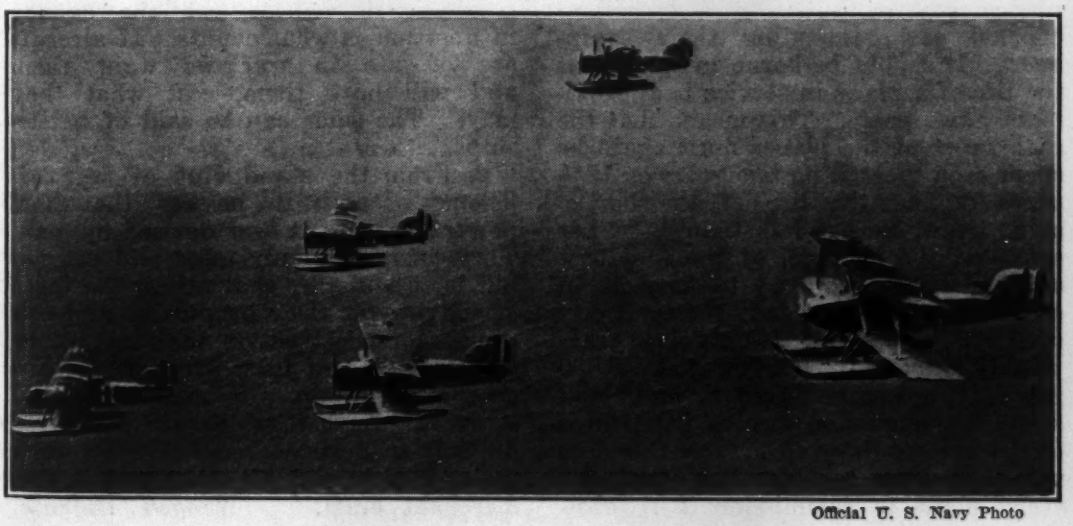
What about a single Department of National Defense, under one head? Germany is the only modern power that ever tried such a thing. What does the "High Command" mean to the German citizen of to-day? Do we wish to emulate the sorry record of

that great fiasco across the Atlantic? Mitchell says we do. To erect such an exalted all-powerful despot within our Government as this scheme promises is to flout the judgment of our founders and sow the seeds of dictatorship which they so carefully guarded against. In times of emergency, our President is given sufficient dictatorial powers for all purposes; we have no need or warrant for attempting czaristic experiments with our armed forces. Having won all the wars we have fought under our present system, it seems something akin to buttering fat pork to try to better a one hundred per cent. record. The fact that Mitchell is borrowing this idea of a Department of Defense from the report of a Bureau of Economy and Efficiency, which Bureau, on the basis of economy rather than a knowledge of warfare, recommended to President Harding such a Department, does not make the project any more desirable or proper. The functions of the three subdepartments under the Department of Defense, as outlined by Mitchell, ignore the natural characteristics of land, sea, and air in the same absurd fashion as do his later arguments wherein he picks to pieces military and naval establishments the world over. Just consider the single item of scrapping our Navy in favor of re-conditioned merchant ships—can anything be more silly and asinine?

On what characteristics of aircraft does Mitchell base his line of arguments for all these changes in present systems? Let him tell us. From his numerous statements, in books, in the Press releases he has issued, in magazine articles, and before Congressional and other committees, as direct evidence, we take the following:

1. From the standpoint of economy, "our national air power can be used in time of peace for some useful purpose. In this it differs very greatly from old standing armies and navies which, in time of peace, have to be kept up, trained and administered for war only and are therefore a source of expenditures from which little return is forthcoming until emergency arises." [*Winged Defense*, by William Mitchell, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.] ". . . . they (aircraft) will bring about new economies in national expenditures because, in the case of the airplane, more than one thousand can be built and maintained for the outlay required for a single battleship." [Article in *Liberty, Exploding Disarmament Bunk*, by Former Brigadier General William Mitchell; dated August 8th, 1925.]

The economy of a separate aeronautic department is Mitchell's chief howl. "Air power can be used in time of peace for some useful purpose," he says. Is there anything to hinder it from being so used while administered by military and naval authority? He implies that the Army and Navy have never contributed to the industrial wealth of the country. This is not the case. Our Army has handled all of our river and harbor improvements; it has contributed to the public health in



Official U. S. Navy Photo

its conquering of epidemics; a constant stream of public benefactions arise with our Army's administration. The Navy developed the steel industry, radio, internal combustion engines, specific metals, navigational safeguards, maritime industries, and a thousand and one industrial agencies of the greatest importance. The small per capita tax devoted to the Army and Navy has been returned to the nation many hundred-fold by the energy and capacity of the officers of the two services. Even the school children in the earliest grades know these facts. Only a Mitchell would ignore them.

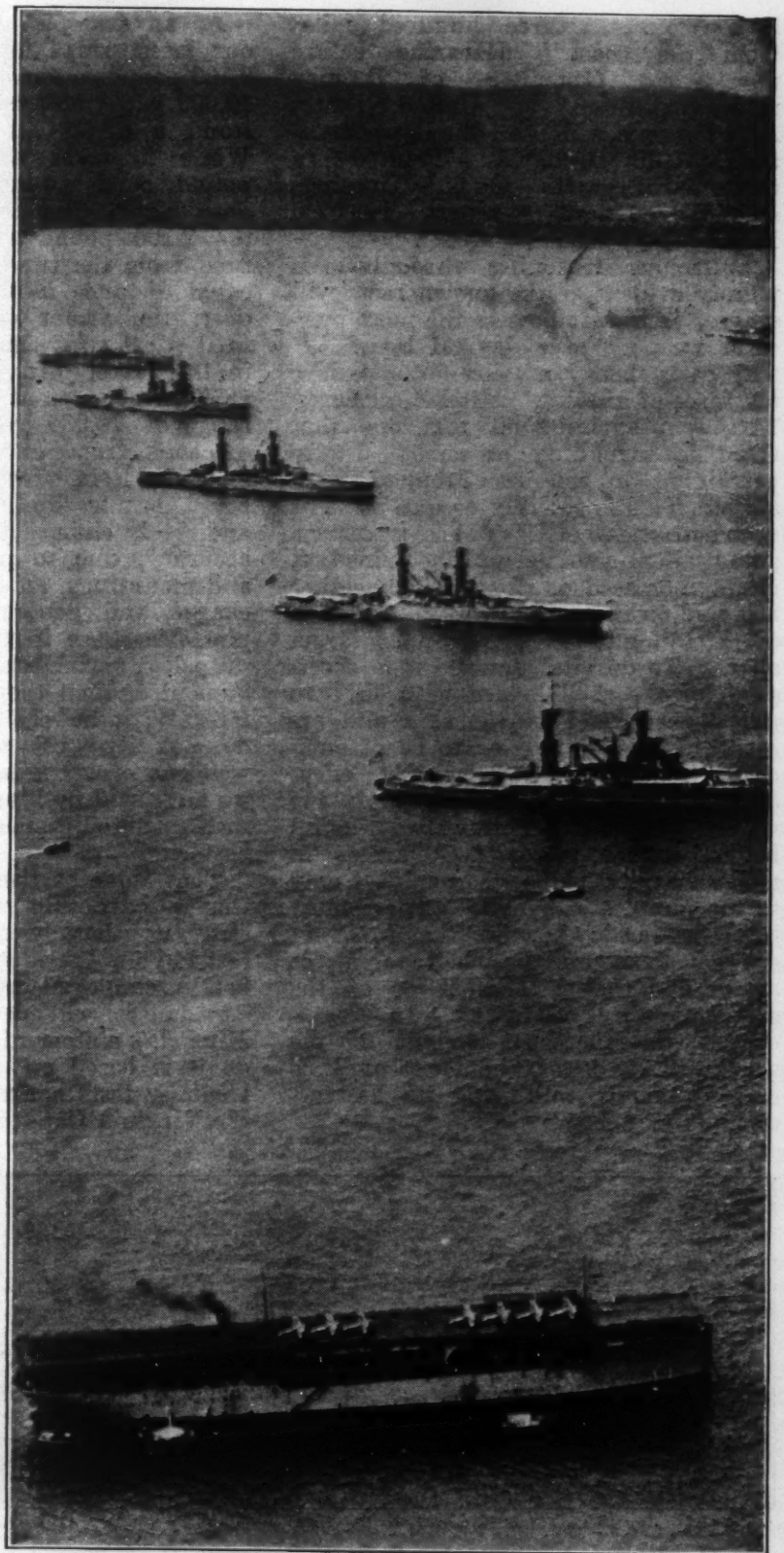
Can more than one thousand *useful* airplanes be built and maintained for the outlay required for a single battleship? No. In the first place, no battleship we have ever built or projected could cost $45,000,000, the sum Mitchell arbitrarily uses in his comparison. Aircraft carriers, dedicated to air power, cost that sum, but not battleships. Let us grant the cost to be that sum, however, and that such a battleship could be used for the first line for a period of fifteen yars, for the second line a period of ten years and that it requires an annual up-keep charge of $1,000,000—making a total cost for the twenty-five year period of $70,000,000.

Granted that 1,000 airplanes can be built for $45,000,000, which, on account of the diversified types required for a complete air force, seems hardly possible, inasmuch as the larger types of planes cost considerably more than $45,000 each, including their equipment. It should be borne in mind that the life of a plane in service is approximately two years. This means that the entire cost of the planes must again be spent each succeeding two years or 12½ times during the life of the battleship. Now, as not less than fifty per cent., on the average, of the first cost of a plane is required to keep it in commission for two years, the total cost of 1,000 planes for twenty-five years would be $843,750,000 or $33,748,000 per year, a sum sufficient to build and keep in commission twelve battleships of the present-day type. Now this does not take into consideration that for every plane in commission it requires that we keep two in reserve; something like a billion dollars worth spread over twenty-five years.

In the case of personnel, a battleship would have about 1,500 officers and men, a total of 18,000 for twelve battleships. For every pilot in the air, aviation requires twenty men on the ground, thus the 1,000 airplanes constantly in commission, if only one pilot constituted the whole crew of each plane, would need a force of 21,000 men. To be entirely fair in the matter, it may be considered that the personnel of the two forces would about cancel costs, inasmuch as highly skilled mechanics are required on battleships and aircraft alike. In the case of landing fields, hangars, and repair shops for 1,000 planes, we may consider that the expense is canceled by the navy yard and dock required for the repair of the battleships. That brings the comparison down to material costs, and, as noted, 1,000 airplanes in commission for twenty-five years, the life of a battleship, would equal the cost of twelve battleships. To be frank about it, aircraft, or air power, is the most expensive agency of warfare known to man. The cost of delivering a single bomb on an objective by means of airplanes is enormous as compared to the same delivery by gunfire, although aircraft, having the ability to reach remote objectives, must be employed in war no matter what the cost. Comparing the costs of particular agencies of the national defense, as an argument for or against their use, is a futile pastime; the efficacy of the agency in question is what counts. If aircraft are of use in war we want them and will have them, cost what they may. The same can be said of battleships.

2. From the standpoint of war efficiency, "aircraft possess the most powerful weapons ever devised by man. They carry not only guns and cannon but heavy missiles that utilize the force of gravity for their propulsion and can cause more destruction than any other weapon. One of these great bombs hitting a battleship will completely destroy it. As battleships are relatively difficult to destroy, imagine how much easier it is to sink all other vessels and merchant craft." [*Winged Defense,*

by William Mitchell, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.] ". . . . Consequently, the power of navies as a keystone in the arc of national defense has been relegated to a secondary position." [Ibid.] ". . . . Their mission (the Navy's) is out in the water, not only out in the water but under the water, out of sight, away from land—that is why we have a Navy." [Associated Press Release of September 5th and 6th, 1925; dated at San Antonio, Texas, and given to the Associated Press by Colonel Mitchell from his office in that city.] "I think the Navy is organized for defeat in the Atlantic. . . . . I do not think it has a chance against an Asiatic power . . . . a surface fleet is a very doubtful asset and is probably a very great liability. The air forces would be entirely charged with the air defense of the coast of the country . . . . the Navy would then be charged with the defense of the water areas beyond the radius of activities of



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

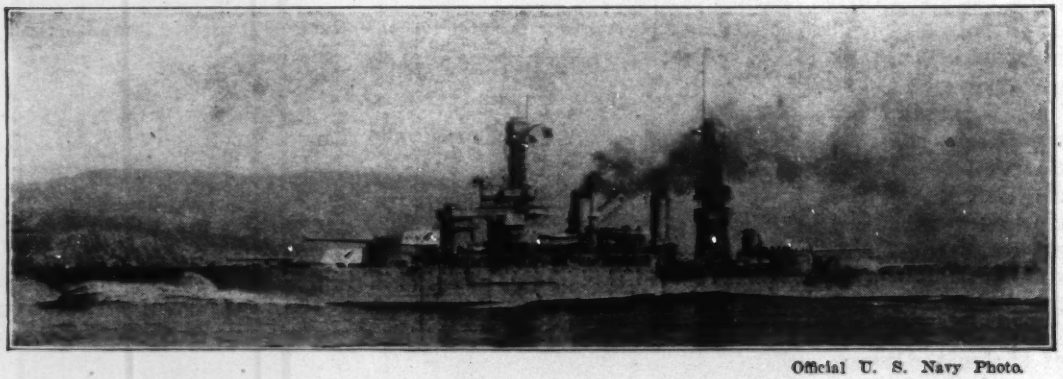
Planes on the Langley, guarding the fleet at anchor.

aircraft. . . . . three hundred miles from the coast." [Hearing before the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of United States Air Services, House of Representatives, 68th Congress. Printed in five parts with index. Hearings held in 1924-25; report issued 1925.]

Fallacious reasoning throughout is plainly evident as the known facts will show. "Aircraft possess the most powerful weapons ever devised by man," they carry heavy missiles "that utilize the force of gravity," Mitchell declares. This is predicated on the idea that there is something especially deadly pertaining to missiles dropped from above. This is entirely erroneous. The destructiveness of TNT has a certain potentiality, confined or unconfined, it is not increased or diminished whether it is laid on the deck of a ship or landed there by gunfire or dropped from above. To do vital damage it is necessary for the shell loaded with TNT to pierce the armor of the ship and explode inside her hull or to be of sufficient size to have a mining effect against her side when exploded in the water nearby. Thin-walled aerial bombs cannot pierce deck armor in modern capital ships when subject only to the impulse of gravity. There must be acceleration beyond the force of gravity to cause the shell to pierce armor and the shell must be of the armor-piercing variety. In consequence, the increased weight of the shell wall reduces the amount of TNT carried, partly nullifying its destructiveness as a bomb.

As an example: the turret guns of our latest ships fire a shell weighing 2,100 pounds a distance of 20 miles. At 19,000 yards no armor afloat will withstand a direct hit from these guns. While it takes a thin-walled 2,000 pound bomb twenty-eight seconds to drop 12,000 feet to the target below, the 2,100 pound armor-piercing shell fired from the turret gun traverses an equal distance in five seconds. Moreover, the armor-piercing shell, when fired at its maximum range as mounted in the turret, drops from a height of 18,700 feet; even at the moderate battle range of 20,000 yards, the projectile descends from an altitude of 3,800 feet! It is in effect an armor-piercing bomb, but is fired with greater speed and, it is claimed, with much greater accuracy, due to perfection of sights and mountings, an explosive projecting charge, and generally a more stable platform, than in the case of gravity-propelled aerial bombs. This is no argument against the use of bombing by aircraft; it merely shows that aircraft do not "possess the most powerful weapons ever devised by man." And we have said nothing about the sixteen-inch mounted guns of the coast defense batteries.

That "one of these great bombs hitting a battleship will completely destroy it" has been demonstrated by test to be untrue. A certain number of bombs employed under favorable circumstances will destroy a battleship. Mitchell's statement that one bomb will do it is based on the results of the bombing tests against naval vessels off the Virginia Capes in 1921. The other



Official U. S. Navy Photo.

A mainstay of sea power, the U. S. S. California, one of the most powerful sea fighters in the world.

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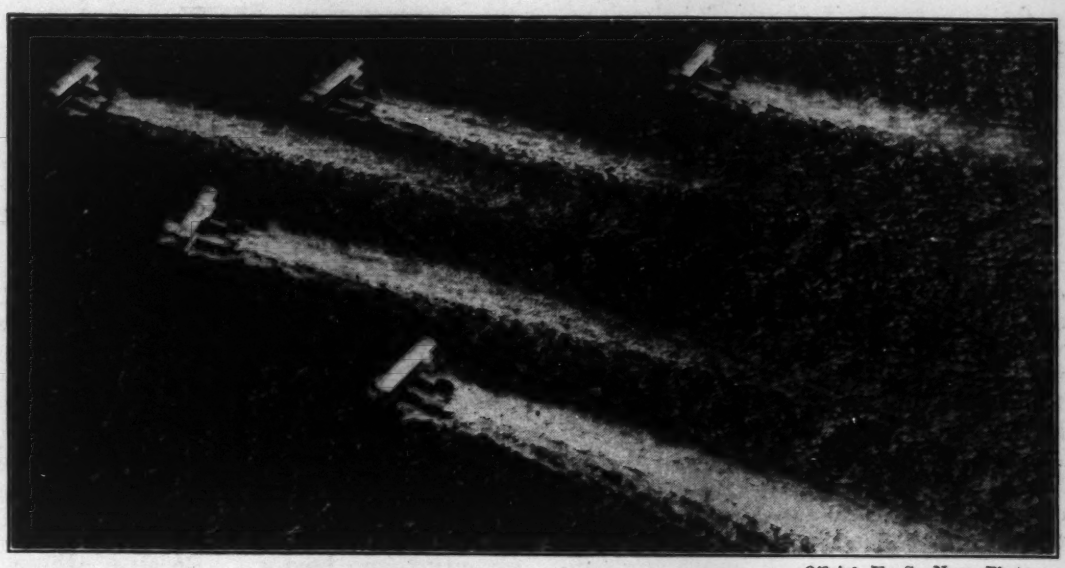


Official U. S. Navy Photo.

The planes as they take off.

statements, hinging on this same series of tests, that "capital ships are absolutely at the mercy of aircraft;" that "the power of navies . . . has been relegated to a secondary position;" that our "Navy is organized for defeat;" that the Navy should be kept "three miles from the coast," [Hearing before the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of United States Air Services, House of Representatives, 68th Congress. Printed in five parts with index. Hearings held in 1924–25; report issued 1925] carry a thin thread of truth when we are considering a Navy without an air force of its own, moving against an enemy with air forces.

The bombing tests in question were not undertaken to prove that bombs could sink surface craft; that was a well-known fact. Given enough direct hits by most any type of explosive, or solid projectiles sent with sufficient force to penetrate their armor, and a whole fleet of vessels could be sunk. That has been understood ever since gunfire has been in existence. That is why we find armor on hulls and extra inner hulls and numerous small subdivisions of the inner structure of ships, so built before man had ever flown. The bombing tests of 1921 were for the express purpose of finding out how destructive aerial bombs could be, and to ascertain if aircraft had reached a stage where the accuracy of bomb-dropping and its effect required additional protection to surface ships, and, specifically, what material improvements in armor and hull construction would be required to increase the protection of ships against bombs.

That the ships were sunk by continued bombing is true, but this is no argument that ships of the Navy, capital or secondary, are useless and obsolete. If an unprotected battleship should be sunk by a torpedo from a submarine or destroyer, as they admittedly can be, given enough torpedoes and favorable conditions, it would not be proof that battleships were inferior to destroyers and submarines for the purpose of naval war.

It is the same with the bombing tests which have been the basis of much of Mitchell's arguments. Here is what happened: with the exception of the Iowa, all the ships bombed were motionless on the water, anchored if you please. They were defenseless, no crew on board, no steam up, hence no pumps in commission to keep down leaks; mere hulks is the proper term. In addition the weather was picked for safety and visibility. Surface craft were employed to rescue airmen forced down to the surface of the sea. The ships were only seventy-five, not three hundred, miles from land. Everything to make it easy for the bombing planes that could be

done was done. I know, I helped arrange the facilities.

In the case of the ex-German battleship, Ostfriesland, 69 bombs, weighing from 230 to 2,000 pounds were dropped, during two days, although moving pictures, said to be the editorial work of Mitchell, show the ship going down immediately after the first flight of planes went over. The pictures were faked of course. Sixteen direct hits were made and three 2,000-pounders landed in the water near enough to the hull to have a mining effect on explosion, the accumulated damage sinking the ship. These bombs were dropped from heights ranging from 1,200 to 2,000 feet, ridiculously low as far as anti-aircraft guns are concerned. In the case of the New Jersey, twenty-three years old, and her sister ship the Virginia, both considered obsolete due to lack of water-tight compartments, and with no water-tight doors in place to confine the leaks, mere shells of ships consisting of an outer hull and no more, the sinkings took place more rapidly. The New Jersey stood the following ordeal for about five hours: a first attack of twenty 600 pound bombs from 10,000 feet; two hours later a third attack of seven 2,000 pound bombs from an altitude of 6,000 feet; at the end of an hour a fourth attack with three 2,000 pound bombs from an altitude of 3,000 feet. The ship sank five minutes after the last attack. Of the forty bombs dropped, fifteen hit the ship or exploded near enough to have a mining effect.

The Virginia was an easier task. But one attack was made on this old hulk. Planes flying at the low altitude of 3,000 feet dropped fourteen 1,100 pound bombs of which ten were effective, mostly under-water hits landing near the hull; the ship sank in twenty minutes. These performances, then, have made battleships obsolete. They sounded the death knell of navies. What of the Iowa? She was under way, steaming at 6½ knots, was radio controlled, that is, no one was on board; she was defenseless, too, with the exception that she was slowly moving and occasionally changing her course, or zigzagging. Eighty bombs were dropped on this ship with only two hits. More striking is the experiment in connection with the bombing of the British battleship Agamemnon. She was under way, radio controlled, at a speed of thirteen knots, zigzagging, otherwise defenseless; 114 dummy bombs were dropped at her with no hits. The hull of the unfinished battleship Washington survived for four days after being subjected to the explosion of hand-placed 2,000 pound bombs, direct hits by torpedoes, and 2½ hours of gunfire by fourteen-inch guns making fourteen hits. Even the thin-hulled light cruiser, the ex-German Frankfort, remained afloat for more than 7½ hours while being struck twelve times with bombs weighing from 250 to 600 pounds each, dropped from altitudes of 1,500 and 2,000 feet. Fifteen seaplanes made 46 flights over this 5,000-ton undefended, unrepaired scout, dropping a total of seventy-four bombs. Because these planes, unmolested by gun fire or the fleet's fighting planes, made these hits, does it mean that navies are outclassed by aircraft? Is Mitchell alone right?

It cannot be denied that in the case of ships under way, fully manned, fully armed with anti-aircraft batteries, and organized for air defense, bombing aircraft will have to fly at greater altitudes than obtained in the tests cited; thus their percentage of hits will be reduced and the immediate effect of such hits probably minimized. Nor can it be denied that aircraft are something more than mere eyes and ears of a fleet, useful for scouting and spotting falling shot; they are a grave menace to surface ships; they can strike mighty blows of their own, although they can be successfully combated by other aircraft. Happily, this has been known ever since our Navy started to utilize aviation with the fleet, and has been the basis for the design and tactical studies of aircraft on the part of naval authorities from the beginning. The latter fact, however, does not prove that our Navy is a secondary element in the national defense or that it is organized for defeat in the Atlantic or any other navigable water. On the contrary, it is recognized universally among the powers that our Navy is one of the greatest floating fighting forces the world has seen, an efficient, powerful naval unit organized for victory. It could be larger and stronger and undoubtedly should be; but lack of funds

and not aeronautics limits its size and strength. To say that our Navy "is probably a great liability" is ridiculous; the treaties evolved at the Washington Conference of 1921–22 express world opinion concerning its ability to wage war, and its place in the councils of the maritime world.

Mitchell would have us believe that because aircraft can sink ships the Navy should not operate any nearer the coast than three hundred miles and that an immense area three hundred miles wide and as long as our coast lines should be turned over to the air force, and a separate one at that, having nothing to do with the Army and Navy organizations. To turn over to an air force, trained on the fields of Texas, navigators from tree to tree or from church steeple to church steeple, the mighty task of conveying in and out of port all the surface traffic of our two coasts, the seagoing duty of patrolling all that sea area for submarines attacking our commerce and laying mines, the handling of a complex system of naval communication, the coordination of all naval craft with our merchant marine using those areas; to disrupt and disorganize a system which has been built up through one hundred and fifty years of effort and experience, involving the studied and tried cooperation between our sea and land forces for the defense of our coast, is too fanciful to be given consideration. In just those time intervals when storms, fogs and darkness make even naval aviation of no avail, let alone an air force untrained for sea duty, the underwater enemy makes his attack. Some force must be there to meet him. Naval craft alone can do it; naval craft alone can keep the sea in stormy, rough and foggy weather, and during the darkness of the night. Naval craft with listening devices, with adequate weapons, with trained complements, sailors, if you please, alone can compete with such an enemy in such an area. Mitchell here contradicts himself, for he says, after making the claim that aircraft alone should protect this three hundred mile area: "Air power, however, has very little effect on submarines and undersea boats." He has answered his own demand better than he knew.

3. From the standpoint of specific uses of aircraft in war based upon their *present* capabilities, "air power is the ability to do something in or through the air, and, as the air covers the whole world, aircraft are able to go anywhere on the planet. They are not dependent on the water as a means of sustentation, nor on the land to keep them up. Mountains, deserts, oceans, rivers, and forests offer no obstacles . . . Wherever an object can be seen from the air, aircraft are able to hit it with their guns, bombs and other weapons. Cities and towns, railway lines and canals cannot be hidden. Now an attack from the air, using explosive bombs and gas, may cause the complete evacuation of and cessation of industry in these places. This would deprive armies, air forces and navies even of their means of maintenance. More than that, aerial torpedoes which are really airplanes kept on their course by gyroscopic instruments and wireless telegraphy, with no pilots on board, can be directed for over one hundred miles in a sufficiently accurate way to hit great cities. So that in future the mere threat of bombing a town by an air force will cause it to be evacuated and all work in munitions and supply factories will be stopped . . . If a nation ambitious for universal conquest gets off to a 'flying start' in war in the future, it may be able to control the whole world more easily than a nation has controlled a continent in the past. The advent of air power has made every country and the world smaller . . . . should a nation, therefore, attain complete control of the air, it could more nearly master the earth than has ever been the case in the past." [*Winged Defense*, by William Mitchell, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.]

The quotation given under the specific uses of aircraft, as based on the present capabilities, shows the mental trend of an ultra-enthusiast. Because the air covers the world, it does not mean that aircraft unaided by land and naval forces can go anywhere on the planet. The trip of the around-the-world fliers already discussed is an example par excellence. That cities and towns and railway lines can be bombed from the air in areas far remote from combatant fronts is true, and such

activities form one of the principal uses of aviation in war. That it requires a complete reorganization of our whole system of national defense to do it does not seem particularly sound. Merely carrying out such missions at random by a separate air force defeats the mission; but when such activities are combined with other offensives and are part of a great strategic compaign they become of the utmost value. It is the same with random attacks by airplanes on the enemies' position and areas; unless the land forces and sea forces cooperate, unless some body of men, call them what you will, occupies and retains control of the devastated territory, the effort is practically useless. The air force cannot occupy the area bombed and "evacuated," it can't even land, so back comes the enemy and the work must be done all over again if permanent injury is the object. These raids will be one of the great factors in future wars, no doubt about it; but they must have some objective of permanent value to the conduct of major campaigns.

The argument that if we build up a huge air power, and get a "flying start" in the next war, that we will be in a position favorable to universal conquest and that we can "master the earth," is one of those bits of enticement that leaves the American cold. We need mastery of the air so that we can keep any other power from trying the "universal conquest" stunt on us or our neighbors.

4. From the standpoint of what other nations have done, "the trend of all nations has been to centralize their aeronautic efforts with a view to developing aviation for aviation's sake; next, to cut out all duplication and expense incident to having several agencies do the same thing . . . Great Britain leads the world in the conception of air power. She has now an Air Ministry which is co-equal with the Army and the Navy. Her air force is designated by law as 'the first line of defense' of the United Kingdom. The British air forces have their aeronautic academy, corresponding somewhat to our West Point for the Army in America. They also have their staff colleges and all the necessary machinery for a great army of national defense. Now it is reported that the organization of Great Britain's whole military force has gone so far as to make an air officer responsible for the whole defense of the British Isles. In case of war in the future, this air officer will have under his orders not only the air force, but also the Army and Navy for the protection of the islands. This may be extended to the whole Empire at a later date . . . An air officer was selected because his training gives him an insight into land and sea operations, which no other service can possess . . . This also makes it possible for a state to hold one man responsible for the conduct of the national defense and not have the duty divided between entirely separate commands handling air, land and water forces." [*Winged Defense*, by William Mitchell, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.]

Mitchell turns to Great Britain and her Air Ministry as the Pooh-Bah of all nations which have made any progress in aeronautics since the World War. "To cut out duplication and expense . . . the British air forces" have "academies . . . staff colleges and all the necessary machinery for a great army of national defense." He might add that they have a duplicate organization for everything else under heaven that the British Army and Navy have, even to overhead, and that overhead as compared to the overhead of both branches in our air forces is as twenty to one. As a matter of fact, the British Air Ministry which has under its control the Royal Air Forces, that is, military and naval aviation, civil aeronautics and the development of all phases of flight in Great Britain and the supervision of that in the Dominions, is the model on which Mitchell would build his separate air forces in this country.

What are the facts concerning this model organization? It was a system adopted as a war measure when, in the stress of great need on the Western Front, the Royal Navy turned over its air force to help the Army out of a desperate situation. At the time this loan was made, our own naval air force was arriving in numbers in European waters and replacing the British naval air forces along with those of the French. It was an opportune time for a political raid on the British Army

and Navy, and Lloyd George and Winston Churchill made it. The scheme stripped the Royal Navy of its air arm; it did the same for the Army; it made all the aeronautic industry of the British Isles jump through an official hoop in the hands of a few despotic Air Force officials, every time that the industry approached the authorities with new designs of aircraft or engines; it erected duplicating machinery for purchasing materials, for medical service, for enginering, for weather service and for administration when at sea or with the Army in the field. Such an intolerable and expensive situation was bound to break down. It is breaking down. So illogical and dangerous did the naval air organization in the hands of these ex-army Air Force leaders become that Lord Beatty and his colleagues in the Admiralty threatened to resign *en bloc* unless the Royal Navy could control its air force. That control has now been granted and at the present time seventy per cent. of the pilots and one hundred per cent. of the observers with the Navy are Navy personnel. Every move now being made is toward a split-up and a return of their air forces to both the Army and Navy. This will leave the Ministry with the control of civil aviation, somewhat as it is planned in this country to have a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce charged with the development and regulation of commercial flying.

Here is a word from the British, published in the London *Morning Post* of July 16th last: "During the War our Air Forces wrought mightily, and at the close of the struggle its efficiency as a flighting force was second to none. Unfortunately, it reached that high-water mark of efficiency on a scale of expenditure and by methods of extravagance at which the older services constantly stood aghast, and which they fortunately made no attempt to emulate. Once peace was made the air navies melted away . . . but the Air Spirit, the inability to treat the nation's pocket other than as an inexhaustible treasure house to be drawn upon without stint, remained. The unsatisfactory results of the conference just completed between the directors of Airways, Ltd., (England's great commercial air lines) and Sir Samuel Hoare (the Air Minister) would seem to indicate that the Air Ministry is still the great department spendthrift, and with no idea how to spend the money the nation would have it spend. The case, from the taxpayer's point of view, is as simple as it is unsatisfactory. He is paying just over 21,000,000 pounds to keep six hundred flying machines in the air. That is, 35,000 pounds a year for each machine, and the figures, if analyzed, mean that for every thousand pounds spent on actual flying, about 3,000 pounds are spent on administration, research, offices, land, barracks, hospitals, motor cars, and we know not what else . . . It might be possible to justify all these extravagances if the nation's purse were deep or well filled. As it is, the groaning taxpayer must, whether he wishes it or not, demand from the Air Ministry, as from every other department, a more rigorous economy coupled with what, after all, is the *raison d'être* of the Air Ministry . . . . more and better flying."

Do we want in this country a duplication of that kind of thing? Do we face an emergency requiring us to rip away from the Army and Navy the control and development of their individual air forces, and have we so much money in the national treasury that we are willing to build up a machine for throwing money away? If so, we should follow this crazy scheme of Air Ministry organization. The boasted economy of the Air Ministry proposition does not reach into the field of commercial flying any more than it does in the conduct of the military and naval air services. And what is there about this Air Ministry business which gives an air officer "an insight into land and sea operations which no other service can possess?" Pure bunk! And who wants to "hold one man," an air officer, of course, "responsible for the conduct of the national defense?" The head of our Government is charged with that responsibility now. For a century and a half that responsibility has been placed where it now rests; it has been discharged with complete success, as history records.

5. From the standpoint of what we now have, speaking of the air force of our Navy, Mitchell says: "It has prac-

tically no air power at all," and that it "has no air power to go to sea with that amounts to anything". . . "our Navy to-day is a mere aggregation of fine surface ships with a splendid personnel, but with no power to strike through the air. And it is powerless to resist attack from an insignificant flock of airplanes. Without any exaggeration we may declare, therefore, that it is an ancient weapon quite useless in modern war." [Hearing before the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of United States Air Services, House of Representatives, 68th Congress. Printed in five parts with index. Hearings held in 1924-25; report issued 1925.] With respect to our Army Air Service, Mitchell states: "They could not now prepare the Air Service to meet an emergency within two years . . . England, Japan, France and Italy are ahead of us in air power. And we are falling back all the time . . . because they are progressing and we are not going ahead." [Ibid.]

According to this argument, Mitchell would have us believe that our naval air arm is useless, and that our Army Air Service is weaker than that of at least four other powers. As for the Army Air Service, General Patrick, at its head, maintains that man for man, and plane for plane, it has no equal in the world. England, France and Italy have more men and more machines than we have, but this is a matter for Congress to deal with by increased appropriations; a separate air force cannot increase our existing forces without an appeal to the same source for additional funds. As for the Navy, no other power on earth has taken as much air force to sea. The accomplishments of naval aviation form one of the proudest chapters in the annals of our Navy. The records that Navy fliers hold, the development of engines, of planes, of airships, of launching catapults, of landing decks and arresting gear on these decks, the development of mooring masts for airships afloat and ashore, the placing of aircraft on battleships, cruisers and other surface craft, and the economy with which all this has been done, places our naval air force far ahead of any other in the world, not even excepting those powers having Air Ministries and separate air establishments. Our Navy can wage war in the air along with its surface craft to-day; woe to those who would deprive the Navy of its hard-won air supremacy by ripping apart the organization which has been built up with so much care and diligence!

Where does Mitchell get the information that "we are falling back all the time?" With seventy per cent. of all the world's records for speed, distance, endurance, altitude, and weight-carrying to our credit, all won since the War, we must be somewhere near leadership. We must be progressing. As a matter of fact, in quality of material and in skill and enterprise of fliers, we lead the world. Even in commercial flying, while subsidized European lines exceed ours in number and mileage, we have the largest and most successful commercial venture in existence, our Air Mail line across the continent with its shorter line from New York to Chicago. It is the only night-flying service worthy the name in operation; it carries on night and day, through storms and fair weather, with greater regularity than any railroad in the world.

6. From the standpoint of psychology, Mitchell goes on to say that "we (himself and supporters) believe, when we are fighting an air battle over the sea, it is nothing that the sea forces have anything to do with. When we are fighting a battle in the air over the land, the Army has nothing to do with it on the land. . . The result of the education in the Army is not beneficial to us. The course at West Point is largely a waste of time to us. The men who are to be in the air should be taught air at that time . . . the psychology is different. He is taught on the ground the psychology of crowds or mobs. . . . If he is in the air it is a question of individual initiatives. . . . The air business is entirely different from land and sea business. . . . On account of the equal voice of the Army on one side and the Navy on the other, they have never been able to get together . . . *with the result that we have no air policy whatever.*" [Hearing before the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of United States Air Service, House of Representatives, 68th Congress. Printed in five parts with index. Report issued 1925.]

In this exploitation of the airmen's psychology, it is difficult to understand what Mitchell really does mean. It does not seem possible that he could mean that armies and navies have no interest in aerial battles during a major campaign or under any other circumstances; nor yet that anti-aircraft batteries on sea or land might not take an important part in such fighting. In any event, he makes it plain that he believes in individual effort and initiative rather than unity and concerted effort in wartime; one could hope that he would always meet an enemy of like mind. Unity of command, unity of action, unity of purpose—all these must actuate the military, naval and air forces of a power at war; such cooperation will gain public support and industrial backing along with victory. The one thing to change all this to ruin is independent action by separate units of the national defense; a well-handled enemy of less strength would turn our Army into a "mob" indeed.

Mitchell says we have no air policy. He is wrong. We have an air policy. It was sent to Congress by President Wilson, again by President Harding, again by President Coolidge. We have been quietly pursuing this policy all along. It is what has given us the Air Mail lines; it has given us what General Patrick calls the best Army Air Service in the world; it has given us our naval air force with our fleet and it has given us the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the leading aeronautic scientific body in existence. Briefly that policy is as follows: Inasmuch as aviation has proved *indispensable* to both the Army and Navy and as neither one can operate effectively without an adequate air service, there should be a continuing study of the air defense problem of the United States, with a continued support and rapid adequate expansion of aviation development in the Army and Navy.

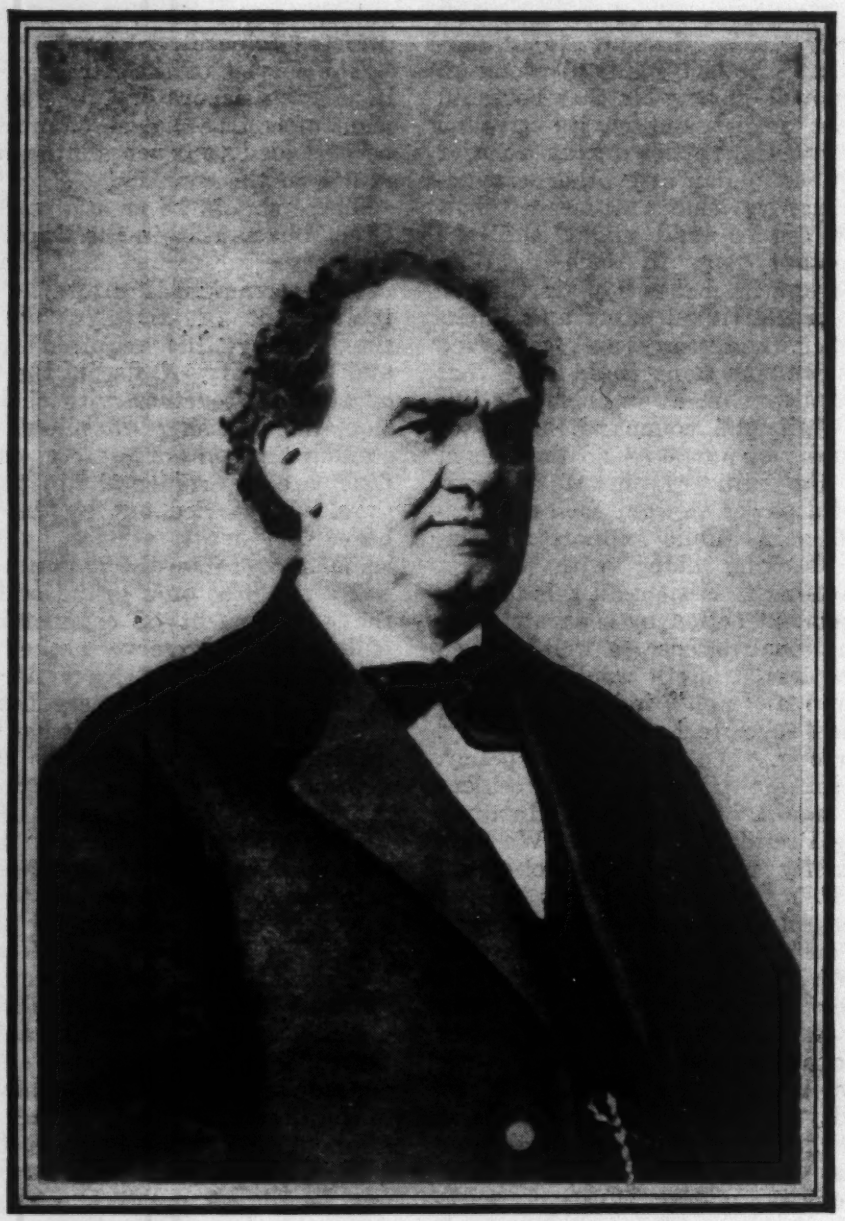
The continuous prosecution of scientific research on the fundamental problems of flight should be regarded as in the last analysis the most important subject in the whole field of aeronautic development. Substantial progress in aeronautics depends upon research, therefore the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics should be given greater scope in its work of well-directed scientific research.

The service of the Air Mail, which is in effect a laboratory for the development of commercial aeronautics, should be extended to cover all the important routes in the country.

There should be created a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce to foster and regulate the use of commercial aircraft. The establishment of airways, the navigational safeguards required for safety and regularity of flight, the licensing of aircraft, together with their inspection, the licensing of pilots, and the standardization of safety codes for flight are governmental functions which should be carried out by the proposed bureau. Such a service by the Government will give the nation a commercial air service on a grand scale. With the development of commercial flying will come the reserve needed to augment the Army and Navy Air Services in time of national emergency.

This air policy, after what has been in the Press recently from Mitchell's pen, may seem a rather tame program. Make no mistake on that point; the air policy herewith set down will tax the energy, ingenuity and ability of all concerned, if we are to be properly protected and properly served industrially by aircraft. Moreover, it will tax the national treasury to carry out this policy, too. Of all items of defense, aeronautics will undoubtedly always be the most expensive; but with our heritage of freedom, which cost so much in blood and treasure, we dare not count the cost when war threatens.

Now if Congress will carry out its part in the air policy and stop its epidemic of air investigations, letting the personnel of the various organizations involved get down to serious work and not be constantly interrupted by cross-questioning, to the detriment of morale, we will have nothing to worry about. If there are personnel matters yet to be solved in the present air services, and other minor ills incident to the development of an arm still in the experimental stage, they can and must be cured by administrative processes within the organizations in question. We do not need to Mitchellize the national defense to do it.



P. T. Barnum, the showman. This photograph, never before published, was taken about the time that he promoted the fair with surprizing results.

BARNUM AND THE CEMETERY FAIR

By HARVEY W. ROOT

THE ease and remarkable skill with which the great American showman, P. T. Barnum, could arouse and direct public interest, and his wit, sarcasm, and love of a joke were never more strikingly displayed than in connection with a movement to raise a cemetery fund which occurred in

Bridgeport, where he lived, late in the fall of 1878.

Some years earlier the needs of the growing city had necessitated increased cemetery facilities and a tract had been acquired and set aside for the purpose along its western border, but while Mountain Grove Cemetery, as it was called, possessed much in the way of natural beauty it was so sadly in need of a landscape gardener's care that its condition was becoming a scandal.

After a considerable time the matter of obtaining sufficient funds to put the cemetery into a shape compatible with Bridgeport's pride passed from the stage of discussion to that of action; the hackneyed expedient of a fair was decided upon and a long list of directors announced, prominent among the names being that of Mrs. P. T. Barnum.

Contributions of "useful and ornamental articles of every description" for which chances were to be sold were already being made and everything pointed toward the fair being the usual unruffled and commonplace success, when of a sudden the town was filled with excitement. Every one began discussing the fair. It was preached about from the pulpits. The local papers printed columns concerning it; editors in other places commented on it. Excursion trains were run from near-by towns and in the end the fair was a huge success, setting a record in commotion, general interest and support seldom or never equaled in any town.

The first ripple of excitement began when one of the evening papers announced:

> Some of the clergymen of the city have refused to lend their support or countenance to the coming fair of the Mountain Grove Cemetery Association unless all lottery schemes are exeluded from the program of arrangements.

A day or two later the excitement and interest were further increased by the statement:

> The managers of the approaching Cemetery Fair will ignore the protest addressed to them by the city clergymen against the sale of articles under the ticket lottery system. . . . The managers say that the elimination of the ticket system would seriously interfere with the financial success of the fair as they have many valuable articles which can not be advantageously disposed of in any other way.

Evidently this did not satisfy the public curiosity, for a couple of days later, with an explanation that it did so by request as so much had been said about the "protest," the paper published in full the "Ministers' Memorial." The document, after citing in its preamble the "concern" with which the "ministers of religion" had learned of the committee's plans to dispose of certain articles by "lotteries or raffles," went on to quote the Connecticut statutes which applied, and then said:

> We would respectfully urge that the violation of the laws by a body of our people so numerous and so influential as the promoters of this fair, and that, too, in the interest of a cause which all good people feel engaged to uphold, will be demoralizing to the law-abiding sentiment of the community and grieve many who regard the maintenance of that sentiment of paramount importance.
>
> We would respectfully urge, further, that we think one individual or class has no more right to elect to set at naught the above laws than has any other individual, or any other class, to set at naught other laws; and, therefore, that the cause proposed strikes at the safety of society and of all its interests.
>
> We respectfully urge, further, that the implication involved in the setting-up of the proposed lotteries or raffles, that the funds needful to keep in good order the sacred resting place of our dead cannot be raised by those interested except by resorting to unlawful gains, is itself deserving of a distinct protest.
>
> We do therefore earnestly request the general committee to reconsider their action, and disallow and prohibit all such endeavors to dispose of property or articles of value in connection with the approaching fair.

This protest bore the signatures of

eleven clergymen, and the day following its appearance Barnum addressed the following letter to the "Editors of the *Standard*."

The protest from some of our clergy, in regard to the assured intentions of the directors of this fair, seems to many persons besides myself untimely, even if it would not be unwise at any time. Neither the church to which I belong, nor myself, favor so-called "lotteries" in our church fairs, nor would we defend in our church some other practises which might not be wrong in worldly affairs. But several churches have held fairs within two months in Bridgeport, where, for articles of considerable value, those who wished to help the church, "cast lots." No public objections was made to this procedure. But now, when a great public good is to be accomplished, without regard to sect or party, in which hundreds of poor families have a deep interest, several hundred ladies and gentlemen go to work day and night to aid the cemetery directors in their noble undertaking and before these directors have announced, or perhaps determined in what manner they will dispose of portions of the property freely given to them, we for the first time hear of a preachers' protest. The cemetery directors "work for nothing and keep themselves," although they have no more real interest in the cemetery than the most humble lot-owner. It would be much easier for them to lay a tax upon every lot, as they have the power and legal right to do (and as has been done heretofore) to raise money for all improvements; but for the sake of the poorer classes they have adopted the church method of holding a fair, where every contribution is voluntary and where the rich are expected to give, in proportion to their ability. I am sure that these directors have never contemplated holding lotteries or gaming in the common acceptance of these words. Property is *presented* to the fair, and persons who desire to contribute their money to help the cemetery don't do it to make money or in any spirit of speculation or gambling; but if the directors of the fair feel constrained to distribute "by lot" among their contributors a few articles of value which could not otherwise be utilized, I will thank my reverend friends to point to any scriptural passage which in letter or spirit forbids such an act. Clergymen bred in colleges and devoted to their professions are not generally the most competent *business men*. Is it not wiser for them to look after the living, and let business laymen look after the dead? I am not a director in the cemetery, but I coincide with numerous members of our different churches in regretting that any clergyman should have omitted the "weightier matters of the law" in order to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." I sincerely hope that this mistaken zeal of a portion of our teachers may not cause heart-burnings. That their action will not injure the success of the fair I am well assured.

P. T. Burnum.

This letter immediately drew the fire of one of the clergy in question who, in his reply, addressed to the editors of the *Standard*, sarcastically refers to the fact that Barnum had just been elected to his fourth term in the Legislature.

Hon. P. T. Barnum, Representative, Etc.——

Dear Sir:

One of your assumptions in your communication in Wednesday's *Standard*, regarding the "Ministers' Memorial" places you in a position before the community from which, as a friend and constituent, I would gladly see you relieved. If I understand your letter you advocate the violation of a law plainly set forth on statute books of this commonwealth. I am willing to believe that your generous impulses in favor of the success of a worthy enterprise, hurried you to this unadvised utterance, and that upon further consideration you will withdraw it. You were elected this fall one of the legislators of this state. I cast my ballot for you in good faith and at some personal inconvenience, and so I claim the right to inquire, not in the capacity of a minister, but as a simple citizen and one interested in your reputation, whether you hold and publicly teach that it is right for any man to deliberately break any law of the land at his discretion? I need hardly remind one

The Barnum monument in the cemetery which he so ably assisted in endowing.

who has the respect for manly directness and intelligence that I suppose you have, that the question will not be disposed of by the discussion of any church, cemetery, or sanitary fairs, turkey raffles, or Havana lotteries. It admits simply of "yes" or "no" in reply.

I am very truly your,
H. N. Powers, Citizen.

H. N. Powers, Citizen, did not have long to wait for his "yes or no" answer. It was printed the next day under the heading "An Open Letter to H. N. Powers, 'Citizen'" and was as follows:

No!

P. T. Barnum, Representative.

Now, Reverend H. N. Powers, D. D., having frankly answered your question "yes or no" as to whether I hold that it is right to break a law of the land, I propose to sink my official position, for the moment, and as a "citizen" to ask a question or two of the Rector of Christ Church, the Reverend H. N. Powers, Doctor of Divinity.

We have laws against transacting secular business on Sunday. If I give a note or check, or receive one on Sunday, or date it on Sunday, it is invalid, forfeited and not collectable; such transaction being regarded as contrary to good morals. I am prohibited from borrowing or lending, promising, paying or receiving money on Sunday, and have no right under our laws to walk to my neighbor's house on Sunday for the purpose of obtaining money, paying money, giving money or asking for any neighbor's personal assistance or influence in coaxing or wheedling money out of other parties. There are solemnly enacted state laws against these immoral acts. I have no right "deliberately to break these laws at my discretion."

Now my reverend logical friend have you any such right? As a "citizen" I claim the right to ask this question of a public spiritual teacher, who sets himself up as a teacher of *law* as well as gospel, and this question will not be disposed of by the discussion of any excuse about want of increased salary, church debts or other subterfuge.

This question, borrowing your own dictatorial language, "admits simply of yes or no in reply."

Now the truth is a certain commercial trading man named Kimball, a sharp money-getter, an *expert* at cajoling people out of their cash, was engaged to come to Bridgeport to raise money on a Sunday, and you, our precious religious guide and counselor, personally and earnestly helped this sharp worldly man on Sunday in your church to beg and coax, argue with and cajole, not only the "sheep" who came there to worship God, but also the "goats," to give money, to write and sign illegal notes, checks and promises to pay, and in this "deliberate" manner you and your expert succeeded on Sunday, in pocketing several thousand dollars. You raked in money enough in a few hours one Sunday to satisfy the Sunday segar-sellers and stable-keepers of Bridgeport for a year. Before spreading your net for capturing so much ready cash, you traveled on that same Sunday to the houses of gentlemen, some of whom did not belong to your church, and begged them to come and help you in this great money-raising transaction *in your church*, on the Sabbath day, and you succeeded in getting them.

On that same Sabbath day, you called on a brother clergyman who had through Kimball's agency raised many thousand dollars, and in anticipation of your big haul later in the day, you threw up your hat and kicked in pious delight.

Now there is no specific law of our state which permits you to collect money, or notes, or checks, or promises to pay on Sunday any more than it permits barbers, butchers, bootmakers, or blacksmiths to work and collect money on Sunday. Mr. Kimball has no more legal authority under a specific law to make a Sunday excursion to your church for the purposes of raising money than steamboats have to make Sunday excursions here for the same end.

It was on a *week*-day that our Saviour drove the money-changers out of the Temple and told them they had made the House of prayer a den of thieves.

We have a stringent law against giving theatrical exhibitions for money without a license; you have countenanced these theatrical exhibitions, charades, tableaux, etc., in your church parlors where money was received for admission. Do you hold that it is right to deliberately break this theatrical law? Answer yes or no.

My kind, good-natured, erring brother, I sincerely sympathize with you. I regret that on this occasion your zeal is not according to your knowledge. I feel sorry that the ministers were prompted to issue their weak protest, and that they were led into the mistake of supposing that they were Popes and were living in a much earlier century.

"I am willing to believe" that your mistaken zeal for a good cause "hurried you to this unadvised" denunciation of men and motives as good and worthy as you and yours, and that "upon further consideration you will withdraw."

If you don't do it, I sincerely believe that you and the other protesting ministers will regret it to the end of your lives. By this suicidal policy, or lack of policy, the "ministers," not for the first time, are losing a hold on the public conscience which all lovers of true religion can not but deplore, your action "places you in a position before this community from which as a friend and 'citizen' I would gladly see you relieved." Suppose you apply to the "Great Physician" for a medicine that will ease you without retching and "straining" over that very small insect, even when your ravenous appetite and capacious stomach will permit you to swallow not only a dromedary, but the biggest part of my menagerie?

If you reply that the law against Sunday traffic is intended only to prevent speculations, bargain trading and making money on Sunday, and was not made to prohibit work for charity or the getting of money for good and worthy purposes, then you answer the whole question by acknowledging that important factors in this great question are the *spirit* of the law and the *motive* of the apparent transgressor. These help to determine whether or not a law is "deliberately" broken, and in such a reply I should agree with you.

Although by your confessed action as a voter united with other voters, I am compelled at great "personal inconvenience" to spend most of the winter in the public service at Hartford, I will try to forgive you, if, on further con-

sideration, you will endeavor to get your head as "level" on the true meaning and intent of our laws as it evidently was when you made use of your elective franchise at the last election! I am, reverend sir, sincerely your friend,

P. T. Barnum.

This was evidently enough for Reverend Powers, but not so with another clergyman by the name of Hubbell, who saw fit to spread himself on the subject of the fair from his pulpit, bringing upon himself immediately, through the medium of the newspapers, the following letter from Barnum:

The "minister" who seeks notoriety by sensational remarks and "fantastic tricks" in his pulpit, and who is so anxious to call public attention to himself that he had evidently rather be *kicked* than not noticed at all, should usually be passed by with deserved contempt. I propose to make a slight exception to this rule by placing a very small "fly in amber."

George A Hubbell, last Sunday, when intrenched in his desk where no reply could be given to his personal denunciations, raved and ranted, and cut and slashed right and left, starting from false premises, and scandalizing his neighbors by illogical and unreasonable assertions. He read a list of crimes from a Bridgeport paper and charged their origin on the Christian men and women who are directing the Cemetery Fair; he denounced me by name, and expressed regret that he had not taken legal steps to get the ladies who conduct the fair fined and imprisoned. He set up "men of straw" and knocked them down again, with the valiant frothing and self-conceit of a modern Falstaff, much to the disgust of his own church members.

This George A. Hubbell came to my home a few weeks ago fawning and begging for the use of pictures, which he obtained, and then exhibited them contrary to the technicalities of the law, which demand a payment of license for all such shows.

This man Hubbell is so much shocked by Sabbath-breaking that he objects to permitting poor people in dog-days to leave their meat in the butcher's ice chest over night, because they would need to call for it Sunday morning. He seems to forget that Christ defended his disciples for plucking the ears of corn and rubbing them in their hands on the Sabbath (*Luke* VI. 1) and yet, this same George A. Hubbell, who probably years ago denounced railroads for running a mail or milk train on Sunday, now rides in the cars every Sabbath from Westport to Bridgeport and back, thus setting "pernicious examples which encourage poor people to other crimes" and when "admonished" by members of his own church on this subject, Mr. George A. Hubbell replies:

"I have made this a subject of prayer, and feel vindicated."

When Brigham Young wanted to take a few more mistresses into his harem, he "made them a subject of prayer," received a special "revelation" and was "vindicated!"

Let this stultified and religious censor commit to memory these passages of scripture and learn how to behave as a Christian minister:

"Thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" *Acts,* XXIII. 3.

"Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." *Luke,* VI. 42.

"Hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres which indeed *appear* beautiful outwardly, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." *Matthew,* XXIII. 27.

"And he . . . went and hanged himself." *Matthew,* XXVII. 5.

"Go, and do thou likewise!" *Luke,* X. 37.

Au revoir,

P. T. Barnum.

Seemingly this was not sufficient to silence the man, for a day later he rushes into print with the following:

The communication in your paper last evening relating to me contains many assertions and insinuations that are sadly out of harmony with truth; and as the writer who uttered them seems familiar with one class of Scripture text, it is presumable that he turned from his writing to a meditation upon

Revelation, XXI. 8: "*All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.*" The vital questions at issue in the current controversy are *immorality* and illegality of the proposed lotteries, but, as these questions are studiously avoided by your correspondent, his communication calls for no further notice.

Respectfully yours,
G. A. Hubbell.

Barnum, however, did not see fit to let Reverend Hubbell have the last word, but closed the tilt as follows:

The statements which I made the other day regarding this Sabbath-breaking clerical, unlicensed showman were based upon information from his own church members and an almost *verbatim* report of his last Sunday's pulpit harangue. His only reply to my charges, when reduced to the plain vernacular, is:

"You lie—— Go to hell."

Profane man! The argument is closed.

P. T. Barnum.

Meanwhile interest in the fair was increasing daily, preparations going forward rapidly, and many valuable things being contributed. One suspects that somehow Barnum's hand was back of the following arrangement, notice of which was printed in the Bridgeport papers:

Colonel Frary telegraphed Mr. Jacob Kiefer from New York to-day that Ligno Giavano, the celebrated harp player, arrived from Europe this morning, and that he had engaged him for the Cemetery Fair next week.

On another day Bridgeporters read:

A handsome pony, young, gentle and well broken to harness, which P. T. Barnum has presented to the managers of the fair for the benefit of the Mountain Grove Cemetery, was seen in the streets to-day decorated with ribbons and harnessed to a little wagon. It is one of the finest in Mr. Barnum's circus and cost $300. Messrs. Bissett and Wells are making an elegant silver-mounted harness and it is understood that other parties in town will also give a carriage and harness. The pony will remain at Messrs. Gates' stable in Middle Street, where tickets in the distribution, which are already selling well, can be obtained.

As the time for the fair drew near the discussion and letter writing became so warm that "Several Gentlemen" came forward with the proposition that Mr. Barnum and some of the ministers hold a public debate on the lottery question, the gate receipts to go to the cemetery fund. This proposal found no favor with the clergymen and was given up, but with the fair only a few days away some one under cover of the signature "Justice" took another fling at Barnum in these words:

I respectfully suggest to Brother Barnum that he consider that portion of Scripture contained in these verses: *Matthew* V. 37, 38, 39.*

The Saturday before the opening of the fair, which was to be on Monday afternoon, Barnum made his last announcement through the press concerning it. It was in the shape of a reply to "Justice" and was a follows:

The scriptural text to which "Justice" calls my attention enjoins forgiveness and charity. If I particularly need prompting in regard to these cardinal Christian virtues, I thank "Justice" for his solicitudes. I am blessed with a natural flow of good spirits (not distilled) and ever love a bit of excitement on all proper occasions, but sincerely respect the reverend clergy, as a body, and honor their calling. In my first article I conceded in so many words that the protesting clergymen "acted under the impulse of their honest convictions," and I said in the same article that I sincerely hoped that their actions would "not cause heart-burnings." In replying to my friend Dr. Powers, I said that "all lovers of true religion would *deplore* any loosening of the clergy's hold on the public conscience."

* But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.
Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:
But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

Perhaps I may as well here confess that, having made a lifelong study of the science of advertising, and discovering on this occasion an opportunity of working it to advantage, what I have written for the papers has been chiefly for that end. That it has been effectual none will deny!

While replying to personal attacks, I may have exhibited a slight degree of tartness in pointing to certain inconsistencies of my opponents, but I have never entertained the slightest ill-feeling towards one of these clergymen or their congregations. I would as gladly to-day do anything in my power to serve them or their churches as I ever would, and I trust this is the feeling of all who differed from them in the expediency of their actions.

We are all interested in the cemetery, because it is to be the resting place of ourselves, our families, our friends, and also of those whom we are especially enjoined to love—our "enemies."

P. T. Barnum.

On Monday the *Standard* sadly observed:

As Mr. Barnum announced Saturday evening that this fair discussion was, after all, intended only as an *advertisement* of the fair, we will just mention that these advertisements foot up about $500.

And the *Sun*, wise after the fact, explains:

Probably the best advertised show on earth, so far as Bridgeport is concerned at least, is the proposed Cemetery Fair.

Careful observers will detect the master hand in this original system of advertising entirely at the expense of the newspapers themselves—the experienced manipulator of the press, P. T. Barnum, the greatest and most remarkable showman the world ever saw. Eleven well-meaning ministers attacked a mythical feature of a great show; then with a few inflammatory sentences in the columns of the daily papers he fanned into being a mighty conflagration of words, and lo, and behold, all our "men of letters" are set to work writing sensational notices of the Lottery Fair, and every press in the city is set spinning gratuitously in the interests of the Cemetery Fair! Even the pulpits are made advertising mediums to call attention to the—FAIR! If that fair is not a success, it will not be for lack of free advertising—which, by the way, is always the best.

And the fair was a success—a huge one. There were thousands of dollars' worth of valuable articles disposed of "by lot." Mrs. Barnum had one of the biggest and finest booths at which among other things were displayed such "elegant and valuable contributions" as two "magnificent" card receivers and several beautiful painted fans from Tiffany & Co., New York, gifts from Pottier & Stymus, "the renowned house-furnishing firm in 42nd St.," "costly" picture frames from E. & H. T. Anthony, 591 Broadway, and fifty volumes of "rich holiday books" from Carlton & Co., Madison Square. The hall in which the fair was held was crowded with every class of Bridgeport's people, and when it was all over the cemetery fund was larger by eleven thousand dollars. A few days later the *Standard* observed:

The latest rumor is that P. T. Barnum induced the clergymen to issue the Memorial so the fair might be advertised by the discussion.

What next?

TWO MEN WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE

By NELL HANSON

"AS I understand you men, you are practically unanimous in your decision. You wish my 'night congregations,' of over five years' standing, to cease. You wish me to become a civilized, social, wealth-serving 'shepherd of my rightful flock.' You will have no 'tilting at windmills'—to quote Mr. Parkes." The Reverend Dick Vanion bowed slightly in the direction of a suave, well-groomed member of his Select Vestry, who sat on his right hand. "You have decided to tie me down to 'the obvious and natural work of the parish,' because you believe that you, your wives and your children 'are of more account than the prostitutes and vagrants of Leicester Square.' And, to that end, you wish to get rid of the verger John Radnor, whom you regard as the prime mover in this night work, and about whom you have heard rumors on which you have put a certain interpretation. This, I take it . . . ."

"Not me, Vanion! I know Radnor." John Gallon, Vanion's youngest vestryman, looked up quickly, interrupting. "I don't believe there's another man here who does—barring taking hymn-books from him on a Sunday. But you've read his poems, gentlemen? Yes? Almost all of you have read at least a few of his poems. He's the rage, of course. Will you tell me, is the man who wrote those poems, the man who wrote that thing beginning:

> He walked in the ways of the city,
> And love in His eyes was a flame——'

Christ in Leicester Square, I think he calls it—is he a man with a clean heart, or is he a dirty scoundrel? Which?"

"In my experience, the work of a man's brain and his life don't always tally, not by a long chalk." A man called St. John spoke, with a sneer.

"Why, I ask you, gentlemen, does he want to remain on here as verger, when his reputation is so well established as a poet, *unless* he has some doubtful motive?" drawled Raymond Parkes, his hard, keen eyes sweeping the worried, intent faces about the vestry table.

"Man alive! Have you ever seen him out there, among those poor wretches? D'ye ever come down at night, any one of you?" Gallon's voice rose on a note of excitement, challenging the meeting.

Vanion had left the table and was standing with his back to them, staring into the fire, stroking down the unruly crop of red hair that always, in moments of agitation, would stand upright upon his head. He glanced towards the door that led from the vestry into the great Church of St. John. They were out there now, his living, breathing, beloved men and women—perhaps ten, perhaps fifty of them—out there, lying stretched at full length on the seats, with here and there some kindly verger or soft-voiced deaconness tucking up some poor soul to sleep, covering them with a small rough rug, and a mantel of kindliness. Out there, the besotted, the fools, the depraved, his "brothers for whom Christ died" . . . They would be missing John Radnor out there to-night . . . Poor Tilly, lying upstairs in Radnor's turret room . . . He drew in his breath with a sharp sigh. When the time came for him to speak, God lend him words to paint his picture!

He became conscious of Raymond Parkes' cold, measured voice, biting its way into his thoughts.

"Drunkards and prostitutes have never interested me—*even* when young!" he was saying. The unmistakable emphasis on the words "even when young," bringing a dull flush of anger to Gallon's face, made Vanion want to strike his cold smiling mouth.

But that Parkes was sincerely upset Vanion did not doubt. The report about the wretched woman, Tilly Burns, and Radnor was sufficiently disturbing. Only he himself and John Radnor knew the strange truth underlying the

current fiction. "That poet chap Radnor," Parkes always called the verger, speaking of him in tones of polished, cold, commercial scorn, which always made Vanion smile a little, amused that a man like Parkes should presume to speak with scorn of the man who had written *Christ in Leicester Square,* a poem that the critics acclaimed as one of the greatest of the twentieth century. Parkes had heard that "that poet chap," about whom he could believe almost anything, had found a woman in the church, a common street woman named Tilly Burns, worn out, dying; that he had claimed her as an old acquaintance, and lifting her in his arms, had forthwith carried her up the stairs to his turret room, had laid her on his own bed and had kept her there, bringing her food and caring for her, for three days past. Yes, Parkes was doubtless sincerely upset. But that he was more than grateful to the strange chance that had so upset him, bringing, as it did, this matter of the "night congregations" to a head, Vanion did not doubt for one single instant.

Gallon was speaking again. "*I* can't explain the story," he was saying, in his quick, eager voice. "But, by Jove, I'd trust Radnor to the limit! I know the work is a great thing, the influence immeasurable. I can't describe it. I can only see it. But I propose that if Vanion by any chance knows the story he be asked to tell it to us."

"Right you are, Gallon. I second that. It's facts we want, not sentiment," said St. John, who had sneered.

"Sometimes 'facts' and 'sentiment' are indissoluble," Gallon remarked. "I further propose," he went on, "that if there be no explanation we interpret Radnor's action in the light of what we know of his character, and retain him as verger."

"Does any one second that motion?" Vanion spoke from his corner by the fire.

There was an embarrassed silence. A stout, pink-faced man leaned back, stroking his stomach meditatively.

"No one, you see, Mr. Chairman," said Raymond Parkes.

Vanion crossed the stone floor with his quick, firm tread, and stood by the table, looking into their faces, pleading with some, doing battle with some.

"Will you bear with me, men? It's not a long story."

"Go to it, old chap. You must have your say, of course." The pink-faced man spoke, folding his hands across his stomach now, and settling down into his chair to listen. The words were cordial enough, but Vanion read in the faces about him polite acquiescence, and nothing more. Parkes nodded, without speaking.

Vanion glanced once more at the low door to the church. Out there! His work! His men and women! His—and John Radnor's!

"One night, it must be seven years ago—it was in December, I know," he began in a low, vibrant voice, "I was working late in the vestry here. A terrible night. Even these immense walls and mullioned windows shook and rattled in the wind. 'God help poor homeless wretches on a night like this,' I said to myself. I remember I had just phoned to my housekeeper that I would sleep on the couch here, as it was such a frightful night, and had settled down for another half hour's wrestling with my Sunday subject, when I heard a sharp rapping on my door. Some one had seen the light, and wanted help, I concluded. I opened the door, and there, leaning against the stone doorway, as though he hadn't strength to stand upright, drenched to the skin, and shivering with cold, was one of the most wretched-looking creatures I had ever seen. I drew him into the warm room, and he collapsed on that leather chair near the fire. Before we started our coffee stall I always kept tea and biscuits and that sort of thing in the cupboard, in case of emergency, so that it wasn't long before I had some sort of a scratch meal ready. The tea revived him, and bit by bit I got some of his story out of him—a commonplace enough one it seemed; I had heard it so many times before.

"He had come to London about six months before, and had not had a stroke of regular work since then. Two jobs he had managed to obtain, but each time his health gave out, and he had been fired as incompetent. For the last five weeks he had been scraping up the odd penny and the rare meal, as best he could. A common enough story

—many an after-proven rogue had told me the same. But something about this poor beggar, as he sat in that great chair, sipping his tea, commanded belief, and, moreover, interest. His voice was quiet, cultured; his phrasing exquisite; the gestures of his shapely, though painfully thin, hands were those of a man of breeding; his mouth, drawn now with suffering, was well-shaped, passionate, tender, extraordinarily sensitive; while set in that hollow-cheeked face were the burning eyes of a visionary."

An ironical laugh broke in from the far end of the table. St. John barely knew the verger Radnor by sight—he took it for granted Vanion spoke of him—but the description hardly squared with the yarn about the street woman.

"I think, when you have heard my story through, you will perhaps be less inclined to laughter, St. John." Vanion spoke with quiet emphasis.

"Yes, yes! Hear him out. A good judge of character, old Vanion, they tell me." The pink-faced man patted himself once more, affectionately. Vanion went on.

"I watched and listened for a short time. He said his name was John Radnor, and talked of the rain and fog in the London streets, shivering. Then I suddenly said, 'You came up here to write?'

"He jumped as if he'd been shot, and a dull red came into his cheeks. He stared at the carpet, and sat, rubbing his hands nervously. Then he raised his head and fixed those odd, burning eyes on my face, studying me intently. I suppose he found some sort of sympathy there, for he said presently, in a suppressed, hard voice, without taking his eyes from my face, 'Yes, I'm a poet.'

"'You have had no success?' I said.

"He winced, and shook his head, drawing in his lips in a line of pain. 'I've tried magazine after magazine. It's not popular stuff.'

"'Is it *good* stuff?' I asked.

"He raised his hand and dropped it again with a gesture of despair. 'God knows!' he said. 'I wring it out of myself, like bloody sweat; and they seldom even return my manuscripts, as I can enclose no postage.' He dropped his head on his hands desolately.

"I asked him if he had any of his stuff there with him. After some hesitation he pulled from his frayed pocket a small, tidy note-book, and handed it to me. I opened it, finding fragments, elusive, mystical—I had never read anything quite like them. Most of you know his work now. Then I came on *Christ in Leicester Square.* I read it through; read it through again; and laid down the book. Here indeed was the work of a man of tremendous brain and unsullied soul, of mystic vision and a great, tender human heart. It was unbearable that such a man should be sitting there, begging a chap like me for a bit of bread!"

Raymond Parkes pushed his chair back impatiently. He never set any store by poets, he muttered to himself. The man beside him frowned at him, and turned a more politely attentive head towards Vanion.

"I remember I started walking up and down, up and down this tiny room. I always do that when I'm excited." Vanion glanced round the table with his sudden smile, which faded as it met the cold antagonism in Parkes' eyes. He rubbed his hair down nervously, fidgeting with the blotting pad before him. God! Was he not telling it well? Could he not make them see—feel? He lifted his head, imploring those impassive faces.

"Up and down, up and down, cudgeling my brains, while the poor chap sat there, staring forlornly into the fire; my mind was so absorbed in the fate of him and his work that I had never even thought of telling him my opinion of it. I suppose it hardly occurred to me it could be of any value to him. Then, in a flash, I thought of the extra verger you men had decided to employ. By Jove! The very thing! Not too strenuous, a good deal of free time to put into his work, not much pay, not the job for a 'gentleman' perhaps, in the generally accepted meaning of the term; but I knew the man before me was above—and also beyond—such cheap considerations. He was starving.

"I crossed the room, and, laying my hand on his arm, asked him what he thought about it. He looked up at me with tortured eyes and said: 'You did not . . . care for . . . my poems?'—just as if he had not heard a word.

"I told him something of what I did think. Men! Men! I wish you could have seen his face! 'It's . . . it's like wine, after rejections and rejections,' he gasped out, seizing my hand and positively weeping for joy, in his weakness.

"'But,' I said, amazed, 'has no one seen them—appreciated them?'

"He shook his head. 'I know no one. I can't show them to—to casual people. I—only one, a woman—a child—has seen, and she——' He stopped abruptly, turning away.

"'She appreciates?' I asked.

"'She—she makes life possible; but ——' He stopped again, awkwardly, and began fumbling with his note-book. I waited, thinking he might continue; but he sat quite silent, leaving me to speculate as to the precise meaning of that 'but.'

"'How about the job?' I said at last, and had to tell him all over again, for he hadn't taken in one word. His eyes gleamed, and the starvation in his face leaped out at me in more stark hideousness, as though until now he had tried to hang some sort of veil between it and the world.

"'I . . . it would be my salvation,' he said at last, and sat there, not finding words to thank me, staring into the fire with that nakedly starved face, seeming no whit surprized that I should take him thus, on trust.

"All at once he set back, very tense; then got up quickly from his chair, and looking at his face I saw that the defensive veil was down once more.

"'I'm sorry. It's quite, quite impossible.' His voice was calmly polite.

"I was furious. A common beggar, then! A work-shirker. Trying to help these fellows simply took the heart out of one. I could hardly restrain what I regarded as my righteous indignation. Then I noticed his hands, with whitened knuckles, tensely gripping the back of that leather chair there, and I recalled that staring, naked thing that had looked from his face. No! There was something behind that I did not understand.

"I watched him for some seconds. I felt I simply could not let him slip from me like this. Then I hazarded a guess.

"'It's a woman, I suppose,' I remarked.

"He turned those burning eyes on me, even more desperate now than before, and nodded.

"'But man alive, if you want to get on, to save and make a home, it's a start at least.'

"He shook his head. 'Work in a church! It's—it's impossible!' And he gave a dry laugh.

"'You mean she'd despise you?' I said.

"'Ah no! No! Not that—certainly not that.' He looked away from me, fingering the worn lapel of his coat.

"'Then why, in God's name—' I began, and stopped short.

"You know I often have intuitions about men and women. I thought I had one then, remembering what he had said about a woman, and that awkward and unexplained 'but.' I felt suddenly sick. I was younger then, less tuned, perhaps, to the inconsistencies of human lives; and my heart was filled with the will-o'-the-wisp beauty of his mystical verse, with the tender, pure, compassionate love of humanity that breathed through his *Christ in Leicester Square*. My voice sounded flat in my own ears.

"'So your work, and time to do it in, is of less consequence than this beastly relationship?'

"He reared his head as if he'd been shot, and dropped his hand from the back of the chair, his sensitive mouth quivering, his queer eyes looking straight into mine.

"'I have no "beastly relationship,"' he said.

"I apologized for my outrageous discourtesy—it was the least I could do. But he simply closed up, and I could get nothing more out of him. I made him stay the night—the rain and wind would have worked havoc on that frail body—and I hoped he'd change his mind, or at least explain things. But he left me in the morning, after a rather silent and uncomfortable meal. I did manage to persuade him to leave me some of his poems. I found he had never even submitted the Leicester Square thing, he was so discouraged. I promised to return them to a post office address he gave, if I could not do anything with them. I cursed myself for a fool. I know now from Radnor himself that only my stupid, tactless

blunder stopped him from giving me his confidence."

Vanion paused and looked up and down the table. There was tense, listening silence in the vestry. Even Raymond Parkes was leaning slightly forward, his eyes on Vanion's face. Gallon was watching Parkes, with bright, expectant eyes. Vanion glanced once more at the door to the church. His work! His men and women!

"It must have been at least ten days later that he came back, at night again, though not so late, and I had not gone home. He looked, if possible, thinner, more wretched than before, and he had either pawned or lost the decent boots he had, and was barefoot—in December. I brought him in and fed him, as before, asking nothing. When he was warmed and fed, he suddenly said, out of a brown study: 'I'm ashamed to come again, but for God's sake tell me, is that work as verger still available?'

"'Er . . . yes. It's still available, if you want it,' I answered, puzzled.

"'Want it! Want it!' he almost shrieked at me, flinging his arms wide. 'Man alive, I'm starving! Can you guess what that means?'

"'I can guess, though wide of the reality, I imagine,' I said. 'But why in the name of all that is sane did you refuse it ten days ago?' I was looking him very straight in the face.

"He never flinched, answering me very simply: 'Because of a woman, as I told you. They call her Tilly Burns.'"

A little stir went round the table. Raymond Parkes leaned nearer, resting his chin on his hand.

"'She's a mere child, eighteen or nineteen at most. Born into a bad life, she's known no other. She found me one drenching night, many weeks ago, exhausted, sheltering as best I might under an archway. She took me home and fed me. And every few nights, whenever she had earned enough and could spare the time'—there was deeper pain in his eyes at the words and the vision they conjured up—'she took me home and fed and sheltered me in her room. God knows she has earned from me the deepest gratitude of which a man is capable.'

"I nodded. I could not trust myself to speak.

"'Bruises and kicks in childhood, and bestiality in her womanhood has been her lot,' he went on. 'I am the only man who has ever even attempted to treat her decently. Appreciative!—a p p r e c i a t i v e, beyond words, of reverence and courtesy!' He struck his hands together with a small, violent gesture, his eyes staring away from me now, visualizing the small, pitiful thing she was. 'You can have no conception of what a decent friendship meant to her—more, far more to her than the bit of bread she gave me was to me—food and drink to her starved and twisted soul. I used to read my poems to her! You remember you asked if she "appreciated?" Ah no! She scarcely understood a word of them. But she loved the curious lilt of the words, and would listen by the hour, sitting with tightly clasped hands and shining eyes. Once I tried to convey to her the thought that weaves itself in and out of that thing of mine, *Christ in Leicester Square;* tried to make her understand something of my conception of compassionate purity, you know. It was difficult to a child like her, you can realize. Still, I thought she had understood something, at last, because she loved it, and would often ask for it. Then suddenly one day she said, "Read me about you in Leicester Square." She hadn't understood a word, you see. Yet even her uncomprehending love of it helped me through some ghastly days.'

"Uncomprehending! I looked at the pure, gentle line of his face, the tender mouth, the mystic eyes—and wondered! Watching John Radnor in later years, working out there among those poor souls"—Vanion raised a hand and pointed towards the church—"I feel that perhaps she had understood more than he knew; had understood with a deep, albeit a different comprehension from his own. Perhaps to her for whom he was the first pure symbol of compassion, he was indeed, himself, the Christ in Leicester Square. But such an idea never struck John Radnor—until to-night." He paused, seeing again that scene in the bare turret room.

"And what do you think she'd done?" he began, leaning over the table suddenly, pressing on his hands, scanning the faces ranged on either side, interested now, sympathetic, slowly draw-

ing toward him. His voice rang on a queer, triumphant note of passion. His red hair flamed against the dark oak panels. "Because this man—this John Radnor, whom you've abused, insulted, all but condemned unheard—because this John Radnor would rather have died than desert her; because he gave up the hope of some daily bread and a chance for his life work rather than deny her the friendship she valued; because he preferred starvation to ingratitude—she disappeared, hid herself, went out of his life. Men! Men! Can you imagine it?"

Most of the men sat silent, tense, breathing hard. The pink-faced man took out a large bandana and blew his nose, once, very hard. Raymond Parkes sat with his head on his hand, making patterns slowly, with one finger, to and fro on the polished table.

"Did he look for her?" St. John asked the question.

"Look for her! He'd done nothing else since I'd last seen him. Everywhere, in all her old haunts, in every place possible and impossible. She'd gone as completely as if she'd been sponged off a slate. And there Radnor sat, crying like a baby from weakness and strain, trying to tell me how he'd searched the streets for her, cursing the day he had ever told her about the offer of a job, realizing with his intense sympathy the pitiful loneliness she must be enduring. There was nothing I could say to comfort him. The vestry consented to take him on as verger; and now you know why he came, and why he worked here all these years. The opening of the church at night *was* his idea, as you suggested." He turned to Parkes, but Parkes still kept his face hidden by his hand. "He always hoped that Tilly might come back here some day. She came—last Monday night. I sat with her for hours and tried to talk to her. I knew she was dying. She hardly understood a word I said, I believe. But she would lie for hours, holding Radnor's hand, making him repeat over and over again—

> 'He walked in the ways of the city,
> And love in His eyes was a flame,
> A passionate pleading of pity . . .'

and so on—you know how it goes. Once to-day her dull eyes, straying from Radnor's face, fastened themselves on a picture hanging on the opposite wall—a Crucifixion, I don't know by whom. Radnor noticed her concentrated gaze and took it down with the tender touch with which he handles the things he loves, and gave it to her, trying to explain to her Who it was. She stared at it for a while; then shook her head. She laid it face downwards on the bed, and turned her poor, worn face to Radnor, taking his hand. 'Sy it ageyn,' she urged. 'I like it best—abaht you in bloomin' old Leicester Squeah.' She smiled at him, purely, as she who washed His feet with her tears may perhaps have smiled, and while he was 'sying it ageyn' she—fell asleep.

"That was this evening, about seven o'clock; I've just come down from Radnor's room," he finished suddenly. He sat down heavily, pressing down his hair very hard with both hands. The men about him were silent, wet-eyed some of them, thinking hard. John Gallon pushed back his chair and cleared his throat vigorously. The pink-faced man was openly wiping his eyes. Raymond Parkes still sat, very still, making those patterns on the polished wood. Vanion rose.

"Perhaps if some one—Mr. St. John perhaps—or—or any one—would take the chair and adjourn the meeting—I might go. There's a man out there—wanted to see me. If you should reach a decision—regarding John Radnor—and my work—perhaps you would leave a note—with the key—I'll lock the vestry door."

They nodded assent, and he went out slowly, with dragging step.

They kept him busy out there, his men and women, finding him strangely preoccupied and downcast. An hour passed before he could return.

He pushed the door open slowly and went in. He saw the white patch of an open note on the polished table, held from the fluttering draft by the vestry key. He walked to the table and lifted the key in a hand that trembled. In St. John's cramped writing he read:

"All right, old man. Carry on! We're with you to a man." It was signed, first, by Raymond Parkes.

With a great cry, Vanion raised both arms high above his head.

FLINGING AWAY A FORTUNE

By CHARLES J. FINGER

IT WAS Molesworth, one of the best-bred and finest-tempered fellows in the world, who went with me down to Lenox Island on a gold-digging expedition that came to nothing but a boisterous end. The decision to go came like a flash. One day we were at the head of Ultima Esperansa, poking about in the Andes and doing nothing in particular; getting a wild horse or two now and then, but for the most part loafing; two weeks later we were on that desolate island near the Horn, our companions the sea-fowl, our lives dull drudgery, dreaming Pactolian dreams with hardly a shot in the locker, as the saying is. Then we found a fortune.

But if the tale of how and why we went down there is left out, the whole story would appear romantic and insincerely posed, for we did not go to that God-forsaken end of the earth after deliberation as Saewulfian heroes. Instead, it was this way:

Ultima Esperansa, where we were, is at the foot of the Andes in Patagonia, and is a vast inland sea not yet properly chartered, which runs crookedly out of the Magellan straits, a wild and romantic place that appealed to our imaginations. By the merest chance, one day, we came across some water-worn and badly encrusted pieces of worked metal. Quite near, but above high water mark, we found the hilt of an ancient sword, then some odd-shaped fragments of copper which seemed to have been the binding of an old sea-chest. About these we speculated a while, trying to connect the stuff with Magellan for the sake of romance, though our precious theories were slain by the fact that the explorer had never advanced into that shallow sea.

Certainly neither had Drake. Master Ringrose, amateur pirate, had, but his ship made no anchorage and turned, sailed south, and rounded Cape Horn all unknowingly. So we decided that we had hit upon traces of Master Thomas Lodge who had been beached for a winter with buccaneer Candish what time the sailor-soldier-buccaneer-dramatist wrote his romance *Rosalynde* which Shakespere turned into *As You Like It*.

That seemed reasonable and interesting, so we speculated a while for amusement, but before our theories were comfortably settled, one of our horses, scared at a swooping sea-hen, reared, strained fiercely, broke loose, then with trailing *cabriesto* swept out of sight. There was a lively chase over the hills, up steep ascents and down sudden slopes, the two of us strong and vociferous in pursuit; then white mists swept down and the chase was at an end. But, as luck had it, about sun-down we came upon our horse again, for one *gaucho* Ravena, half an outlaw but a friendly soul for all his shortcomings, had captured it. When he saw us coming down the hill he yelled, then grinned at our gringo discomfiture.

That night the three of us sat long about the fire, drinking *maté*, talking about horses and brands and riders and ostrich dogs and especially about the rapacity of Los Gachupinas who kept stores in Gallegos and to whom we all owed more or less money according to their strange calculations, but contrary to ours; then, just before we turned in, Ravena mentioned, in quite casual manner, that down at Waken Aiken he had seen strange Austrians with gold dust and nuggets. "They bought things like madmen," said he. But where they had found the gold, whether in Patagonia or in Tierra del Fuego; on the sea shore or in the mountain rivers; east, south, north or west, he neither knew nor seemed to care. "What know I? What care I?" he asked, then dismissed the matter as a boring subject by picking up his guitar and singing the ribald song of *The Man Who Killed Thirty*, in raucous voice, strumming

fearfully out of tune. That being ended he yawned prodigiously, rolled himself in his *capa* and said no more.

But for us it was as if a curtain had been drawn with incredible swiftness. Suddenly our lives in the wilds seemed coarse and mean and not to be endured longer. We had visions of life flowing full and free, of a kaleidoscopic pageant of dash and go in Buenos Ayres, New York, Paris; of stimulating and exciting days playing millionaire; of rich and magnificent glories in a hundred places; of splendid things to be owned presently. The will-o'-the-wisp of gold had us dazzled.

So next day there was hot riding—that day and for three days thereafter—until at last we came to Punta Arenas where we sold our possessions in unwise haste. Then we bought a boat, clinker built and sound, rigged it with jib and square sail because sound report had it that the place of the gold find was either Lenox or Navarino island and rowing would be too stiff a job. Further we learned that the lucky Austrian gold finders had gone north to fit out a better equipped expedition and to get concessions from the Argentine authorities, so haste seemed desirable—haste and some secrecy. To be sure there were difficulties, but doubt and the mood vigorous and adventurous cannot live together. For instance neither of us knew the waters of the far southern Magellanes, but that seemed to matter little. Nor had we ears for the well-meant warnings of sensible men. They spoke of charts. Quite unnecessary, we said. We could make Porvenir and from there steer to Dawson Island. Indians? Pouf! We'd never be betrayed into making the same mistake as Sam Hyslop. Concessions and papers from the authorities? Why, as to that, there was no time to lose. We had to beat the Austrians and would be there and away again before they could get out of Buenos Ayres. So we went about the loading of our craft in an eager and light-hearted kind of way, both of us very full of a sense of joy and energy.

Looking back at that voyage, I see that we must have had a miserable enough time, yet it did not seem so bad then. Hope made us dull to misery and we were obsessed with the idea of immense urgency. To me the very air seemed dense with possibilities; travel in far lands, cheerful companions, laughter and music. And Molesworth told of his thousand dreams. Still, all that was of the inner man. Meanwhile in our boat we were always wet, always cold, always hungry, always sleepy. Our faces were blistered and sore with the wind and there were times when our legs were useless from long inaction, so that when we moved we stumbled over thwarts and bruised and cut ourselves. Before many days that which we saw became more like a phantasmagoria than reality. The islands about us were often indistinguishable from horizon cloud, because of the mists. Nor was it more pleasant when the haze lifted, for then there was a drab picture of monotony with long lines of low cliffs looking as if they had been mud-plastered. So the eye grew tired and turned for relief to the green gray water with its monotonous lines of snaky, slimy brown kelp. The wind serving we sailed; when it did not we rowed.

But rowing was tremendously hard when the tide ran strong, so we flung overboard some of our stuff, a ham, the dressed and salted carcass of a small pig, which perceptibly lightened the load and made moving about somewhat easier. At night we beached the boat, but lit no fire for fear of attracting hostile Indians. At chill dawn we were afloat, often in a thick rain-squall. Soon we were weary beyond expression and had ceased to notice things with any clearness. Sometimes a whole day would pass without a word being exchanged between us. We saw, without remark, wonderful things; great mountains sweeping up from the water's edge; beryl-blue glaciers high up; beech-tree-clad hills; a towering headland with millions of shrilly screaming sea birds; a whale spouting; sea-lions, armies of penguins; but all were as intolerable nuisances that disturbed our dreams. For we were dead weary and drowsy, bewildered by the wind and the cold and the unkindly life. Our very capacity for wonder was exhausted and nothing could stimulate, nothing enliven us. Curiosity was dead within us.

Then Lenox Island burst upon us at the turn of a headland—the barest,

ugliest, most hopeless, loneliest place on which man might clap eyes. We made it over a slowly heaving sea with the slightest of breezes blowing. I said we made it, but rather it was as if we sat there and watched the apparition of an island moving towards us. We saw it swimming, like some strangely crouched monstrous thing that had slid from low and dark clouds on the horizon, which were other islands. Then it ceased to move, and in its side we found a shingled bay, where we landed. As soon as we touched earth we knew the biting cold, for it was sunset, or very near it, and we were in the shadow of a black promontory and the icy Antarctic air curled about us. Not a hundred miles away was Cape Horn.

Small though the island was, there was no trouble about water, for in a boggy place near where we landed we found and cleaned what seemed to be the water hole the Austrians had used, though it was strongly brackish. As for food, what with birds, and eggs, and fish, we could have lived until our end without worry. But for the gold we came to find we were almost in despair.

Test holes we dug by the hundred, always finding colors, as the term has it, but nothing in paying quantity. For three weeks we sought diligently, always disappointed; then, on Christmas morning and my birthday, we came upon a rich pocket of iron and gold dust, and thereafter luck was with us. In four days we had enough to fill a brandy bottle and plenty more in sight. Little nuggets, too, we found, many of them, ranging from the size of a pea to that of a small acorn. So ours were ardent thoughts and generous dreams, and our future looked bright as flashing rivers.

But there were days when we could do nothing but crouch in a sheltered place and look across the foaming, beating seas of our island prison. For when the storm came down it seemed as if the waves must swallow us, island and all; the wind tear our rock from its base. A furiously angry morning sun would tell of the coming trouble; soon the sky would grow leaden and on us the wind demon would leap—a howling, roaring, screaming thing that lashed the sea into churning froth and lifted monstrous waves, which, meeting rock and cliff, darted high, to be caught and flung across the island in beating, stinging hail. It was a demon full of vindictiveness and we were always cowed. With all that we had read, had thought, had agreed upon, we could not divest our minds of the belief that we were the sports of preternatural forces. In us was the feeling that there were dark, demoniac powers in the universe that had marked us for evil, and in the rage of the storm we were spiritless.

And, with all that gold to be had for the taking, there were days when we did not work. They were days of glorious sunshine and friendly skies which seemed to be too good to waste; so we launched our boat and took to sailing about the nearby islands, coasting Navarino and circumnavigating Wollaston, finding new wonders at the rounding of every point and every headland. Then there was never-ending interest in the jetsam strewn along every beach at highwater line. On Hermit Island we came across a great canoe which had been hollowed with fire from a tree trunk, but of a wood new to us. Elsewhere a whole sea beach was strewn with flimsy three-legged metal wash stands such as may be found in French inns.

In one place we worked hard to unearth a great packing case buried in sand, and we got it open to find hundreds of silly walking canes. Once Molesworth picked up a weed-tangled thing, and clearing it found an inkwell of silver in the shape of a miniature locomotive mounted on a thin marble slab. The same evening I stumbled on a lidless chest, very old and quaint and rough, shaped with gouge and chisel from the solid oak block. That was almost at the extreme end of Franklin Island and at what we had agreed would be the turning point of the trip. So we pushed off and set sail, making for our island and our gold, when suddenly a notion struck us simultaneously, though neither had voiced his thought. "Let's try it," said Molesworth pointing, and I, who was steering, knew what he had in mind, so nodded and set her head pointing due south east, straight for Hoste Island and Cape Horn.

In the sunset it looked for all the

world like an old and battered sou'-wester which some giant had flung carelessly on a mirror of green and silver hue, so smooth was the sea that day. So it was a merry run, and in moonlight we rounded old Cape Stiff, so close to land that we saw the vapor ducks as, alarmed at our noise, they scurried tumbling down the step slope, seeking the sea in their own odd manner. Southward we saw a line of black tips stretching far south, dangerous peaks of submerged mountains.

We were running along the east shore of our island with a fair wind in the early evening of the next day, very joyful because of our adventure and the rounding of the cape in an open boat. Then we made that promontory which we had christened the Devil's Horn, because of a jutting rock high up, and our bay was in sight. More too was there, and at the sight we had our thrill.

For we saw a smart steamer and there was no mistaking it even had we not known the flag. We saw her, bright and beautiful in the setting sun, saw the flashing brass work, the glory of paint, the glint of light reflected from glass, the tarpaulined deck gun. We heard the bell and caught the faint sound of voices. It was all beautiful to see, but it was Authority. There was no mistaking that. And we had seen that queerly named "1° de Mayo" before—a dozen times—in the Straits, in port Gallegos, at Santa Cruz, in Bahia Blanca. What was more we knew and a little dreaded old Tio, as he was called. For Commandante del Cano had a strange way with him, had odd fashions of enforcing the majesty of the law. There were times when the old lion would spring without roaring. Still there was nothing that we could do. It was for us to sail into whatever trap was set, open-eyed, without too obvious signs of fear. But as we dropped down to our landing place things fitted together in our minds—causes and results, consequences, penalties, extreme possibilities. So we kept our faces immovable, knowing that glasses were trained on us.

"Of course," I said between my teeth, "it's Argentine territory and we've no concession. Old Ropper has all Tierra del mining rights."

"It's like this," said Molesworth with a kind of tragic solemnity, keeping his countenance well, "looked at one way we've invaded territory rich in precious metals, and nations get on their ears about that kind of thing. Wars, you know. American citizens maltreated and all that. We may be treated as fillibusters, or pirates, or Lord knows what."

"Maybe as spies," I put in, and suddenly became aware of a sensitive conscience and a deep ignorance concerning international law. Then, we being well in the shelter of Devil's Horn, and having no intention of visiting the gunboat without urgent invitation, Molesworth let the sail fall and I took the oars. By that time both of us were in a state of emotional clearness.

"They might think we are just fishermen," I said.

Molesworth said nothing, but sat in the stern whistling softly. I have a very clear recollection that while I was vexed, deep down, because of all this governmental interference, yet my mind was busy searching for the name of the tune he whistled.

Then the keel scraped sand; Molesworth and I were over the side, straining and hauling our little craft well up the beach as we had done a hundred times and as if no armed authority were anywhere in sight. After that there was nothing to do but to wait developments, for a boat was coming ashore and it was our opponent's move. Soon we made out two officers in the stern, grizzled old Tio himself, and a young officer evidently chock full of zeal, for he was constantly getting to his feet and pointing. As soon as the boat touched the beach the young fellow delivered himself in three languages used in swift succession, telling us that we were his prisoners. His English was quaintly deficient. "You throw up quick as captives," was what he said, and in spite of anxieties his words rang in my mind and made me grin as we were being taken aboard.

The examination was a brief affair. Old Tio, a tired-looking and heavy faced man who smoked cigarettes incessantly, made us a vigorous speech which emphasized somehow his leonine appearance as he regarded us, under corrugated brow and fierce eyebrows,

between sentences. He told us that we had been silly and wicked at the same time, that we had done things calculated to throw important institutions into disorder, that we had acted contrary to the welfare of the republic, that we had given great trouble and caused much anxiety and expense, that we had incurred the penalty of isolation or worse, and added that all excuses that we might offer were idle and irrelevant and would be so considered. By way of supplementary remarks he testified to his own love of law and order, his own industry and self-sacrifice, his dislike of all officers who led lives of epicurean ease, his inextinguishable love for the flag, and, to wind up a long discourse, touched lightly on the better condition of things when he was a young man.

After that there was a brief consultation at the table, with myself and Molesworth out of ear-shot at the other end of the cabin, two guards separating us.

The zealous young officer seemed to be appointed to manage matters, and immediately became eloquent in praise of the noble nature of Tio, the judge who, he said, with a decided relish, had it in his power to treat us as spies. Talking very fast, he said that all the world knew the meaning of a national boundary, that he would not presume an opinion as to what might happen on the next day or the day after that, but we might make our positions more easily tenable by free and full restitution, giving up the gold and trusting to the clemency of—and so came to an end without finishing the sentence, and, turning to old Tio who had sat through it all with eyes half closed, made a very graceful inclination of the head and sat down. Old Tio, looking terribly bored, waved a hand; then of a sudden he looked as if he were about to leap at us, his head thrust forward, his fists clenched, and we were led away by our guards and placed in separate dark cells.

My prison hole was black and suffocating and the only thing that rests vividly in my mind was feeling for the plank bed and a further groping to find whether any other accommodation was in the place. The impenetrable blackness and silence cast me into what was unconsciousness rather than sleep. Once, in a dream-like and confused way, I became conscious of the door opening, then being slammed to, and that was all.

In the morning things went with a rush. I was marched on deck by a couple of men, and, for some moments, stood blinking in the painful light. But I was glad and grateful to be out in the open again. The air was keen and sharp, for rain had fallen in the night, and I took in great breaths with the sense of cleansing myself after the filth of the dark cell. The sunlight fell strong on our island and the rippling wind hardly ruffled the sea.

Soon the zealous young officer came on deck and walked aft, passing me close, but with an air of fierce absorption in affairs. After consultation with another officer he gave his orders and I was bidden to get into the bow of the boat that lay alongside. Then I was handcuffed. In spite of my plight, that old sense of keen pleasure at the music of rippling water alongside a boat filled me as we moved shoreward.

On the beach was Molesworth, also handcuffed and guarded, but we were not allowed to exchange words. Once he called out saying, "It's no use making any—" but was silenced with a sharp word and an uplifted sword. All the talking was done by the zealous officer. He was very authoritative, but in no heartless or unkind way. It was clear that he took his office heavily and seriously and found something exciting and stimulating in the task before him, but he was not guiltless of absurd Gilbertian flourishes. There were moments when he was reminiscent of the cloak and sword drama, especially when he gave his orders. I remember vividly the gesture with which he flung his scarlet-lined cloak over his shoulder with his sword arm.

His orders were brief and pointed. One of us was to lead his guards to the place where we had been digging, the other was to deliver the stored gold, and it fell to my lot to do the last. "Might as well let 'em have it," said Molesworth. "They won't let us have it anyway." Which voiced my ideas exactly.

Now we had been digging on the beach a good way west of where we then were, but we had hidden the three

brandy bottles of gold dust in a cleft of the Devil's Horn, to the east a quarter of a mile or more. So our party split, the young officer going with me.

That walk along the shifting sand of the sea beach, all littered as it was with tangled tree roots and trunks and cast up wood, with occasional stretches of shingle bank and stony places, told severely on my guard and the officer, unused to walking. So they were pretty well spent when we reached the foot of the cliff, where I was released from my handcuffs. When I told them that the gold was hidden high up, on the Devil's Horn itself, it was quite evident that there were colliding emotions. The climb up the cliff seemed to strike them as a cruel bit of business after all that toilsome walk, and no one seemed eager to try it. And to be fair it must have looked serious to them, though to me, who with Molesworth had climbed there so often that we knew every foot-hold, every crook and every cranny, it was nothing. To make matters seem worse, running out from the base of the cliff was a ridge of black mussel-covered rock that showed far out at low water, and the tide then was high enough so that only a four-foot strip separated cliff base from water. As it looked to them, a false step would mean a thirty-foot fall on to jagged rocks. So, when the officer said something about volunteers to climb with me, his men seemed to sink into a kind of despairing apathy. Yet in reality, to one who knew, it was easy.

Meanwhile I was ravenously, preposterously hungry and wanted to have the whole ridiculous tangle out of sight, one way or another. I wanted to abandon the gold-digging business and be back in the Andes where Molesworth and I could laugh at all this as an experience. More than all I wanted to be rid of all this elaborate authority. So I offered to climb alone, after asking for a drink and emptying half a canteen. There were a few words between me and the officer, he warning me as to my conduct and possible penalties and telling me that escape was impossible; then up I went.

Soon I was standing where Molesworth and I had often sat for hours, for it was one of those high places that somehow awaken a sleeping sense of delight, like any elevated point in a wild land. One way the open sea Atlantic-wards, another the Antarctic; to the north the gray shores of Tierra del Fuego, westward the white-tipped mountains of Navarino Island; below the long, green stretch of Beagle Channel, our own little bay, the pretty toy of the gunboat at anchor; directly beneath the five dots which were men with upturned faces—those I saw.

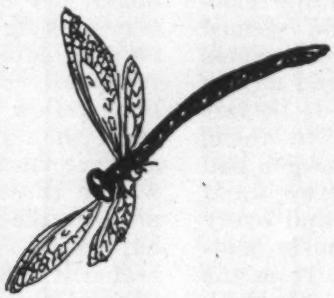
To account with any reasonableness for what followed is not possible. Somehow a sense of the artificiality of the whole affair struck me, though I am certain that in me was neither sudden anger, nor even resentment. I remember thinking that it was silly and childish that Molesworth and I should have taken all that world of trouble for a little yellow metal, sillier that a government should stultify itself by turning all that machinery against us for what was in three bottles. I distinctly remember that I had no plan. But this happened: I picked up the first bottle, hefted it a moment, then walked to the edge of the rock, and, kneeling down, struck with it club fashion at a jagged point and for a little while watched the yellow cloud that scattered after touching the rock a couple of yards lower down. The second bottle I did not break, but flung far out and watched it fall on the black rocks where it shattered and vanished. The third bottle went wild, missing the rocks altogether and dropping into the deep water. I fancied I heard the faint "plup" of it. To complete the task I took the bag of nuggets, a good fistful, and scattered them wide. In that, but not in the other acts, there was a sort of flourish, for I had been stimulated as it were by hearing shouts when those below realized what was happening.

I expected all kinds of trouble, but when I got down there was none. The young officer was darkly menacing but clearly depressed. For a minute he stood apart from the others, with folded arms, like some actor in an ill-staged melodrama. Then he addressed me shortly, asking why I had done that insane thing, and, without waiting for an answer, told me that my conduct was inexcusable and warned that punishment would follow.

But that punishment was far less

than I expected. I looked for a whipping; at the least to be spread-eagled on the ratlines. Evidently old Tio did not take the matter as seriously as he might have, or else he was in a particularly good mood. I was put back in my dark cell, but given polenta to eat and a candle to light me at meals. So I was able to notice when we lifted anchor, also when we dropped it again that same day at Ushuaia. When we reached Useless Bay I was freed from my cell and put to work scouring and cleaning in company with a convict who had been put aboard at Ushuaia. From him I learned that Molesworth had been put ashore at that place. When we dropped anchor off Cape Monmouth the fates were kind to me, for unnoticed I slipped down the anchor chains and swam to shore. I knew the place well. Twenty odd miles separated me from Rio Santa Maria, where, as I knew, Axel the Dane was placer mining, and I made the walk easily.

Perhaps my escape was intended. It may have been the diplomatic way of getting rid of a tangle. Governments as represented by officials are sometimes queer in their ways.



A FAIRY SONG

We never weep because we see
Pale moon flowers on the barren tree;
A lovely light that takes the shape
Of bud and bloom that is to be.

It glows, a soft and emerald light,
Along the branching trees by night;
We know it weaves the coming leaves
And never grieve when snows are white.

We dance with winds that chill the rose
As to her frosty death she goes,
Because we see the changeless bloom
Towards which she lifts again and grows.

So when the weeping tempest saith
"Hush!" to the woodlands with his breath
We ride the skeletons of leaves
And dare an airy jest with death.

Ah, no! we do not weep because
We live in light that without pause
Runs sparkling down the sky, the life
Of all the world, and all its cause.

Oft when celestial things are near
We see new rainbows shining clear,
And follow them from glade to glade
And voices in the winds we hear.

Elizabeth MacKinstry.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

A Story of the Sea Before Wireless

By ROBERT BARR

THE splendid steamship Adamant, of the celebrated Cross Bow Line, left New York on her February trip under favorable auspices. There had just been a storm on the ocean, so there was every chance that she would reach Liverpool before the next one was due.

Captain Rice had a little social problem to solve at the outset, but he smoothed that out with the tact which is characteristic of him. Two Washington ladies—official ladies—were on board, and the captain had trouble in the matter of precedence with Washington ladies. Captain Rice never had any bother with the British aristocracy, because precedence was all set down in his bulky volume of Burke's *Peerage*, so there was no difficulty. But a republican country is supposed not to meddle with precedence. It wouldn't, either, if it weren't for the women.

So it happened that Mrs. Assistant-Attorney-to-the-Senate Brownrig came to the steward and said that, ranking all others on board, she must sit at the right hand of the captain. Afterwards, Mrs. Second-Adjutant-to-the-War-Department Digby came to the same perplexed official and said she must sit at the captain's right hand, because in Washington she took precedence over every one else on board. The bewildered steward confided his woes to the captain, and the captain said he would attend to the matter. So he put Mrs. War-Department on his right hand and then walked down the deck with Mrs. Assistant-Attorney and said:

"I want to ask a favor, Mrs. Brownrig. Unfortunately I am a little deaf in the right ear, caused, I presume, by listening so much with that ear to the fog horn year in and year out. Now, I always place the lady whose conversation I wish most to enjoy on my left hand at table. Would you oblige me by taking that seat this voyage? I have heard of you, you see, Mrs. Brownrig, although you have never crossed with me before."

"Why, certainly, Captain," replied Mrs. Brownrig; "I feel especially complimented."

"And I assure you, madam," said the polite captain, "that I would not for the world miss a single word," etc.

And thus it was amicably arranged between the two ladies. All this has nothing whatever to do with the story. It is merely an incident given to show what a born diplomat Captain Rice was and is to this day. I don't know any captain more popular with the ladies than he, besides he is as good a sailor as crosses the ocean.

Day by day the good ship ploughed her way toward the east, and the passengers were unanimous in saying that they never had a pleasanter voyage for that time of the year. It was so warm on deck that many steamer chairs were out, and below it was so mild that a person might think he was journeying in the tropics. Yet they had left New York with the thermometer below zero.

"Such," said young Spinner, who knew everything, "such is the influence of the Gulf Stream."

Nevertheless, when Captain Rice came down to lunch the fourth day out, his face was haggard.

"Why, Captain," cried Mrs. Assistant-Attorney, "you look as if you hadn't slept a wink last night."

"I slept very well, thank you, madam," replied the captain. "I always do."

"Well, I hope your room was more comfortable than mine. It seemed to me too hot for anything. Didn't you find it so, Mrs. Digby?"

"I thought it very nice," replied the lady at the captain's right, who generally found it necessary to take an op-

posite view from the lady at the left.

"You see," said the captain, "we have many delicate women and children on board and it is necessary to keep up the temperature. Still, perhaps the man who attends to the steam rather overdoes it. I will speak to him."

Then the captain pushed from him his untasted food and went up on the bridge, casting his eye aloft at the signal waving from the masthead, silently calling for help to all the empty horizon.

"Nothing in sight, Johnson?" said the captain.

"Not a speck, sir."

The captain swept the circular line of sea and sky with his glasses, then laid them down with a sigh.

"We ought to raise something this afternoon, sir," said Johnson; "we are right in their track, sir. The Fulda ought to be somewhere about."

"We are too far north for the Fulda, I am afraid," answered the captain.

"Well, sir, we should see the Vulcan before night, sir. She's had good weather from Queenstown."

"Yes. Keep a sharp look-out, Johnson."

"Yes, sir."

The captain moodily paced the bridge with his head down.

"I ought to have turned back to New York," he said to himself.

Then he went down to his own room, avoiding the passengers as much as he could, and had the steward bring him some beef tea. Even a captain cannot live on anxiety.

"Steamer off the port bow, sir," rang out the voice of the look-out at the prow. The man had sharp eyes, for a landsman could have seen nothing.

"Run and tell the captain," cried Johnson to the sailor at his elbow; but as the sailor turned the captain's head appeared up the stairway. He seized the glass and looked long at a single point on the horizon.

"It must be the Vulcan," he said at last.

"I think so, sir."

"Turn your wheel a few points to port and bear down on her."

Johnson gave the necessary order and the great ship veered around.

"Hello!" cried Spinner, on deck. "Here's a steamer. I found her. She's mine."

Then there was a rush to the side of the ship. "A steamer in sight!" was the cry, and all books and magazines at once lost interest. Even the placid, dignified Englishman who was so uncommunicative rose from his chair and sent his servant for his binocular. Children were held up and told to be careful, while they tried to see the dim line of smoke so far ahead.

"Talk about lane routes at sea," cried young Spinner, the knowing. "Bosh, I say. See! we're going directly for her. Think what it might be in a fog! Lane routes! Pure luck, I call it."

"Will we signal to her, Mr. Spinner?" gently asked the young lady from Boston.

"Oh, certainly," answered young Spinner. "See, there's our signal flying from the masthead now. That shows them what line we belong to."

"Dear me, how interesting," said the young lady. "You have crossed many times, I suppose, Mr. Spinner?"

"Oh, I know my way about," answered the modest Spinner.

The captain kept the glasses glued to his eyes. Suddenly he almost let them drop.

"My God! Johnson," he cried.

"What is it, sir?"

"*She's* flying a signal of distress, *too!*"

The two steamers slowly approached each other and, when nearly alongside and about a mile apart, the bell of the Adamant rang to stop.

"There, you see," said young Spinner to the Boston girl, "she is flying the same flag at her masthead that we are."

"Then she belongs to the same line as this boat?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Mr. Cocksure Spinner.

"Oh, look! look! look!" cried the enthusiastic Indianapolis girl who was going to take music in Germany.

Every one looked aloft and saw running up to the masthead a long line of fluttering, many-colored flags. They remained in place for a few moments and then fluttered down again, only to give place to a different string. The same thing was going on on the other steamer.

"Oh, this is too interesting for anything," said Mrs. Assistant. "I am just dying to know what it all means. I have read of it so often but never saw it before. I wonder when the captain will come down. What does it all mean?" she asked the deck steward.

"They are signaling to each other, madam."

"Oh, I know *that*. But what *are* they signaling?"

"I don't know, madam."

"Oh, see! see!" cried the Indianapolis girl, clapping her hands with delight. "The other steamer is turning around."

It was indeed so. The great ship was thrashing the water with her screw, and gradually the masts came in line and then her prow faced the east again. When this had been slowly accomplished the bell on the Adamant rang full speed ahead, and then the captain came slowly down the ladder that led from the bridge.

"Oh, Captain, what does it all mean?"

"Is she going back, Captain? Nothing wrong, I hope."

"What ship is it, Captain?"

"She belongs to our line, doesn't she?"

"Why is she going back?"

"The ship," said the captain slowly, "is the Vulcan, of the Black Bowling Line, that left Queenstown shortly after we left New York. She has met with an accident. Ran into some wreckage, it is thought, from the recent storm. Anyhow there is a hole in her, and whether she sees Queenstown or not will depend a great deal on what weather we have and whether her bulkheads hold out. We will stand by her till we reach Queenstown."

"Are there many on board, do you think, Captain?"

"There are thirty-seven in the cabin and over eight hundred steerage passengers," answered the captain.

"Why don't you take them on board, out of danger, Captain?"

"Ah, madam, there is no need to do that. It would delay us, and time is everything in a case like this. Besides, they will have ample warning if she is going down, and they will have time to get everybody in the boats. We will stand by them, you know."

"Oh, the poor creatures," cried the sympathetic Mrs. Second-Adjutant. "Think of their awful position. May be engulfed at any moment. I suppose they are all on their knees in the cabin. How thankful they must have been to see the Adamant."

On all sides there was the profoundest sympathy for the unfortunate passengers of the Vulcan. Cheeks paled at the very thought of the catastrophe that might take place at any moment within sight of the sister ship. It was a realistic object-lesson on the ever-present dangers of the sea. While those on deck looked with new interest at the steamship plunging along within a mile of them, the captain slipped away to his room. As he sat there, there was a tap at his door.

"Come in," shouted the captain.

The silent Englishman slowly entered.

"What's wrong, Captain?" he asked.

"Oh, the Vulcan has had a hole stove in her and I signaled——"

"Yes, I know all that, of course, but what's wrong with *us*?

"With us?" echoed the captain blankly.

"Yes, with the Adamant? What has been amiss for the last two or three days? I'm not a talker, nor am I afraid any more than you are, but I want to know."

"Certainly," said the captain. "Please shut the door, Sir John."

Meanwhile, there was a lively row on board the Vulcan. In the saloon Captain Flint was standing at bay with his knuckles on the table.

"Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this?" cried Adam K. Vincent, member of Congress.

A crowd of frightened women were standing around, many on the verge of hysterics. Children clung, with pale faces, to their mother's skirts, fearing they knew not what. Men were grouped with anxious faces, and the bluff old captain fronted them all.

"The meaning of all *what*, sir?"

"You know very well. What is the meaning of our turning round?"

"It means, sir, that the Adamant has eighty-five saloon passengers and nearly five hundred intermediate and steerage passengers who are in the most

deadly danger. The cotton in the hold is on fire, and they have been fighting it night and day. A conflagration may break out at any moment. It means, then, sir, that the Vulcan is going to stand by the Adamant."

A wail of anguish burst from the frightened women at the awful fate that might be in store for so many human beings so near to them, and they clung closer to their children and thanked God that no such danger threatened them and those dear to them.

"And, sir," cried the Congressman, "do you mean to tell us that we have to go against our will—without even being consulted—back to Queenstown?"

"I mean to tell you so, sir."

"Well, by the gods, that's an outrage, and I won't stand it, sir. I must be in New York by the 27th. I won't stand it, sir."

"I am very sorry, sir, that anybody should be delayed."

"Delayed? Hang it all, why don't you take the people on board and take 'em to New York? I protest against this. I'll bring a lawsuit against the company, sir."

"Mr. Vincent," said the captain sternly, "permit me to remind you that I am captain of this ship. Good afternoon, sir."

The Congressman departed from the saloon exceeding wroth, breathing dire threats of legal proceedings against the line and the captain personally, but most of the passengers agreed that it would be an inhuman thing to leave the Adamant alone in mid-ocean in such terrible straits.

"Why didn't they turn back, Captain Flint?" asked Mrs. General Weller.

"Because, madam, every moment is of value in such a case, and we are nearer Queenstown than New York."

And so the two steamships, side by side, worried their way toward the east, always within sight of each other by day, and with rows of lights in each visible at night to the sympathetic souls on the other. The sweltering men poured water into the hold of the one and the pounding pumps poured water out of the hold of the other, and thus they reached Queenstown.

On board the tender that took the passengers ashore at Queenstown from both steamers two astonished women met each other.

"Why! *Mrs.—General*—Weller!!! You don't mean to say you were on board that unfortunate Vulcan!"

"For the land's sake, Mrs. Assistant Brownrig! Is that really *you?* Will wonders never cease? Unfortunate, did you say? Mighty fortunate for you, I think. Why! weren't you just frightened to death?"

"I was, but I had no idea any one I knew was on board."

"Well, you were on board yourself. That would have been enough to have killed me."

"On board myself? Why, what *do* you mean? I wasn't on board the Vulcan. Did you get any sleep at all after you knew you might go down at any moment?"

"My sakes, Jane, what *are* you talking about? *Down* at any moment? It was you that might have gone down at any moment or, worse still, have been burned to death if the fire had got ahead. You don't mean to say you didn't know the Adamant was on fire most of the way across?"

"*Mrs.—General—Weller!!* There's some *horrible* mistake. It was the Vulcan. Everything depended on her bulkheads, the captain said. There was a hole as big as a barn door in the Vulcan. The pumps were going night and day."

Mrs. General looked at Mrs. Assistant as the light began to dawn on both of them.

"Then it wasn't the engines, but the pumps," she said.

"And it wasn't the steam, but the fire," screamed Mrs. Assistant. "Oh, dear, how that captain lied, and I thought him such a nice man, too. Oh, I shall go into hysterics, I know I shall."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said the sensible Mrs. General, who was a strong-minded woman; "besides, it is too late. We're all pretty safe now. I think both captains were pretty sensible men. Evidently married, both of 'em."

Which was quite true.

A Passion Play of the Wild Sod

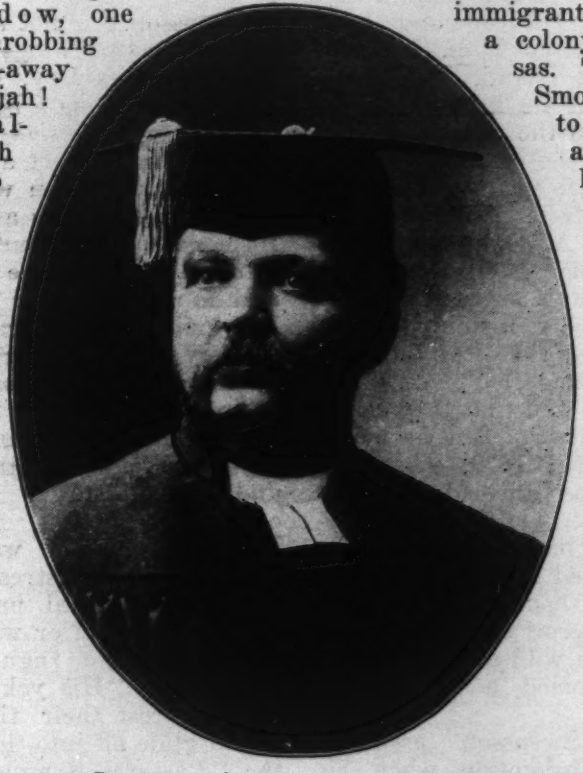
By Elmer T. Peterson

PICTURE a large octagonal sheep barn on the edge of a prairie town of two thousand.

Set wooden benches on the level floor. Put sloping banks of similar seats clear around, as a balcony. Fence off one-third of the balcony on one side and join it to a raised platform.

At the rear of this fenced-off section is a pipe-organ.

And with the stage set thus, some still April night fragrant with wild plum-blossoms, across a mile of sprouting corn, if one were sitting at a farm-house window, one might hear a throbbing rhythmic far-away sound—"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"—with such volume as to make the articulation distinguishable even from the distance.



Dr. Carl A. Swensson, who founded a great chorus and a fine college in a pioneer Kansas community.

It would be, let us say, the 130th rendition of Handel's *Messiah* in that sheep barn at Lindsborg, Kansas, where for every four or five inhabitants there is a singer.

That this oratorio has been given from two to five times every Easter week for 43 consecutive years by a chorus reaching a total of 550 voices and an orchestra including sometimes 70 members, in this little prairie village, lifts Lindsborg clean from a banal Main Street atmosphere and makes it a commmunity with a personality.

Lindsborg began to sing the *Messiah* when the town was only a trading-post and the Indians were still stalking about in their brave blankets and beaded moccasins.

While the echoes of the Civil War were still reverberating and "Bleeding Kansas" came out of its internecine warfare to fight grasshoppers, blizzards and hot winds, and the prairie folk were desperately poor, living in sod shanties and dugouts, the "Chicago Company," a group of Swedish immigrants, decided to start a colony in central Kansas. They settled in the Smoky Valley, a vale to the southeast of a range of rocky hills called by the Indians the "Smoky Hills," because even on the clearest days they are veiled with a thin blue haze.

These settlers formed the "Swedish Agricultural Company," with J. Ferm as president; J. G. Bergsten, vice president; S. P. Lindgren, financial secretary; S. A. Lindell, corresponding secretary; and A. P. Linde and J. O. Lindh, directors. It is not hard to guess why the trading-post was given the name of Lindsborg.

The typical Swede is versatile and resourceful. One of the settlers was apprehensive of the enmity of the Indian

tribe near-by. So he brought out an old long-stemmed porcelain-bowled pipe brought over from Sweden, and hunted up the chief, making a peace-pipe of it. The New World and the Old met. They smoked together and all was well.

The hardy tow-headed and blue-eyed immigrants underwent hardships that made leathery faces, stooped backs and clumsy knotty-jointed hands, but they were a willing lot. They wrenched a living out of the soil.

One of the institutions they brought with them from Illinois was broom-corn. Another was a Lutheran preacher named O. Olsson, who was a lover of good music. He came to the trading-post in 1869 and served the little congregation. In 1876 he was called to take the professorship of theology at Augustana College, Rock Island. In 1879 he took a trip to Europe and heard the *Messiah* in Exeter Hall, London. Returning to Rock Island, full of enthusiasm over what he had heard, he was instrumental in the formation of a chorus which sang the oratorio there.

In his class was a young raw-boned student preacher from Andover, Illinois, named Carl A. Swensson. The teacher, in leaving Lindsborg, had recommended him as a successor. It is recorded in Lindsborg history that at "broom-corn harvest time" of the year 1877 Swensson visited the place. The people liked him so well that they asked him to be their pastor. But he could not be installed until 1879, when his seminary course was finished. In the meantime he had become fired with enthusiasm over the oratorio. Although Rock Island received the germ of the idea, the quick offshoot of the plant was destined to outgrow the parent. In the strange soil, the wild sod of central Kansas, there bloomed a remarkable organism.

Scarcely had Swensson assumed charge of the congregation when he began to talk projects that seemed preposterous except to those of the colony. "They must have been as crazy as he was," to use the phraseology of the skeptical outsiders.

The country was obviously in the gristle. There were uncounted leagues of unbroken buffalo sod all around. Nobody had any money worth mentioning. Money-lenders charged as high as eighteen per cent. interest, and farms were heavily mortgaged nearly as soon as the homesteads were "proved up." But Swensson decided almost immediately to start a college.

The farmers were asked to make contributions "in natura," by way of wheat, corn, broom-corn brush, poultry, etc., which was sold or used directly in the commissary department of the college that was established. It was called Bethany. In 1886 the institution, which had been born as an academy in 1881 in a small frame building, had grown to a size that encouraged the indomitable President Swensson to build a huge five-story structure of brick, and it loomed up grotesquely out of the prairie among a few planted saplings. Again people shook their heads.

Swensson was not satisfied with having one or two things going on at once. On Christmas Day, 1881, he gave his young wife Alma a book containing the score of the *Messiah* and asked her to organize and direct a chorus.

The congregation was combed industriously for singers and orchestral performers. One young farmer, Nels Carlson, lived in the hills to the west, and he was elected to play the bass viol. He would come driving along the rough country roads ten miles for rehearsals, in the slush and frozen ruts of early spring, with his bass fiddle strapped to his old lumber wagon. Then late at night back again to take care of horses and pigs. And so it was with the others.

Young men and women would milk cows, and as the streams of white sang against the metal buckets in rhythm they would hum or whistle the difficult figurations and fugues of "He shall purify" or "His yoke is easy." And then, to rest their tired brains, they would glide off into the easier strains of the "Pastoral Symphony" or venture into the aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth," just to satisfy themselves that they knew the whole oratorio, solos and all, from cover to cover. Hired hands would burst into the kitchen fresh from chores, singing the robust bass solo, "Thus saith the Lord," even attempting the complex passages that try a professional singer's skill.

Such was the early atmosphere of

The auditorium in Lindsborg, humorously called the "sheep barn." The Messiah is sung there each year.

Lindsborg. The people lived with the *Messiah* and it became an integral part of their lives.

The chorus at first contained forty members, and there was a small orchestra for accompaniment. The organization constantly grew. Mrs. Swensson was the first director. Later she became organist and other directors took the baton. Each year some of the students of the college sing, but always the mainstay of the chorus has been the town and country population. It is an unwritten law, strictly observed, that no local performer or any member of the chorus or orchestra shall receive pay of any kind. On the contrary, to help the cause, many of the members buy admission tickets to their own concerts. The proceeds go into the college treasury.

The chorus outgrew the college chapel, and in 1895 Dr. Swensson announced that it was necessary to build an auditorium.

C. A. Smith, a Swedish lumberman living in Minneapolis, offered, because of his friendship for Dr. Swensson and admiration for the colony, to cut soft and yellow pine lumber and timbers out of his own forests and present them to the college. Dr. Swensson crossed only one bridge at a time, and when he looked ahead it was not for the purpose of worrying about others. He accepted the offer. He, together with a volunteer architect, made the plans for the octagonal frame building which Kansas people, with kindly jocularity, refer to as a sheep barn.

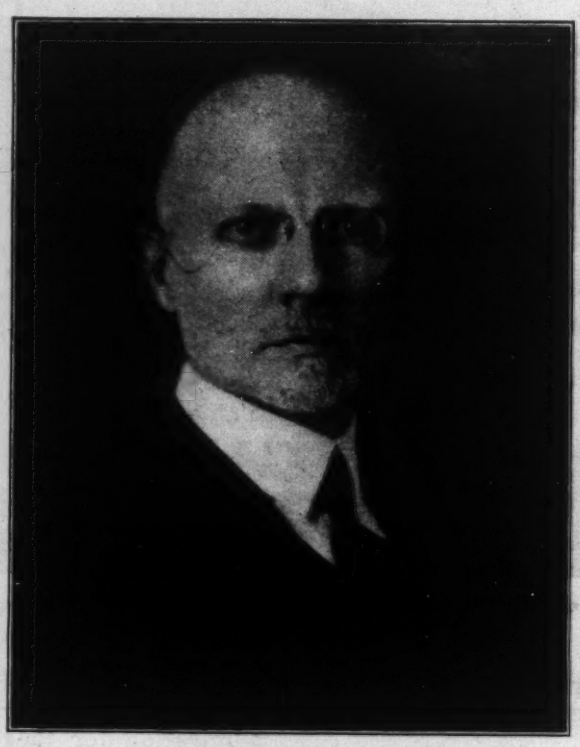
The lumber came, but there was no money to pay the freight. Dr. Swensson hustled around and finally collected enough cash for the transportation charges.

Then he called a meeting of all the citizens who could handle saws and hammers, and asked them to build the auditorium. About twenty-five offered their services. And so it was built. It accommodated almost three thousand people.

Again the scoffers made a great to-do. "You'll never fill it!" they predicted. "Swensson's Folly" it was called by some of them.

But it was filled the very first concert. Later, by some strenuous scheming, a pipe-organ was installed.

The year the auditorium was built the college faced its worst crisis. "There was not enough money in the treasury to buy a postage stamp," says one of the pioneers. But Dr. Swensson never lost his faith and his vision. He had a profound trust in God, and believed that the establishment of the *Messiah* chorus as a permanent institution would be a blessing to the spiritual and artistic life of Kansas. The Lutheran church does not hold strongly to the revival psychology, but Dr. Swensson frequently received letters from auditors who said that they had become converted to the Christian religion by hearing the Lindsborg musical passion play.



Hagbard Brase, director.

In the geography text-books used by the American school children of the 80's, the prairie west of the Missouri River was called the "Great American Desert."

Although it would be provincial to claim that Kansas is of higher moral concepts or vision than the average state, it does have some of the mysticism of the prophets, and Dr. Swensson, as a practical and modern flesh-and-blood Isaiah, may have seen a Kansas symbolism in Handel's musical epic. He firmly believed that Handel was divinely inspired like the prophets, frequently calling attention to the fact that the composer dashed off the oratorio at phenomenal speed.

Out of the travail of the early prairie settlers and this young preacher who seldom knew one day where the next day's finances for his grandiose dream-college were coming from, there came to the outside world, that would stop to listen, the undaunted voice of the tenor, singing "Comfort ye," the first air after the overture.

It was "the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.'" And the tenor continued: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight and the rough places plain."

The listener to Lindsborg's present-day singing thinks of this soaring trumpet-like voice of many past years, telling of the hewing of roads through the rough places and deserts, and dreams for a season.

There is a brief hush. The director raises his baton, and a half thousand men and women in white and black suddenly and silently arise as though actuated by an electric impulse, making the listener feel that a wave has started toward him. A few measures of orchestral prelude, and then a strong, rich burst of alto voices in a fugue which ends in a veritable crashing of four-part harmony—"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."

Then for the first time in the festival of song is Lindsborg's peculiar power exhibited. Then it can be understood why musical sophisticates would will-

ingly transport the sheep barn bodily to Carnegie Hall for an hour or two if they could. There are orchestras—many of them—that can play better. There are many soloists who can sing better. But where can there be such warmth, such spontaneous freshness, such religious fervor, combined with clear-cut clipped attack, that surges from the chorus and carries the hearer before it so that he wants to stand in his seat, in awe or choking with emotion?

Perhaps nearly every one who loves music and has listened to a vocal quartet or instrumental ensemble has said to himself, "I wish I could hear the same thing magnified one hundred times," just as the plainsman, observing a small hill, longs to see a mountain. That longing is satisfied when five hundred voices raise a veritable shout of harmony in the climatic passages of the *Messiah* chorus numbers, particularly "And the glory," the "Hallelujah" and the "Amen."

Musical critics of authority have said that Lindsborg sings the *Messiah* better than any other chorus in America. If this is so, the reason is not hard to find. There are men and women in Lindsborg who have sung this oratorio every year of the forty-three years of its existence. Others have sung thirty, twenty or ten years. Most of the singers not only are experienced, and form the backbone of the chorus, easily followed by the newer ones, but they have an impressive religious conception of their theme and make it a part of their life's devotions. Added to this is the civic impulse. There may be factions in politics and in creed, as in every human small town, but the *Messiah* has the undivided support of all the residents. Venerable men and women, watching the droves of motorists come to the village on an Easter Sunday, puff out their chests a little and say, "Looks like they'll have to turn them away again this year." Their pride and interest never wavers. The *Messiah* is never a bore to any Lindsborg citizen. Some have heard it sung more than one hundred times, but

Bethany College campus, founded "by goodwill on a prairie"

anxiously await each new rendition. Every performance in recent years has been sold out before the doors opened. The problem of feeding the five thousand is solved several times each Easter week, the college dining hall being thrown open for the visitors that motor for long distances to attend the festival.

The secretary of the chorus organization is a painter and decorator named G. N. Malm. He has sung in the chorus continuously for more than thirty years and knows the entire oratorio by heart. The book contains more than two hundred pages, but he and several others sing without the score.

Mrs. Swensson, the first conductor, still sings in the soprano section of the chorus. After forty-three years of continuous effort and service she loves the oratorio more than ever. Her husband often said that it was she who was responsible for the perpetuation of the project. "If it had not been for my persistent wife we would never have gone through with it," he declared many times, according to Mr. Malm. At the thirtieth anniversary of the organization she was presented with a medal with the inscription, "One is who sows, another reapeth."

Dr. Swensson, the president of the college and founder of the chorus, who had become prominent in politics and editorial work as well as in educational and religious service, died in 1904. The little community gathered its chorus together one bleak day in March and sang the "Amen" chorus. Never was it sung as on that day. As the requiem for this yet young man floated over the cornfields and the withered wild flowers of the prairie, the men and women were drawn closer together by grief, and dedicated, as a still more sacred thing, that oratorio to the memory of Dr. Carl A. Swensson, a versatile seer of the plains—a man whose soul throbbed with music, who heard something in the gathered impact of the voices of the villages that was akin to the songs of the heavenly host. This was his idyllic conception, expressed to intimate friends in moments of particular exaltation.

After his death the work was taken up by Dr. E. F. Pihlblad, one of the four members of the first graduating class of the college, then serving as vice president. And Dr. Pihlblad, although a very practical executive, evidences the same zealot's enthusiasm and devotional fire. He is a unique impresario. He was the first in the Middle West to recognize the ability of Galli-Curci, and he brought her to Lindsborg to sing in the old wooden auditorium before she had sung in Kansas City or other cities of what some call the hinterland.

Hagbard Brase, the present conductor, has directed the chorus eleven years. He is a pronounced flaxen-haired blond of austere exterior but warm heart, and his long arms beat time without waste energy, for every motion has a purpose clearly understood. He is a composer, and knows the laws of harmony. His powerful strokes, bringing nuances out of the huge chorus as though it were an organ, are fascinating to watch, and not a phrase escapes his quick attention.

Each year a whole week is given up to a musical festival. There are three renditions of the *Messiah*, on the nights of Palm Sunday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday. On the afternoons of Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday some outstanding artist or ensemble of national renown is employed for recitals for which standard prices are paid by the management. This year it was Reinald Werrenrath and Albert Spaulding. Following are some of the artists who have appeared at Lindsborg in past years: Edouard Remenyi, Lillian Nordica, Godowsky, Galli-Curci, Johanna Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Langendorff, Olive Fremstad, Frieda Hempel, Alice Nielsen, Margarete Matzenauer, Frances Alda, Florence Macbeth, Julia Claussen, Sophie Braslau, Marie Sundelius, Gustaf Holmquist, Middleton, Pablo Casals, Ysaye. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra appeared one year and Innes' Band three years in succession. When Godowsky appeared his piano was shipped by express from Denver to Chicago via Lindsborg, the Kansas town being his only stopping place between the two large cities. When Albert Spaulding wrote his Lindsborg program he included a concerto, a sonata and a third number equally pretentious. That kind of program might have left a Topeka or Des Moines audience restless, but Lindsborg sat with greedy

absorption and loudly called for more.

During the festival week there are state music contests, music faculty recitals and band concerts. And then there is an art exhibit under the direction of Birger Sandzén, the Lindsborg painter who has attracted more than state or national attention because of his breathtaking color and bold technic in treating western plains and mountain landscape subjects.

E. F. Pihlblad, president of the college and discoverer of Mme. Galli-Curci's genius.

Nine-tenths of the population of the Lindsborg community are of Swedish descent. Many of the older folk were born in Sweden. The largest church, which Dr. Swensson served, still conducts most of its services in the Swedish language, but another of the same denomination, the Lutheran, has grown up by its side, using English exclusively.

There is scarcely ever an arrest in Lindsborg. The jail is very seldom occupied. The town is almost puritanical in some of its attitudes. There are no bowling alleys or pool rooms, and no legitimate theater. There is one motion picture show. The college is the community center. Each winter a bazaar is held in the auditorium and each Thanksgiving Day a community dinner is served in the same place. The profits all go to the college.

Despite the clinging to certain definite habits of mind that might strike the average American as a little odd and exotic, the population of Lindsborg on the whole is very American. English is the language of trade and social gatherings, with minor exceptions. There is the same epidemic of bobbed hair and consequent permanent waves, the same vivid styles, the same slang and the same reactions to prohibition, world peace, Kentucky Derbies, birdie threes and jazz that you would find in Wichita, Kansas City or Camden. For the Swede is one of the most readily assimilated elements in American life. Coming from the same root—the oft-discussed Nordic derivative—he has no trouble in adjusting himself to elements that go under the Anglo-Saxon label. Once in a while in the singing of the chorus one can detect a slight trace of composite Swedish accent, as when the hard sound of "s" in "arise" is changed to the soft. And there is breathed out from the chorus the sturdy muscularity of the Vikings combined with the characteristic religious conviction of the Swedes and an artistic impulse related to those of Zorn, Tegner, Lagerlöf, Millis.

This is the background of the Lindsborg picture. This is the only town large or small I have ever seen that devotes itself particularly to one major esthetic object and thereby attains a definite individuality. Some have compared it with Ober-Ammergau. It is an interesting study in crowd psychology or what the French would call *un genre de vie*. It helps to refute the accusation made by the intelligentsia

that Kansas is a hopeless, drab, inartistic monotone, dominated by Fords, Harold Bell Wright, overshoes, hogs, ice cream socials and blue laws. Almost anybody can feel artistic in the Metropolitan Museum or Aeolian Hall. When people can coax and drag art out of a stubborn wild soil, a thousand miles from a museum or metropolitan musical center and make it live against hot winds and the wild imprecations of Populism and Nonpartisan Leaguers, it is a very healthy and virile sort of art.

The fact that a small Kansas village is willing to pay the price of major concert attractions and the expense of bringing the works of eminent painters for inspection, besides performing a conspicuous piece of artistry on its own account, is evidence that hogs and corn are not the be-all and end-all. The religious fervor is what accentuates the artistry, putting a sincerity and healthfulness into the esthetic that could hardly be attained by pure technique.

There are now eight or nine Kansas towns that maintain oratorio choruses patterned after Lindsborg, and nearly all sing the *Messiah*. Among them are Emporia, Pittsburg, Hays, Larned, Kansas City and Dodge City.

Dodge City! Only a few years ago it was noted for its Boot Hill and Bat Masterson and Chalk Beeson and Wild Bill Hickok. Front Street was full of saloons and gambling dens. In one of the dance halls where a casual musician held forth there was a sign, "Don't Shoot the Fiddler, He's Doing His Damndest."

Last spring Karl Miller, a graduate of Bethany College at Lindsborg, now an attorney at Dodge City, held the baton over a chorus of fifty voices singing the *Messiah*, and the hall was not large enough to hold all that came to hear. The organization was made a permanent Dodge City institution, with all the principal business men participating.

Hays, where there is now a Kansas normal college, was another wild frontier town in the old days. Here Henry Edward Malloy, another product of Bethany inspiration and a former conductor of the Lindsborg chorus, has organized a band of singers almost as large as that of Lindsborg, and is its director. Thus the background spreads over the state and possibly to other states.

And in the foreground, just a little homely sketch.

It is a retired farmer of sixty-odd years, with gray hair, standing in the black-clad bass section in the old octagonal wooden auditorium.

A short distance away, in the alto section, is the matronly figure of his daughter, a busy housewife of the town. And her daughter sings with the sopranos.

He holds in his hands a tattered book whose leaves, in places, are held together by oilcloth pasted to the binding. It is a relic of drear days of the 80's when even the buying of a *Messiah* book meant the paying of pennies that meant sacrifice—when some of the farmers mortgaged their homesteads to keep the college going.

Three generations singing together, they are perpetuating the dream of the young zealot who came out to a thirsty land during the broom-corn harvest to preach. The gray-haired widow of that preacher, with an eloquence in her eyes, stands beside the granddaughter, joining in the thunder of a chord that throbs across the plain and echoes even over moonlit Boot Hill and the Old Santa Fé Trail which glimmers faintly in the healed sod, where men have tried to make straight in the desert a highway.

THE MILD WEST

By JESSE F. GELDERS

I LIVE in Oklahoma City myself. I am not bragging. I am only telling you.

The stranger here is always urged to remember that thirty-six years ago this was *only a rolling prairie.* And look at it *now!*

A city of—— What did you say? A hundred and *twenty* thousand? Man alive! Who told you that? A hundred and *thirty* thousand! At *least.*

We have twenty-two skyscrapers, ranging in height from eight to thirteen stories; four golf links; nine thousand mah jong sets; an automobile for every two and a half pedestrians; and six commodious hospitals; enough radio equipment to keep ten per cent. of the population at home nights; and movies, jazz orchestras and paved drives, to keep the other ninety per cent. out.

So you can understand our reaction when a visitor, enveloped in this aura of progress and modernity, fatuously asks: "Where are the Indians?"

"Why, ah, there are just a few in Oklahoma City," Trent Ferguson explained, with an amiable tolerance inspired by the shingle-bobbed and blue-eyed charm of his questioner. "They dress and act just like anybody else."

Arline Menton was not satisfied. She tilted her head and puckered her eyebrows.

"Gosh!" she pouted. "I wanted to see some *real* ones."

"Well, there's enough else to see," Trent consoled her. "This is quite a city. What do you think of our downtown?"

Arline widened her blue eyes disconcertingly.

"It's all right," she said, condescendingly, "Only who can get a thrill out of that?"

Trent could not believe she was in earnest. Smiling uncertainly, he looked down at her with an estimating gaze that left him unconvinced but more interested than before. There was a whimsical challenge in her round eyes. Wilful strands of her brown hair curved out perversely from the authorized waves. Her little upturned nose harbored a constellation of tiny freckles which no quantity of powder could quite efface.

The music began again, and the very walls of the country club ballroom shook to the syncopation of *Yes, Yes, Yolande!* Trent and Arline joined the dancers, gliding and curveting about the crowded floor. He sensed the supple movements with which she followed his steps. Occupied with traffic problems, however, he missed the furtive glance appraising his alert gray eyes, and his crisp hair, just a tint darker than his tanned skin.

"I'll bet you're out in the open a lot," she murmured.

"Oh, not so much. Golf about once a week."

Arline's little grimace of disappointment was hidden from Trent. He was unaware that, after such a confession, she reluctantly rated him "like the rest." Like all those others, whose acquaintance with the sweeping plains was limited to a well tended area with eighteen holes in it. She might have known, she was telling herself. His clothes should have warned her. Latest cut suit. Shirt, collar and tie correct to the minute. Ugh! All right back in Cleveland, maybe. But when she came out here to visit Aunt Della, she expected something different.

Even had Trent known, it is doubtful if he would have understood. He couldn't have realized that sometimes a girl gets—well, romance-hungry, kind of. Craving a thrill. Coming out to the West for a young Lochinvar. One with a blue flannel shirt. And a bandana around his neck. And a hat with a half-acre brim. Like the one Galloping Galloway wore in *The Hero of Dynamite Gap.*

Uncomprehending, Trent pursued the topic of golf.

"Like to take you around the course," he suggested. "Are you going to be busy Saturday afternoon?"

"No. But don't let's play golf. I'll tell you,"—in the din of music, Trent did not distinguish the note which might have told him how desperately Arline struggled to save him from the like-the-others class—"I'll tell you! Will you show me a ranch?"

"A *ranch?* Would a dairy farm do?"

"Don't joke."

"There isn't a ranch in the county. But there are other sights a plenty. Really. Have you seen the capitol building?"

"Three times, thank you. Do you want to show it to me, too?"

"Why, no. Not if—— Oh, we'll find something else to do."

The music stopped. Applause was vigorous. Trent smacked his palms together heartily.

"That was great!" he said, with a flash of white teeth.

Arline was tempted to applaud also. For Trent *was* a splendid dancer.

The orchestra accommodated them with an encore, swaying and moaning through the doubtful melody of *What a Pity, Patty!*

Trent danced with Arline six times in the course of the party. And they strolled out onto the links during the intermission.

"I'll drop by and see you to-morrow evening," he promised, lingering in a handshake as the guests were departing.

"Do!" urged Arline. "Make it early."

Then they separated.

"You seemed well impressed with Mrs. Collop's little guest," sniffed Margaret Battleman, who had come with Trent.

"She's full of pep!" he affirmed, easing his roadster from the club driveway to the paving. "And she's awfully cute, don't you think? Naive. Expected to find cowboys and Indians here."

The next day was a busy one for Trent. When he arrived at the offices of Moman & Temple, Attorneys at Law, the note on his desk read: "See me at once. V. L. M."

In his private room, V. L. Moman, senior member of the firm, lifted his shaggy black eyebrows and smiled as Trent entered.

"They've brought in a three thousand barrel well on that Durbin property," he announced.

Trent gasped and swallowed his breath.

Moman ran his fingers through his thick gray-streaked hair.

"When is the case up for trial, Ferguson?"

"Monday," said Trent.

"I'll be on my way to Washington. And Judge Temple has an appeal before the state supreme court. You'll have to handle this yourself."

Trent's heart looped-the-loop and spiraled toward his throat.

"You can do it, all right," Moman continued. "Judge Temple and I have looked over your notes. You've done some thorough work. I didn't dream we had such a strong case. Our evidence man, up in Kay County, just phoned in, too. He's located Big Thunder—that Indian who was present when Red Hawk sold the lease the second time."

"That'll clinch it!" exclaimed Trent, doubling his fist on top of the desk. "Will the Indian be here?"

"Sometime Saturday. Make arrangements to confer with him yourself. Say, Saturday night. Be ready to have him take the stand at the trial."

"That'll settle it!" declared Trent, enthusiastically. "We can't lose now."

"Win a few cases like that," Moman grinned, relaxing in his chair, "and you'll have to get a wife to help you spend your money."

Trent blushed more profusely than a mere random jest would have warranted.

As he went out, he was jubilant. Though the interview had been brief, he knew that Moman & Temple realized what he had done in the Durbin case. Originally it was an insignificant suit. The thirty per cent. contingent fee which the client gladly agreed to pay had seemed trivial. Now, with victory practically assured, the amount involved had leaped to many thousands.

He gazed out of the window at the clear blue sky, scraped by the city's twenty-two tall buildings. It was a satisfying view. Success as a lawyer

would make him a substantial part of that city. He mused over Moman's teasing words, about a wife to help him spend his money. Well, at least he would have something to offer a girl.

For no reason whatever he wanted to laugh that evening as he parked his three-year-old roadster in front of the Collop home where Arline was visiting. She skipped out to meet him as he climbed from the car, hat in hand.

"I've thought of the *thrillingest* thing for us to do Saturday!" she informed him.

"Fine!" he smiled, unsuspecting.

Arline's blue eyes were dancing. In the slight breeze, wisps of her shingled hair fluttered irrepressibly.

"We'll go horseback riding!" she bubbled. "Get a couple of real cow ponies."

Trent stared at her. With a limp, circular gesture, he slapped his snap-brim hat against his fawn-brown trousers. His tanned jaw sagged down toward the attached collar of his figured shirt.

"Horseback riding? Cow ponies?"

"Sure! It'll be the most fun! You'd make a grand cowboy! Won't you, Fergie? Please?"

Trent could not remain obdurate.

"All right," he consented finally, with a rising inflection that expressed his misgivings. "I'll do my best."

He made arrangements at a livery barn to have a pair of horses brought to the Collop residence.

"Preferably cow-ponies," he specified. To his mind, the term "ponies" suggested tractability. "And saddles with good, high horns," he added, as a further precaution.

When he drove up in his roadster, at fifteen minutes past the agreed time, two sinewy horses were already parked at the curb. Arline was patting their noses and talking to them. Trent thought she looked piquantly refreshing in her khaki knickers, and flowing four-in-hand tie, with the knot slipped down to leave her gray flannel shirt open at the collar.

He had worn his golf togs. He got out of the car and greeted Arline. Then, with a forced nonchalance, he surveyed the horses, secretly wondering how best to board them.

"You take the roan," Arline directed. "I want the little black one. He's so sweet."

Trent used his two hands as a combination stirrup and elevator, and Arline swung into the saddle.

"Isn't it grand!" she beamed. "Hurry. Let's get started."

The roan must have understood. Trent scrambled to his back from the right side, but, before he could locate the left stirrup, the horse had trotted half a block. The animal was equipped with no shock-absorbers and very poor springs, Trent reflected.

The horses drew close together, almost scraping. Trent was glad they had no fenders to damage.

They were traversing West Twenty-fifth Street. A block east of Classen Boulevard, the district's principal artery, is Military Avenue, one unpaved street in a network of asphalt. At Arline's suggestion they turned north on this dirt road, headed toward the country.

"I wish this horse would look where he's going," Trent complained. "I'm afraid he'll stumble. He makes me nervous. And there's something wrong with his steering gear."

With each step, Trent grew more apprehensive. He summoned up all his theoretical and practical knowledge of riding. The practical knowledge had been gleaned from three sources. At the age of ten he had ridden a burro in Colorado Springs. At twelve he had accompanied a neighbor boy in round-the-block trips on the back of a broad and very docile family horse. On several subsequent occasions he had held the lines in a buggy.

The stable proprietor, however, had obediently delivered two cow ponies, borrowed from a cattleman at the stockyards. Trent was not aware that, due to the exigencies of ranch work, cow ponies receive special schooling. He did not know that a flip of the rein against the horse's neck, or pressure with the knee, is sufficient to turn him. Nor did he know that a well behaved cow pony increases his speed when the rider leans forward in the saddle, and slackens when the weight is shifted toward the rear.

From the time Trent mounted on the wrong side it was clear that he and the roan didn't speak the same language.

He sought to steer to the right, pulling on the right rein, as he would have in a carriage. The horse stopped.

"Giddap!" Trent commanded. Then he tugged at the rein again. The roan twisted his head back toward the rider, but continued forward with a slight sidling motion.

"He's skidding," Trent surmised, and hauled in on the bridle.

Arline had drawn ahead.

"Come on!" she called. "Show some speed. Let's see him gallop!"

She urged the black horse forward at a canter. Trent clenched his fists and prepared to step on the gas. He held the lines dangling loosely, made a clucking noise with his tongue, and cautiously tightened his heels against the animal's flanks.

This time the idea was communicated to the horse. He began to trot rapidly. Trent bounced about in the saddle, nearly slipping his toes from the stirrups each time he ascended. His spine bent. His neck jerked. His teeth rattled.

He shouted at Arline who was galloping on, a half block ahead. She did not hear, being sufficiently occupied on her own account.

Trent was jolted sideways in the saddle. His left knee bore against his mount. The pony veered clattering to the right on Thirty-fourth Street.

"Whoa!" yelled Trent, jerking on the left rein, and leaning forward to steady himself by the saddle-horn. Feeling the weight shifted forward, the horse broke into a hard gallop.

"Whoa!" cried Trent again. "Hey! Arline! THIS WAY! ARLINE!"

She did not hear.

The roan meanwhile had developed a notion of his own. The dude in the saddle was crazy. Plumb loco. Any bronc' could tell it.

The horse snorted, threw back his ears, and tore madly down the street. Trent clung to the saddle. He tried desperately to apply the brakes. Physically and orally.

"Whoa! WHOA!"

They ripped off half a mile before the roan consented to whoa. He brought up in the middle of a terraced lawn. Trent climbed down, shakily, and grasped the reins close to the bit. He looked back for Arline. She was not in sight. Leading the horse, he walked back toward Military Avenue. But the girl had gone.

An hour later he trudged into the livery stable, afoot, holding the disdainful horse by the bridle at arm's length

"The other one," he began, "the black one——"

"We've got him," said the proprietor. "The young lady phoned from the house."

Trent telephoned to Mrs. Collops'.

"Miss Menton is out," said the maid.

"When will she return?"

"She didn't say."

A half hour later he repeated the call.

"Who is this?" the maid asked.

"Trent Ferguson."

"Miss Menton is still out."

He tried five times that evening. The fifth call was at 11:45 P. M.

"Miss Menton has retired," said the maid.

Trent went to bed, disconsolate and a little resentful.

"Silly kid!" he mumbled. "It was all her fault. Wild west stuff. Bah!"

But he phoned again next morning.

"Miss Menton isn't up yet," the maid informed him.

Trent fumed with anger.

"I wouldn't bother at all," he muttered to himself. "Only I guess I do owe her an explanation."

It was noon when he tried again. After a long wait, Arline came to the phone. Her voice was frosty. Trent decided that the explanation had best be made face to face. And that immediately

"This afternoon," he said.

"I have an engagement," she replied.

"Well, to-night then?"

"No. Tommy Folsom's coming over."

Trent's ire was rising.

"All right," he said crisply. "Never mind."

"If it's important," Arline suggested in slightly melting tones, "why not to-morrow evening?"

Thus it was arranged. Trent's heartbeats approached normal.

In this lightened mood he remembered, for the first time, what he had forgotten. He had failed to meet the star witness in the Durbin case! In the

stress of Saturday's barbarous entertainment, he had neglected the real business of civilization.

At first he was panic-stricken. Then his frenzy of fear subsided. After all, he knew the testimony that would be given. A rehearsal, though desirable, was not necessary. The witness had been informed as to the place and time of the trial, and would be present to take the stand. Comforting himself with this thought, he passed a night more tranquil than the hours which had preceded it.

At 9 A. M. Monday, District Judge Baine called court to order. Attorney Trent Ferguson sat enseonced behind a breastwork of law books, nervously scanning his notes. Next to him his client, Durbin, fidgeted anxiously. Across the table, two opposing lawyers bent over in whispered conference with the defendant.

Judge Baine patted his thin hair smooth, and pulled at his stolid chin. The hearing began briskly. Attorney Ferguson arose to summarize the proof he was about to submit.

Although the property involved was in another county, it was rightly within the jurisdiction of this court, he pointed out, since both parties to the suit were residents of Oklahoma County. The actual transactions, moreover, took place in Oklahoma City.

Attorney Ferguson's nervousness vanished as he buckled to the fight. The mineral rights to said property, he asserted, were originally purchased by the plaintiff, Mr. Durbin, from Red Hawk, now deceased.

The idea of land ownership, however, had never been clearly grasped by certain of the older uneducated Indians. Said Red Hawk was one of these. As a consequence, he was induced to convey said property to the defendant, at a date ten months later, and when its title already rested with Mr. Durbin. The date of that conveyance was altered after the signature of——

"Your Honor, we object!" shouted the opposing lawyers, springing to their feet.

"That assertion is ridiculous!" cried one

"It is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," amplified the other.

"May it please the Court," said the first, "No proof is offered, except the depositon of a perjuring notary!"

Attorney Ferguson remained cool. The plaintiff had ample evidence, he announced. His Honor would hear the testimony of a witness who was present at the time of the illegal transaction. And, might it please the Court, the plaintiff would prove that Red Hawk was intoxicated with whisky supplied by the defendant!

The lawyers were objecting again, striding toward the judge with hoarse protests and angry gestures. The defendant, hunched in his chair, glared at his fiery opponent.

The case went on. Witnesses were called. Spectators drifted into the room to watch the struggle. The scene grew tense, as Attorney Ferguson prepared to summon his star witness. The defendant and his lawyers huddled close together, whispering nervously.

There was a delay of several minutes. The bailiff returned from the corridor and announced that Big Thunder had not answered to his name.

Trent's tanned skin paled.

"He ought to be here by now. I'll get him myself," he volunteered, and hastened out into the hall.

Veniremen stood scraping their feet on the black and white squares of the tiled floor. Lawyers moved in and out of the other rooms. Property owners stormed through the assessor's door to have their taxes reduced. But there was no Indian. No Indian *at all.*

Fear clutched Attorney Ferguson. He returned to court. With bloodless lips he addressed Judge Baine.

If His Honor would allow a couple of hours, the plaintiff would certainly produce the witness.

The defendant was rubbing his hands jubilantly.

Might it please the Court, his lawyers said, there was no reason to prolong the trial. The plaintiff's attorney had tried a bluff and failed.

His Honor interrupted a hot exchange of repartee.

The gentleman would kindly maintain order, he announced. The hearing would continue. If the plaintiff could locate the witness, he would be heard in the morning. Otherwise the case would be decided upon the evidence already presented. There seemed little

cause for wasting more of the Court's time.

When evening came the witness was still missing. Hotels and rooming houses had been searched. Long-distance phone calls had failed to disclose a clue. Three or four Indians, in from the country to "shop," were set upon by participants in the hunt. Much shaking of braided black hair and shrugging of shoulders finally established the fact that these tribesmen "not come court. Not know um Red Hawk."

The sun sank down in a pool of red gold, behind the stark forms of Oklahoma City's twenty-two skyscrapers. As I said in the beginning, I am not bragging. I am only telling you. Purple dusk drifted down from the east, and settled on Oklahoma City's two hundred and fifty miles of paving.

Trent Ferguson turned his tired gray eyes toward the skyline and winced. The buildings taunted him. He owned no part of them. Perhaps he never would be more than he was now. Only one of the hundred and thirty thousand. A failure.

Night came. He drove to the Collop home. The shadow of defeat was upon him. His was the cheerless mood of an inventor who has just tried out an unbreakable watch in a day-nursery. He was not gladdened when he considered the purpose of his call. Arline and her romance-chase had been factors in the collapse of his hopes.

Mrs. Collop had a parlor load of company when he arrived. He suggested to Arline that she go with him for a little drive. He could say what he had to say in the car. She agreed.

At first they rode in silence.

Passing the Hawley home, he commented on its magnificence.

"It's a wonder, isn't it? It cost about a hundred thousand," he declared.

Arline sighed.

"Yes," she said. "We have dozens and dozens like it back in Cleveland."

Trent coughed.

"Maybe I'm unappreciative," Arline admitted. "But I didn't come out here to see buildings. And statistics on population. There were plenty of those at home. I wanted to find something else."

"Indian war dances in the city hall," suggested Trent. "And a round-up on Main Street."

He was driving with no destination in mind. He turned onto the East Twenty-third Street paved road. Through the Santa Fe underpass. By the state capitol. A few road-side houses and stores. The sleepy lights of town to the right and behind them.

A filling station lit the junction of the main road with an intersecting strip of paving, and they swung to the left. In the unwalled open their conversation progressed. Trent had explained why he "deserted" her during the horseback ride.

"I'm just not cut out for that sort of thing," he concluded.

"Do you know, Fergie, when I came out here, I hoped—I——" She groped for words. "Well, anyway, if it hadn't been for your clothes, you'd have looked like the kind of man I expected to find. I just—maybe you'll think I'm silly, but—do you think so, Fergie?"

"No. Not exactly. You have some peculiar ideas."

"I guess so. Where does this paving lead?"

"There's a road from the end of it to Lincoln Park and the lake. We'll turn back, though."

"No. Let's see the lake."

"All right. But it's kind of lonely out there on an autumn night."

In a shadowy hollow ahead, the yellow glare of the auto lamps showed the asphalt's end. They turned off to a winding road of crushed white rock. There were clumps of elms and scrubby "blackjacks" for a short distance. Then came smooth slopes of short dry grass on either side.

"The municipal golf links," Trent announced.

Arline sniffed. They turned again.

"And there's the lake."

The moon floated high over a distant hill. Its reflection was caught by a thousand ripples on the water.

Northeast Lake is not a large one. As lakes go, perhaps it is not even picturesque. But moonlight is kind to lakes as it is to people. On this night the muddy complexion of Northeast was changed to twinkling silver. Its ponjola-bobbed banks were touched with glamorous beauty. High on a

jutting promontory, across the water, a tuft of trees stood motionless and unreal as shadows.

Trent brought the car to a stop by the roadside.

"I love water!" exclaimed Arline. "I'm going down close to it."

She ran down the gentle slope to the brink of the lake, Trent following.

"This is more like Oklahoma!" she breathed. "This is the *West.*"

Out of the distance there came a faint, weird howl.

"What's that?" whispered Arline.

"A coyote, I guess."

"Oh! Do they come so close to town?" There was a note of hope in her voice.

"What do you mean? They're in a cage. The city zoo is up the road a little way."

"Oh,"—disappointedly—"I see."

The breeze played gently through her hair, brushing it back from her temples, as she gazed wistfully over the moonlit lake. Trent stood with one hand in the pocket of his absolutely correct trousers, and rolled a pebble with his French-toed shoe.

Arline gripped his arm, suddenly.

"What's that?" she demanded. "That's not a coyote!"

A new sound had carried to them from the patch of woods through which they had come.

Trent listened, puzzled.

It was distant at first.

"Sounds like an auto," he surmised, "and somebody yelling."

It became more distinct, the steady roar of a motor, with periodic shrieks rising wildly above it.

"We'd better get away from here," Trent suggested uneasily.

"No," Arline begged, "Let's wait and see what it is. It sounds interesting."

In a moment a taxicab skidded into sight. It swerved abruptly from the road, and rolled bumping toward the lake. At the very edge of the water it halted, so close to Arline and Trent that they could distinguish the cherry-red color of its hood in the faint reflection of its side-lamps. White steam shot up from the radiator.

A violent, ringing "Whoo-oo-oop!" shattered the stillness again. Trent and Arline shrank back.

A man backed clumsily from the driver's seat, head last. When he straightened the sight was startling. For though his huge bulk was clothed in ordinary garments, he was crowned with a feathered head-dress. In the moonlight his skin was swarthy and his features rough. His fierce plumage waggled crazily as he stumbled toward the front of the car, steadying himself with a hand on the fender. Steamy vapor still spouted from the radiator.

"Good water," he mumbled, pointing jerkily, and stroking the auto. "Drink um."

The taxicab made no move to drink. Its feathered driver kicked a tire viciously, nearly falling backwards into the lake.

"Me say good water. *Logony ne*!" he grunted. "Take um!"

Trent drew Arline away, intending to reach their car unseen.

"Oh, Fergie!" she whispered, "Wait! Please. He's a real Indian, isn't he? With his feathers on, too. In his native state."

"Native state, nothing. Drunken state. Come on," Trent insisted. "Let's get away from here."

A shrill yell split the lonely silence again.

"Whoo-oo-oop!"

The Indian had turned. He was facing them now, with his arms stretched wide apart, and his gigantic form swaying hazardously.

"*Peeshe* white man!" he muttered. "Much bad!"

The way to the car lay obliquely past the Indian. Pretending to ignore him, Trent led Arline in the other direction, with the idea of circling back to the auto. The Indian lurched after them. The spreading feathers in his head-gear bobbed grotesquely.

"*Peeshe* white squaw!" he rumbled.

At the edge of the municipal beach, a few yards away, the tower-tipped walls of the public bath-house rose like a deserted fortress. They had retreated almost to its shadows when Trent turned and took a step toward their lumbering pursuer.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Stay where you are!"

The Indian checked his advance momentarily. He mumbled unintelligibly. Trent gathered only the

words, "Me kill um," and then a "Whoo-oo-oop!"

Arline had started up a board stairway that led to the building.

"Don't go that way!" Trent shouted and ran toward her, just as the Indian resumed his staggering charge.

It was too late for Arline to descend. Trent sprang up after her. At the top they found both doors locked. The pursuer had reached the foot of the steps and was clinging to the banister. In his superlative saturation he was unable to climb the stairs. His huge bulk, swinging on the baluster, shook the flimsy structure.

Trent surveyed their plight. The only descent from the plank parapet on which they stood was blocked by the attacker. In the youth's mind there was no great doubt as to the outcome of an encounter with a man in that sodden condition. But at best it would be messy. Especially in one's good clothes.

"Isn't this exciting?"

It was Arline's voice. She had her hands to her cheeks. Her eyes were wide and shining.

"Oh, Fergie!" she exclaimed. "This is a *thrill*!"

She was actually enjoying it!

"Oh, do you think so? Well, maybe ——" Fergie stopped, choking back angry words.

He thrust one hand into the pocket of his fawn-brown trousers, and gazed across the lake at the ninth hole of the municipal golf course. He turned toward the distant horizon. Not very far behind it, he reflected, was a skyline of twenty-two tall buildings. And two hundred and fifty miles of paving. This rampant Indian was incongruous.

Fergie gripped the railing and silently watched the brave's drunken efforts to mount. He pawed and slipped and sagged. He puffed and swore in mixed dialects.

"Hold um still!" he bellowed, kicking at the elusive steps. "Stop it twist um!"

Suddenly he swayed to an upright position, and miraculously maintained it, while he fumbled at his belt. The next instant he was holding a bowie knife. Five inches of edged steel flashed in the moonlight. He dropped to his knees and crawled to the stairs. He grabbed the bottom step before it could evade him. Then, on all fours, he began to ascend.

A police car streaked east on Twenty-third Street road, with siren screeching. It whizzed north on the Lincoln Park lateral, slowing for a clamorous moment at the junction filling station, where a disheveled taxi driver climbed aboard.

This was the rescue party.

In behalf of the officers, it must be stated that the movie-thriller aspect of the drive was unpremeditated. They were really unaware of the seige on the bath-house steps.

"Right back there!" the excited taxi pilot was telling the three officers in the car, shouting to make himself heard above the engine's din. "I stopped for water. He jumped out of the cab with a dagger a foot long. Then I phoned for you."

The man gave wild, disconnected answers to the questions shot at him.

"Yeh," he cried, "Out this way! About a mile a second. I'd been driving him around three or four hours. Maybe five. He wouldn't get out. Kept saying 'Me got it money.' Asked him where he wanted to go. He just grunted. 'Not care where. Make hurry.' Junk like that. He nearly *got* me with that knife. It was a yard long!"

On raced the rescuers, ignorant of the siege, but hot in pursuit of a lost taxicab.

"He made noise enough for a whole tribe."

"He must've gone toward the lake."

"I bet he's in it by now."

The rescue car almost galloped. It strained its nostrils as the horses do in the next-to-last scene, while the audience claws at the arms of its chairs.

At the bath-house the attacking party was on its hands and knees, crawling up the steps. The knife clinked against the boards.

Arline was frightened now.

"Oh, Fergie! What's he going to do with that knife?"

Trent looked down at the girl, clinging to his arm. Her eager smile was gone. Her lips quivered. He could feel her body tremble as she huddled close beside him.

"Oh, Fergie!"

Somehow the ninth hole faded from view across the water, and Trent Ferguson saw only the edge of a prairie, with a tree-tipped crag jutting above a moonlit, silver lake. His thoughts no longer wandered beyond the rugged horizon. His blood rushed. His skin tingled.

He plunged toward the Indian. His fingers clamped around the wrist that flashed the knife. The two men slipped and rolled down the steps, in a tangle of ripping cloth and flying feathers. They wriggled in the sand. Fergie was outweighed by thirty pounds. But he fought with wild ferocity, and gained the upper position.

And then his opponent most unromantically went to sleep. Comfortably and composedly, as if he had not just engaged in deadly combat, the Indian turned over and shut his eyes.

"Stop it fight," he murmured. "Go way. No wake um."

Arline came forward, trembling, as Trent arose, brushing his clothing.

A long piercing wail echoed from the winding road.

"Ooh! Is it more Indians coming?"

"Sounds like an ambulance," said Fergie. "Or a police car."

Crushed rock sprayed out behind the wheels of the flying auto.

"Look sharp along here!" one of the cops advised.

"I hope that cab's not in the lake," panted the dispossessed chauffeur.

They shot out from the last clump of trees and went on along the open road.

"Look there!"

"That's it!"

The brakes clamped and the wheels slid.

"Where's the Indian?"

"What's this other car?"

"Nobody around here."

"There they are! On the beach!"

"Somebody's laid out!"

The officers ran toward the figures silhouetted at the water's edge.

A sinewy youth in fashionable but disordered clothing and a girl with shingled hair stood facing each other. He had grasped her two hands. A huge form sprawled on the sand nearby, with a band of bedraggled feathers wadded up for a pillow.

The police loped into the scene with a shower of questions.

"What happened here?"

"Is he hurt?"

"What's been going on?"

Two of the men bent over the form on the ground.

Save for a few terse replies to questions, the youth and girl remained almost oblivious of the intruders.

"—and I knew it," she was saying, with face upturned. "I knew it, Fergie. Even if you didn't wear cowboy clothes. And——" She smiled ashamedly, shifting her gaze to the glimmering ripples on the lake. "And I guess I've had enough thrill for a while."

"I can't say what I'd like to," Fergie rejoined sorrowfully.

"Why not?"

He remained silent. Oppressive thoughts of a court room and a lost witness weighed down upon him. Romance would vanish on the morrow. Attorney Trent Ferguson would be marked—a failure.

"Stand up!"

"Come on, here! Get up!"

Two officers were angrily rousing the Indian. They struggled to lift him to his feet. He bent at the hips, the knees, the ankles, and at several unsuspected joints.

"Stand up!"

"Walk now!"

The brave uttered thick, muffled syllables of dissent.

"*Peeshe!* No wake um."

He raised his voice in a final burst of protest.

"Go 'way!" he yelled, sagging to the ground, "Big Thunder want it sleep!"

Trent whirled and sprang toward them.

"That's the man!"

"What man?" the cops queried, surprized.

"My witness! Big Thunder! District court! Sober him! Eureka!"

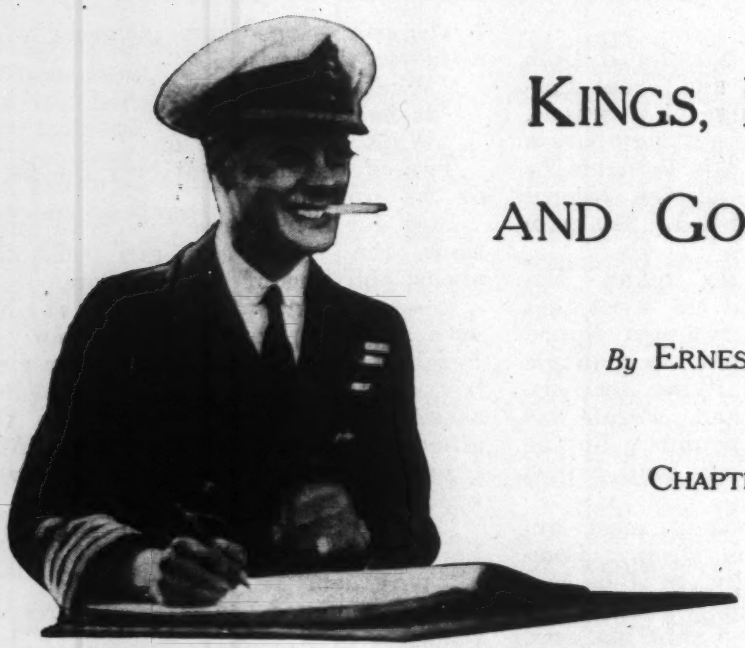
Fergie rushed back to Arline.

"I can say it now!" he cried.

"Say what?"

"Say—why, ah, say—I want—will you——"

"I thought you said you could *say* it now," Arline suggested demurely. "Well, anyway, I know what you mean. And I will."



KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

By ERNEST BROOKS

CHAPTER VII

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales "signing the pledge" after drinking some excellent and potent punch.

I HAD the good fortune to accompany the Prince on his Australian tour. When we were near Wilgarup, I felt the train rock suddenly from side to side. It was not a violent movement, but the journey had, so far, been made so smoothly that I feared something untoward had happened. Presently the train came to an abrupt stop, with the grinding of hastily applied brakes. From somewhere came the cry, "The Prince's coach has overturned."

In a flash, I was at the door and out on the track, running forward. Already others, train officials, were before me. With a gasp of surprize, I realized that the cry which had brought me out was only too true.

The Royal coach had toppled over on its side. There had been heavy rains, rains such as are typical of Australia, and, as the coach was turning a corner of the track, the saturated banking had given way. The coach had tipped completely over on its side.

"Is the Prince hurt?" was the thought we all had. Some expressed it aloud. No one seemed to know. For a moment or two there was a panic at the possibility of tragedy.

Never were words more welcome than those muffled ones which emanated from that capsized coach.

"Don't worry. I'm all right!"

It was the Prince, and, with the suddenness of an April sunburst, gloom was dispelled.

The Prince was still inside, although others were scrambling out. To Lord Louis Mountbatten I cried out, "Keep the Prince there a little longer till I get my camera." I just heard him laughing as I dashed for my plates and my camera. There was little need of my request, as it turned out. H.R.H. collected all his belongings before he emerged.

What a cheer went up when he passed out the first article—a battered thermos flask. Then, at last, his smiling face appeared and he flushed like a girl at the welcome he received.

I obtained a picture of him clambering out, but in my excitement I took two pictures on the one plate. Fortunately my photograph was not spoiled, since the first time I had under-exposed, and had barely made an impression on the plate. In view of this fact I was really astounded at the excellent prints I obtained. From the number of newspapers and magazines that carried this photograph I should say it was the

most effective picture of the whole tour.

A sudden decision on the part of the Prince to drive the engine of the train in which he was making a long journey led, one day, to my spending a most uncomfortable three-quarters of an hour.

I just learned of his desire in time to establish myself among the coal on the tender of the engine, in the hope of obtaining a good picture of H.R.H. manipulating the controls.

But never a chance to use my camera did I get. The Prince was at the engine for a distance of forty miles and he made the train rush along at such a speed that I was afraid to stand up or even get to my knees. I should have had to do this to look over the pile of coal between me and the cab of the engine. I essayed it gingerly once—and lost my hat. So I had to be content with a more prosaic picture when the train finally came to rest.

On this trip, perhaps more than on any other, I saw the Prince as the joyous, high-spirited young man he is in reality. He always took his share of the teasing and jesting in the best way possible.

It was noticeable that, wherever the Prince went in Australia or New Zealand, the children were always to the fore in any welcome given to him. They were more difficult to control, too, and more than once the Prince's car was literally stormed by crowds of boys and girls, many of them only about eight years of age. On several occasions the car's progress was impeded, while dozens of flushed youngsters clambered upon the footboard and proffered posies.

The Prince loves to swim while on shipboard.

In Auckland, where the demonstration by children reached its height, one little girl with a Union Jack bow in her hair fought desperately to gain the front rank of the children who had beseiged the Royal car. All her struggling was of no avail. The throng of older children in front was too solidly packed to allow her to get through. It was then that her shrill voice cried out in a key so plaintive that it indicated tears were not far distant, "Oh, and he won't see my pet rabbit now!"

Despairingly she held a fluffy white long-eared rabbit above her head. Perhaps the Prince heard the cry; anyhow, he looked in that direction and smiled, and in a moment came a girlish shriek vibrant with joy. "Ooh, he's seen it after all."

A touching incident occurred during the same tour. Seeing a blinded soldier being led along a street by a young girl, H.R.H. at once detached himself from his party and shook hands with the girl. The blinded fellow remained impassive until his companion, who proved to be his sweetheart, whispered in his ear. Immediately he drew himself up to attention, and, when the Prince shook him warmly by the hand, with the disengaged hand the ex-soldier removed his hat. They stood thus for a few moments chatting.

It was only a little thing, one of those unrehearsed incidents of the tour, but it showed more plainly than many another the human side of the Prince.

It was in Rotorau, where the Prince saw the famous Moari haka dance, that he began to make use of his left hand in hand-shaking. Three hundred hand shakes the previous night had somewhat impaired the usefulness of the other member.

As at all the dances which he has attended during the course of his tours, in Australia the Prince was looked upon as the "premier" partner, and the girls who danced with him were inordinately proud of the honor. Shyness and eagerness were emotions that struggled for mastery in those who were fortunate enough to be asked to dance.

At one dance in Melbourne the impulsive "Rather" with which one young woman acceded to the Royal request for a dance brought a smile even to the Prince himself.

All the pretty girls were, in feminine ways, endeavoring to attract the attention of the Prince in the hope of being singled out for this honor. It must have come as a surprize to them when he deliberately chose one girl, less endowed with good looks than some of the others. This girl had been a "wall-flower" most of the evening, a fact which had not, apparently, escaped the Prince's eye.

But no young man in a ball-room confines all his attentions to the plain girls from a spirit of chivalry, and H.R.H. was no exception. Of course he danced with all and sundry. There were etiquette dances, for example, which he had to give to the wives of the mayors in the different towns. Probably many of these were a trial and tribulation to the Prince until the orchestra leader, who was always the band-master of H.M.S. Renown, with masterly forethought hit upon a plan. At least, I suspect that it was a plan.

If the conductor judged that the Prince's partner was not ideal, I observed that that dance was one of particularly short duration. On the other hand, it would stretch out twice and three times the length whenever the Prince seemed to be engrossed in his partner.

The Prince is not what one would call an excellent dancer, but I never heard any complaints from his partners. Strangely enough I acted, during that tour, more or less as an official "collector" of the pretty girls. I would arrive at the dances before the Prince and pick out several of the nicest-looking girls to introduce to Lord Louis Mountbatten. If they passed muster they became the Prince's partners for the evening.

At the end of the tour Lord Louis Mountbatten said, "Brooks, we both award you full marks."

In Fiji, I recall, the Prince created a mild sensation by dancing with a very pretty girl who turned out to be an assistant in the local photographic store. Apparently some of the aristocrats of the town were not too pleased, for I overheard one lady remark that she could not understand why the Prince did not dance with her daughter as she had position and breeding, thereby inferring that the other was deficient in this respect.

All through the tour it was the Australian girls and women-folk who, unofficially, assumed the eye-catching rôles. Their frankness was quite distinct from the overdone freeness of the typical American girl.

It was a girl at Warwick, in Queensland, who dashed forward and retrieved the end of the cigarette which the Prince had thrown under the train. She put it to her lips and commenced vigorously puffing out smoke. The Prince was amused.

"Have a proper one," he remarked, holding out his case with a smile.

Nothing daunted, the girl stepped forward and selected a cigarette. Still she retained the stub end of the partly smoked cigarette.

"I'll keep this one as a souvenir, Your Royal Highness," she said, referring to the cigarette she had taken from the case. "And I'll smoke the other."

In Brisbane, H. R. H. had an encounter with another Australian girl also seeking souvenirs. This time an autograph was what was wanted. Hitherto, the Prince had returned a kindly but definite negative to amateur autograph collectors. A lucky remark made by this girl, however, led to the Prince breaking the rule he had so far kept.

Wearing the uniform of the Woman's Land Army, this girl approached him with the remark, "Could I have Your Highness's autograph for my collection?"

The request had been made so often to him on the tour that the Prince's reply was the stereotyped one of "If I give it to you, I must give it to all."

Not a whit discommoded by the remark, the fair applicant continued:

"Oh, but I have a special reason for wishing it. I have your sister's, you see, and I should like yours too."

The girl further explained that she had obtained Princess Mary's autograph at a rally in London. The Prince was surprized, but with a "Well, just

this once then," he complied with the request.

Another girl sprang on the footboard of the Prince's car, and, proffering an album and a pen, asked for the Prince's autograph.

"I am sorry, I cannot do that," was H. R. H's reply.

The next second the girl had dropped pen and album and had her arms around his neck in an endeavor to kiss him. Other hands, however, restrained her, and she darted back with a blush, leaving her belongings on the ground.

The Prince of Wales is a thorough believer in physical culture, whether ashore or on board ship.

Every day, without exception, he engages in sport of some form. There have been those, of course, who sneer at his fondness for exercise of this sort, and remark that it is but a pose. No one ever made a greater mistake. There is no affectation whatever about the Prince and least of all where sport is concerned.

H. R. H. has the Englishman's love for sport ingrained in him to a marked degree. I can recall when, after his Australian tour, owing to the damage he had suffered in shaking hands with thousands of people, the Prince fretted considerably because he could not handle a squash-racket or take part in a sparring match. This episode provides a sidelight on the physical injury sustained in having the hand gripped and shaken by a multitude of people. It is very real and painful.

During the earlier part of the day, after breakfast in the Royal quarters, the Prince will, as a rule, spend much of his time in his private cabin with Sir Godfrey Thomas, his private secretary. Wireless messages keep him in contact with the world's news, and, in particular, with the news of his own country.

Thereafter, he may take a stroll along the deck and, although by the Prince's own orders every man on the ship is told to take no notice of

The Prince dancing with an Australian girl on the Renown during his stay in Melbourne.

A Royal shooting party on the Scotch moors. The Prince of Wales is second from the left on the side of the table nearest the camera. King George is seated at the head of the table.

him in these casual perambulations, no one ever fails to come smartly to the salute as he passes. The Prince has done his best to create an atmosphere of informality on board ship—except on ceremonial occasions—but the crews themselves invariably defeat his purpose.

Very often, in the warmer zones, he will spend hours in a canvas swimming bath, rigged up on the half deck. Seldom, however, will H. R. H. enjoy swimming alone. He likes company and it is then that he is in his element, playing pranks on his friends and delighting in their discomfiture. He is a clever, although not a brilliant swimmer, but he is as fearless in the water as he is on a horse's back.

As every one knows, the Prince of Wales is a very keen polo player. Given a responsive animal he can make many of the best players more than ordinarily anxious. He takes much interest in this exciting game and never allows an opportunity to pass of keeping his hand and eye in.

That is one reason why the Prince is frequently to be found practising polo strokes from all positions in a reserved part of the ship during voyages. On the quarter deck he generally has a circle of canvas-screening set up. In this arena, mounted on a wooden "horse," such as is used in gymnasiums, he will spend many minutes practising difficult shots.

H. R. H. did quite a lot of boxing on the Renown, even collaring members of the crew—often very hefty men—to give him a round or two. He would think nothing of taking on a man three stones heavier than himself.

On one such occasion a particularly burly opponent was very obviously going about the business in a half-hearted fashion. He contented himself, more or less, in concentrating upon warding off the Prince's attacks, rather than hitting out.

At length the Prince tired of this sort of play and called out, "Come on, hit me! Don't take things too easy." By way of encouragement he gave the sailor a playful whack on the nose. Thereupon the sailor woke up and made several swinging lunges which the Prince evaded.

"That's better," H. R. H. called, "but let me see you get one in." These good-natured taunts had the desired effect. The sailor began work in earn-

est, and kept the Prince dodging. Then followed a breathless round or two. Both fought their hardest, the sailor aiming fierce blows, but the Prince dodging every one with pretty defensive skill.

"Well, did you hit him one?" queried one of the sailor's pals later.

"Hit him! *Hit* him?" was the retort. "That Prince ought to have been a grasshopper."

Chapter VIII

Of all the Royal tours on which I have been privileged to travel, that with the Prince of Wales in Canada is most replete with memories. The news, arriving barely forty-eight hours before the Prince's departure, that I was to accompany the Prince across the Dominion, sent a joyous thrill through me. The hurry and flurry of packing was nothing to the energy I expended in trying to obtain a passport, since I learned that the United States were also to be visited.

Together with the newspaper correspondents, I boarded H. M. S. Dauntless which sailed about three days ahead of H. M. S. Renown on which H. R. H. made the trip.

I was one of the first to land at St. John's, New Brunswick, and was busily engaged collecting a few pictures of the remarkable scenes of enthusiasm and welcome already to be witnessed, when a familiar voice sounded at my ear. I turned to see the Governor-General of Canada, the Duke of Devonshire. He shook hands with me, and asked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, if I remembered where we had first met. He was referring to the occasion when I had turned up at a grouse shoot on his estate, Bolton Abbey, in patent-leather shoes.

"Of course, I remember," was my reply. "I am not likely to forget the occasion."

"Yes, it was in the 'Valley of Desolation,'" the Duke answered before he moved off again.

"The Valley of Desolation" is the name by which one part of the Bolton Abbey estate is known, on account of the fact that it is absolutely and completely shunned by game birds, much in the same way as the famous "birdless grove" at Goodwood never houses a single feathered thing.

The reception the Prince received at St. John's as he stepped ashore was staggering in its volume and sincerity. Even the pouring rain in no way affected the enthusiasm of the huge assemblage, and when he made a tour of the city the police guards lining the route were swept aside and carried along with the surging, acclaiming crowd.

Right at the beginning of the tour I achieved what I am proud to consider, notwithstanding the element of luck that favored me, the greatest scoop of my photographic career.

H. R. H. photographed shooting on the day that he was invested with the title, "Prince of Wales."

We were at Halifax, where the Prince was visiting the quaint grounds of the Studley Quoit Club, located among the fragrant pines, and a pleasing lack of formality added to the attractiveness of the occasion. The punch, for which the Club is noted, was passed round, and the Prince partook of the brew before signing his name in the visitor's book.

As H. R. H. was in the very act of putting pen to paper, some one remarked: "Now, sir, you are about to sign the pledge!" H. R. H. looked up with a happy smile on his features and I snapped him. The result was that now world-famous picture of the "Smiling Prince," better known, perhaps, than any other picture of Royalty has ever been. One celebrated British news-

paper gave the whole of its picture-page to a reproduction of this "snap"—an innovation which has yet to be repeated.

Although, on the whole, the opening of the tour was favored with ideal weather conditions, apart from that inauspicious rain on the day of landing, I was not long in learning that Canadian nights can be decidedly cold, more bitterly so than the days.

Just how cold it was may be gauged from this account of a humorous incident that occurred while the party were residing at the lakes near Regina. The whole party slept in tents by the side of one of the lakes.

One morning I was on my way from the tent with a glass tumbler in my hand. I felt cold, and I am sure I must have looked it. There was a sharp nip in the air, and I could pardon the member of the party when he asked, with a suspicious glance at the tumbler, if I were off to get a different sort of "nip" altogether.

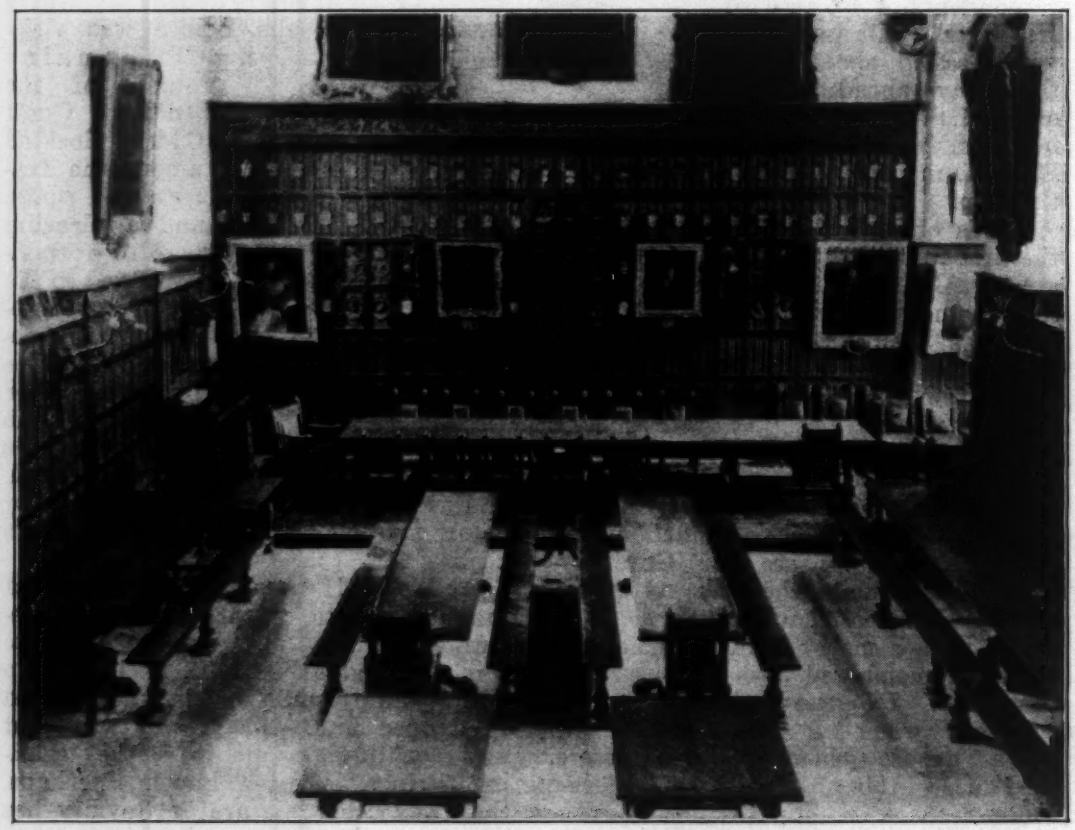
He was unable to distinguish my mumbled reply in answer to his question, which was not surprizing in view of the fact that my artificial teeth were in the glass, frozen solid in the water in which they had lain overnight! I was on my way to obtain some hot water to thaw them out.

When I explained to him later, he positively roared with laughter.

In Quebec—where the Prince was staying as guest of the Duke of Devonshire at the Citadel—a New York newspaper man introduced himself to me one day.

He said that a well-known New York society woman, Mrs. Frank C. Henderson, was particularly anxious to have some special photographs of the Prince, and would I care to meet her regarding this. I was by no means busy at that time, and agreed at once.

I found Mrs. Henderson a very charming lady. I promised to send her, from time to time, such prints of the Prince's activity as I thought she might



The Prince of Wales's schoolroom at Oxford University.

The only photograph ever made showing the Prince arm-in-arm with a lady. The other man is the Prince's cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and the girls were favored guests at a dance on H. M. S. Renown, during the Prince's tour of Australia.

like. This delighted her greatly, and she made me promise to look her up in New York when we called there at the conclusion of the tour.

I recalled that promise when I arrived in New York, and, at a suitable moment, took occasion to telephone Mrs. Henderson from my hotel. The upshot was that I was invited to meet her husband that night and a canary-colored Rolls Royce car called for me and whirled me off to Fifth Avenue.

I was invited to return for luncheon the following day. A party had assembled at the house and we all drove to the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson at the Villa Marina, Roslyn, Long Island.

During the lunch Mrs. Henderson suddenly decided that the company ought to go and meet the Prince, as he would be on his way to the Piping Rock Club.

I was asked if the Prince would stop

his car if they succeeded in intercepting him en route. "Of course, he will," was my reply. "So long as he sees me there with my camera, he'll stop." I knew very well that if H. R. H. did see me with my camera he'd do anything but stop. Still, I was interested to see how this escapade would end.

The ladies of the party collected all the flowers from the tables to make a bouquet for the Prince, and one of them was for taking some bottles of champagne along in case he should like some. But all the preparations went for naught since the Prince journeyed by another route.

The ladies were very much disappointed.

We motored back to New York for dinner. Before the meal, I was handed a cocktail. It had a delightful orange taste. I had another one—and missed the dinner, for I went to sleep on a settee in the lounge and did not wake up till almost midnight. Thereafter I spent a most uncomfortable five minutes apologizing to my host and hostess.

That was the only real experience I had of the effect of prohibition in America.

I recall the look of utter astonishment which overspread the face of one of the Royal suite when asked by an inquisitive New Yorker, "Say, now, isn't your Prince the son of Lloyd George?"

The Americans had some strange notions about the Royal Family and their life, and, at more than one function the Prince attended, even men of position showed their ignorance of things regal to a surprizing extent.

Commonest of the beliefs about English Royalty I found to be the notion that King George and Queen Mary were supposed never to sit down to a meal unless wearing their crowns. It was also popularly supposed, judging by the Americans I met, that King George was never without his scepter, the idea being, I imagine, that he carries it in much the way as an ordinary man would an umbrella or cane.

After the Prince had passed through the Panama Canal and reached San Diego in sunny California he received an invitation from Charlie Chaplin to stay for a day or two in the comedian's lovely house in Los Angeles. This invitation was not accepted. Subsequent events revealed to us the extent to which American film stars will go to achieve publicity.

After a speech at the recreation ground the Prince was driven around the town in the company of the Mayor who asked his distinguished visitor if he would care to come to his apartments in the hotel for a smoke and a chat. H. R. H. agreed.

In the hotel the Prince was introduced first to the Mayor's wife, then to his daughter. Another charmingly dressed young woman was present and she was introduced by the Mayor as "my niece."

After a short chat the Prince was asked if he would be good enough to pose for a picture together with the three ladies and the Mayor, a request to which he smilingly assented.

The photographer was phoned for, and he arrived in a very few minutes. The company took up their positions, the niece being careful to place herself beside the Prince. The photographs were taken and shortly afterwards the Prince departed.

There was an interesting sequel to that photographic group. Not many hours later a strange rumor was current in the town, namely that Mildred Harris, Charlie Chaplin's wife, had been photographed in the Prince's company.

Fortunately this rumor came to the ears of the Royal equerries, and Sir Lionel Halsey at once determined to sift the matter. As a result of what he learned he instructed "Bill" Nye, the secret service man of the State Department who was acting as bodyguard to the Prince, to find the man who had taken the picture. This man was located swiftly. He had just developed the plate. The secret service agent made him break it in two pieces and he himself pocketed that part of the negative bearing the impression of the Mayor's charming "niece," whom he at once recognized as being Mrs. Chaplin.

A dance was held in the town that evening to which the Royal party went. I had had one dance with Mrs. Chaplin when Lord Louis Mountbatten ap-

proached me and said, "Brooks, don't dance with that girl again to-night."

I was surprized at this injunction, and more so when I saw Lord Louis himself taking her round the ball-room, during one number and during others. It was only later that this mystery was cleared up for me. Lord Louis was dancing with Mrs. Chaplin for a purpose, and from her during the evening he received the whole story of how she had planned matters to be introduced and have her picture taken with the Prince. At that time she was unaware that the plate had been confiscated, and was quite elated over what she considered a successful stunt.

A caricature of the author, sent to him at Buckingham Palace where he was living as Royal photographer.

More than one pretty screen artiste had the same desire. A certain film girl, Kaye Lorell, who had booked apartments at the hotel where the Prince was staying in White Sulphur Springs, approached me and offered me a sum of two thousand dollars if I would take her with the Prince.

It was a tempting offer, and I almost succumbed to it. "But you know," I said, "I can't ask the Prince to pose with you. He would not do that."

"Oh, that's all right," she replied quickly. "I've got it all figured out. When he comes in from golf I'll come abreast of him and say a word or two. It's up to you to get the picture then."

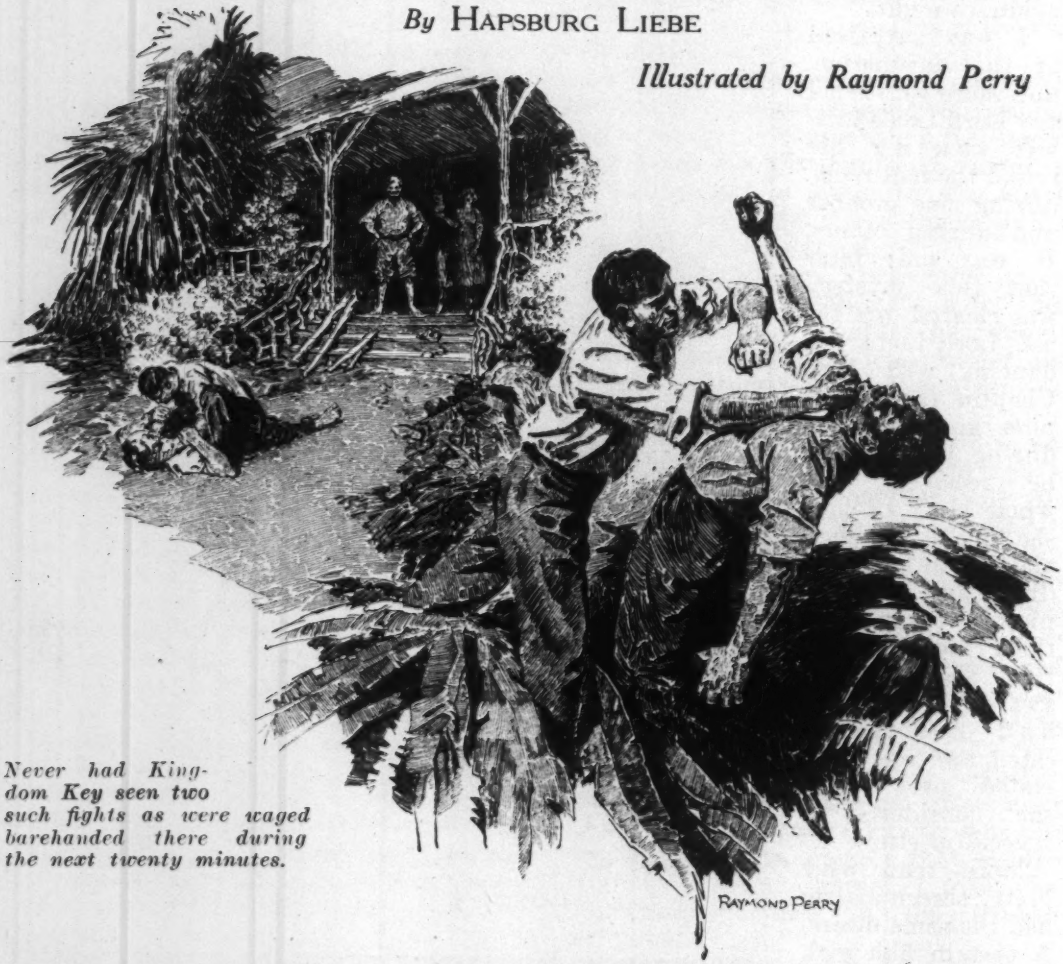
A day was appointed when I was to be in ambush with my camera. I knew that if I were observed it would greatly offend the Prince. This preyed on my mind, and at the very minute the girl walked alongside and opened a conversation with H. R. H. my better feelings triumphed. I turned my back and walked away.

But that girl was tenacity itself. She adopted every means she could devise to attract some notice from the Prince, even sending a gorgeous basket of flowers up to his apartments. These were returned to her by the command of Sir Lionel Halsey. But until the Royal party left White Sulphur Springs that girl persisted in her efforts to meet the Prince.

O'KING OF KINGDOM KEY

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

Illustrated by Raymond Perry



Never had Kingdom Key seen two such fights as were waged barehanded there during the next twenty minutes.

OLD Tuckahoe Smith, M. D., Ph. D., gave the Gulf breeze an injection of cigar smoke and ran his gaze soberly over the half-circle of his hearers. The manacles about the wrists of slim and sunburned young Charley King, alias the "Tennessee Kid," clinked slightly as he turned to wink at his temporary guardian, the sheriff of Cactus County, Arizona. Miss Rubye DeMorest—the spelling is her own—the little actress, shrugged and smiled as housewives smile when they have cooked a dish-cloth in the cabbage by mistake. Parsons, the rawboned young preacher, nodded in his deck chair. The bewhiskered captain of the Rovalia, Key West to New Orleans, if she held together, frowningly shifted his position against the starboard railing.

"We wear a veneer, all of us," continued Tuckahoe Smith. "That which is beneath the veneer shows most readily in times of cataclysm, on fishing-trips, and through the effects of gin. You can't judge in advance. You never know when you may be talking to a hero under the hide. His parents may be the Joneses of Hogback Ridge, or the Pierponts of New York, with the balance swaying somewhat toward the Joneses. Heroism lies in *not* doing things, as well as in doing things——"

"Who's got a cigarette?" cut in Miss Rubye DeMorest.

"Tut-tut-tut!" sleepily chided the Reverend Parsons.

This was before the Rovalia piled herself up at night, in a sudden storm, on a mud bank somewhere north of Middle Cape Sable, and went to pieces.

There were but two boats. Into the poorest of these went the Rovalia's captain and all his crew except two; this pair of sailors was sent with the passengers with orders to follow the captain's boat toward Middle Cape. But the night was dark, and the shallow water as rough as a sea of cliffs, and the little vessels soon lost each other.

After pitch-black hours that might have given Dante a new perspective for his *Inferno,* the morning broke swathed in a thick fog. Gulf storms go as quickly as they come, however, and ere long the passengers were riding at ease, physically at least, on oily waters.

The Cactus County sheriff had removed the Tennessee Kid's irons in deference to the emergency and put him beside Miss Rubye DeMorest. The girl seemed pitifully forlorn and the Kid's heart felt queer about it. The fact that she looked like an altogether different person, with her make-up all washed off and her hair all frowsy and stringy, mattered not to him now; neither mattered the fact that he had always thought woman weak and artificial, necessary evils, to be classed with chimneys and rain spouts. The utter forlornness of her challenged his manhood, and he made talk.

"Say, you're lucky. You saved a suitcase."

Her feet rested upon it. She turned the wan light of a wan smile toward his not unhandsome, boyish face; it was a smile that whispered of her wise fear of men in general and outlaws in particular.

"You see," he explained in the low, mixed drawl of South and West, "I ain't a criminal, none at all. I wasn't even wild until I just had to be. My folks—well, I got to admit some of 'em was really honest-to-goodness hope-to-die bad medicine, 'specially my daddy, six o' my brothers, and a few dozen uncles and cousins. My name got me in trouble every time I tried to make anything o' myself, so I went to Arizona to begin life all over new. But they soon found out who I was, even there, and I was in bad right away again. They called me the 'Tennessee Kid,' and said I was blood kin to Jesse James. I couldn't help knowin' how to shoot, bein' just naturally born that way. Well, I flew mad and rode my reputation for a while—oh, boy, I'll say I did—ask Peele there!

"But," he went on soberly, with a glance toward Sheriff Jackson Peele, "I never killed anybody, though they say I did. It was a frame on me, absotively. I cut the mustard, and they caught me in Key West. Peele is takin' me back for trial, and the very best I can hope for is a nice new rope for a necktie. I hope you can believe me, Miss Forest."

"DeMorest, with a capital 'M,' " she corrected weakly. "Not that it didn't use to be Sade Grimes, for it did—I'm so desperate now, I'm lettin' you into my fatal secret. I ain't got any story, like you have. I was talked into goin' to Havana to take a place in a winter variety show there; the guy got fresh in Key West; I chucked the whole works, and was goin' back to N'Awleens the cheapest way—and that's all. Yes, Mister Tennessee Kid, I believe your story's straight."

Absolutely, it was. And so was hers. He patted her wrist comfortingly with a slim hand that had been amazingly swift at the "fanning" of "six-guns"—he, Charles O. King, despiser of womankind, did that.

The fog fled before the onslaughts of a determined tropical sun, and they saw dead ahead a long and very low deep-green shore without palm or pine to relieve its monotony. It was covered with mangrove, that grotesque plant of the devil himself which sends snakelike roots down from even its uppermost branches, and appears to be standing topsy-turvily on its head. The lone boat was miles from Middle Cape, in the Lostman's River section which is one of the world's last frontiers. It is a back o' beyond and a never-never land in one, a labyrinth of salt-water bays and lakes and islands and creeks and rivers and yet more islands. Abideth here but one law, and that unwritten, the law of might, where only the fittest survive.

O'Sheehan O'Grady, monarch of Kingdom Key, found them soon after

the two weary sailors had groped into the mouth of a so-called river just south of so-called Lostman's River. O'Grady was aboard his weather-beaten little schooner, the Irish Queen, and with him was his barely grown daughter, as well as "Shab" Burnett and "Huckleberry Bill" Purple. Burnett was a giant, a halfwit, and so deeply browned by sun and wind that he seemed all one color. Purple was a tiny, sunburnt wisp of an oldish man to whom life was one long jest; he furnished the comedy that kept his monarch from becoming sickened of mundane existence. O'Grady was rugged, almost brogueless, an iconoclast, and descended straight from an Irish king. The girl——

She must have a paragraph all to herself. Her father still called her affectionately, "Skeezicks." As Eve was she, hatless, corsetless, shoeless and stockingless, paintless, powderless, artless. Her eyes were of a blue that would have shamed the blue of sea and sky on any June's fairest day. Her purplish-black hair hung down her back in a single thick plait. She was tanned prettily to the delicate hue of an Indian peach's under side.

Charley King, alias the Tennessee Kid, saw in her the only real woman, the only woman without a weakness or an artificiality, in the whole round world. He cursed, mentally, the raw hand that a capricious Fate had dealt out to him for the poker game of life.

"Maybe they've got something to eat aboard," muttered Tuckahoe Smith.

"I wonder," Miss DeMorest breathed anxiously, "if they've got any cigarettes?"

"Tut-tut-tut!" exclaimed the Reverend Parsons.

"I hope not," faintly smiled the Kid. "Wimmen has got as much right to smoke as men, but it looks like the dickens all the same."

"Hel-low!" boomed O'Sheehan O'Grady, from the Irish Queen's forward deck. He was in khaki, bareheaded, barefoot, with his trousers rolled to his knees—and the same applies to Burnett and Purple. They had been to Chokoloskee for supplies. "Are ye prohibition officers, rum-runners, plume-hunters, or nothin' but nosey tourists?"

Smith explained wordily. The sailors stopped rowing with grunts of relief as the schooner brought up beside the small boat.

"Come aboard," O'Grady ordered gruffly.

Shab Burnett gave the wheel to Huckleberry Bill Purple, and tossed one end of a wooden-runged rope ladder over the schooner's low side. In a few minutes, the ship-wrecked party stood on the Irish Queen's sun-cracked deck, and the giant halfwit was tying the ill-starred Rovalia's boat to the schooner's stern. Suddenly the sheriff of Cactus County, Arizona, produced a pair of handcuffs and beckoned to his man. The Kid smiled a hard little smile, and made no move toward obedience.

"What's up?" clipped the all-seeing O'Sheehan O'Grady.

"That young fellow is my prisoner," Peele answered confidently. "I got extradition papers, and everything. He's the notorious Tennessee Kid, one of a whole family of outlaws. His name is Charles O. King."

"Is *that* so!" cried O'Grady, freezing hard. "O'King, is it? Men of his nationality ain't outlaws without good and sufficient reason—you'll not iron an *O'King* where there's an *O'Grady*, and you can put *that* into your pocket and button the flap!"

"To elucidate," began Tuckahoe Smith accommodatingly, "if you'll kindly bear with me for a moment, the boy's name——"

"You shut up!" roared the monarch of Kingdom Key.

Skeezicks O'Grady whispered to Miss Rubye DeMorest:

"Don't mind daddy, honey. His dreams was bad last night. He dreamed that the Brazilian called him a liar, and he's been mad all day about it."

The little actress laughed a trifle hysterically, and Skeezicks led her toward the cabin.

Some of the older school of Man-O'-War Bush fishermen had named it "Kingdom Key," which was after the coming of the hard and adventuresome O'Grady and his then five-year-old daughter. The Man-O'-War Bush crowd had had a fish-smoking station

there. O'Grady had run them off and taken charge of the key, and he'd had charge of it ever since.

It was in the shape of an almost perfect crescent, encompassing some two square miles. The horseshoe-shaped inner shore, which surrounded three-fourths of a wonderfully-sheltered lagoon harbor, was of glistening white sand and fringed with stately coconut palms; the longer outer shore was a solid line of the everlasting, grotesque mangrove. Kingdom Key stood on an average of twenty feet above the highest tide, and its fertile black soil now was given to the growing of sugar-cane, avocados, coconuts and limes.

The fine pines that had stood on the higher ground had passed through a sawmill of the portable type, and had gone into a great, though low-roofed, house flanked on three sides by verandahs.. This had for a setting a magnificence made up of palms, orange and guava trees, bananas, Bougainvillea, alamanda, hibiscus, night-blooming jessamine. Back of the house stood half a dozen thatched huts, the living-quarters of the half dozen men who worked the Key; they were a Spaniard, a Cuban, a Mexican, an ex-lumberjack from Oregon, a Brazilian, and an ex-grafter from New York—every one with a price on his head, a thing that O'Grady, iconoclast, considered none of his affair whatever. Huckleberry Bill Purple referred to them jocularly as the "league of nations."

Two hours before sunset O'Grady's schooner slipped her rust-red anchor into the lagoon, frightening a school of golden-yellow cavelly and a shark that was stalking them. Skeezicks O'Grady turned with a smile and a flash of white teeth upon the Tennessee Kid.

"Stop starin' at me that way, O'King," she ordered sweetly. "Get the lady's suitcase, and come along. We're goin' ashore."

The voice of her father came booming then: "Put that badge in your pocket, Mister Sheriff, and forget you're a officer o' the law. Here, I'm the law. And don't worry about it. I'll be goin' to Key West with a hold full o' coconuts in a few days, and I'll land you all safe back there."

"I'll take my badge off for no man."

O'Sheehan O'Grady wiggled a gnarled forefinger toward huge Shab Burnett. The halfwit sprang upon the sheriff, wrested his precious nickle-plated star from him, and threw it into the lagoon. Peele laughed relievedly, almost merrily.

"Circumstances beyond my control—I couldn't shoot a man for that, you know, and my conscience is clear. Mr. O'Grady, I'm a hungry man!"

"You sure said it!" rippled Miss DeMorest.

They went ashore and hastened to the house, the Kid lugging the Thespian lady's suitcase, Miss DeMorest herself being accompanied closely by O'Grady's charming daughter. Old Black Ann, the fat Nassau negress who did the cooking and housekeeping, threw a supper together so quickly that Tuckahoe Smith called it sleight-of-hand work.

To Skeezicks O'Grady, whose heart was full of loneliness and longing born of years spent with only rugged men and the old negro woman for company, Rubye DeMorest was a fairy queen—yea, a celestial angel. True, Rubye talked a good deal of cigarettes, but what was there really wrong about that? When the little actress had dug fresh clothing out of her suitcase and put it on, arranged her hair after the latest New Orleans fashion, and artistically enameled her face, Skeezicks gasped.

"Oh, you sweet, pretty, lovely thing!" she cried.

"Think so?" beamed Sade Grimes, alias Miss DeMorest, decidedly pleased. "If I only had some sparklers—diamonds, you know, dearie——"

"Diamonds," echoed Skeezicks, "I've got a lot—oh, a lot. Daddy makes a good deal o' money off the Key, and when he has any money to save he buys another diamond and has it put into a necklace for me. Diamonds is a safe investment, he says, and will grow in value. He don't believe in banks; they all divide up what they've got among theirselves, and then bust, sooner or later, he says. Maybe he'll let me wear the necklace to-night, with my new blue dress, as we've got company—we don't often have company, you see. I—I've wondered, Miss Forest, what would happen if——"

"It's DeMorest, dearie, you know,

with a capital 'M,'" smilingly interrupted the little follower of Thespis.

"If," pursued Skeezicks, "our six workers knew for sure what a lot o' money the necklace is worth!"

"The police——" Rubye DeMorest began, absentmindedly.

The short twilight of the tropics was fading, and dusk was settling over Kingdom Key like a gossamer mantle. A bird sang sleepily in a palm outside. The O'Grady girl touched a wall switch, and flooded with light the bedroom that had been assigned to the actress—O'Sheehan O'Grady had sailed all the way to Tampa and back for his little gasoline-driven electric plant!

There was a sharp rap at the door. Skeezicks opened it an inch.

"We'll have a dance to-night," announced her sire. "In honor o' our visitors, and O'King 'specially. I ain't seen a countryman for years, and even O'King ain't from the old sod. You can wear the necklace, baby."

"Some infant!" laughed Miss DeMorest, when O'Grady had gone. "Dearie, on oath, if *I* had the face and figger you've got, I'd set the world afire in a month. My goodness, I wish I had a cigarette!"

The dining-room was large, square, rough-walled and rough-floored, with a rough beamed ceiling, but feminine touches here and there gave it a distinct invitingness. The dining-table had been taken out to make room, and chairs lined each of the four walls. In a corner stood a cabinet phonograph. A cluster of electric lights threw a soft glow over everything.

It was not the innate goodness of O'Sheehan O'Grady's rugged old heart, but a whim growing out of a queer vanity, that led him to invite his "league of nations" to the dance. The six men shaved clean, dressed in their best, and entered the big house like so many shadows. They were quite at ease; it was as though a dance at O'Grady's was the very commonest thing in the world to them.

The Tennessee Kid, sitting with Tuckahoe Smith and Jackson Peele to his right and the Reverend Parsons and the two ship-wrecked sailors to his left, guessed something of the truth concerning the six quiet figures, and so did the Cactus County sheriff. Peele bent forward and tried to recognize among them some of the originals of face-and-profile photos that had been sent to his office. The Kid plucked sharply at the officer's sleeve.

"Never mind, Jack," grinned King. "You ain't in Arizona now. You got to treat everybody white here."

"When I get you back home——" frowned Peele.

Huckleberry Bill Purple came into the dining-room then. He wore a great bow tie that old Black Ann had made from a screaming red sateen underskirt. Behind him strode Burnett, the giant halfwit, seeming poorly at ease in an ill-fitting brown suit of clothes.

"Here comes the ladies!" cried Huckleberry Bill.

Every man in the dining-room stared open-mouthed. Miss DeMorest has already been over-described by Miss Skeezicks O'Grady. Miss O'Grady wore a rather simply made dress of linen, of a blue that accentuated the blue of her eyes. But it was the necklace Skeezicks wore that caused the men to stare so—the necklace that represented the net earnings of Kingdom Key for years and years. It was, in truth, worth a rum-runner's ransom. From one to five blue-white stones hung from each link of the main golden chain. The so-called league of nations had heard whispers of this necklace, but they hadn't believed it really existed.

It was given to old O'Grady to read something of that which lay behind the blank countenances of his six men-in-hiding, and that which he read caused him to curse the foolish vanity that had prompted him to put the precious trinket thus on display. He stole, in the grip of a strange fright, over to the Brazilian, bent, and whispered foxily:

"I don't want the visitors to know they're paste. Keep it quiet."

He straightened and walked off. The Brazilian glanced narrowly at the ex-grafter, who sat beside him.

"Paste—the dickens!" muttered the New Yorker. "Look at that fellow they call the Kid. *He* thinks they're paste, doesn't he!"

Charley King sat leaning tensely forward in his chair. His eyes were fairly drinking in Skeezicks O'Grady, the ideal, not her diamonds. She turned

her Irish-blue eyes upon him and smiled sweetly.

Jackson Peele, also, misinterpreted the Kid's attitude. He dug an elbow into Charley King's ribs.

"You can't get away with it, my boy," he growled in an undertone. "You'll pull no hold-up here."

"I hope I live long enough to thrash you for that, Jack," said King.

O'Grady started the cabinet phonograph. Then he distributed strips of white cloth to certain of the men for their sleeves, which was to designate them as "women"—there being a dearth of the genuine article—in the dancing that was to come. The Tennessee Kid went through the first dance with the lady of his heart—with the sheriff watching his every movement skeptically. Big and awkward Shab Burnett made a partner for little Huckleberry Bill Purple, which furnished a real comedy line. The Brazilian danced with the New Yorker, which might, or might not, have been significant. Miss Rubye DeMorest—capital 'M,' mind you!—capered joyously beside the host. The Reverend Parsons sat with his head bent, and thanked the Lord honestly that they had escaped damp graves in the Gulf of Mexico.

Hilarious became the dancing. The world outside, and all sense of caution so far as the necklace was concerned, were temporarily forgotten by both the O'Gradys. Then somebody tripped and fell, purposely, no doubt. Most of the couples separated instinctively, confused. The lights went out, and nobody could remember afterward just who had been near the switch at that moment. Sade Grimes screamed. There was a tiny edition of pandemonium——

Shab Burnett, the halfwit, it was, that reached the switch first and snapped the lights on again. All eyes turned toward Skeezicks O'Grady. That beautiful, wonderful necklace of diamonds was gone, of course.

It had happened, and it continued to happen, almost in split seconds. Jackson Peele thrust the nose of a six-gun against Charley King's stomach. The Kid's lips curled in an odd smile, a smile that his eyes belied flatly, and he put up his hands.

"I warned you," thundered Peele, "not to try any tricks here—search him, O'Grady!"

O'Grady refused. "Would I insult an Irishman like that? Man, man, an O'King would never repay hospitality in this fashion. Nobody has left the room—search the rest o' them!"

"Quite proper," nodded Tuckahoe Smith. "I insist upon being the first."

Little Purple, overwrought, pointed to the Reverend Parsons, who had kept his chair through it all.

"I bet it was him!" Huckleberry Bill cried enthusiastically. "I never yet seen a preacher——"

"Shut *up!*" snapped O'Sheehan O'Grady.

Easily, apologetically, systematically, Jackson Peele made the search. The necklace was not found. Then Peele insisted upon going through every portion of the Kid's clothing; and, since the now downhearted O'Grady neither countenanced nor discountenanced it, it was done. Still the necklace was not found.

"Was it taken from front, or rear?" Peele asked Skeezicks.

"From the side," Skeezicks answered. "The hand hurt my neck a little."

All through the big room they looked for it, and saw no trace of it. All the windows were screened tightly. Nobody would have had time to leave the room and return while the lights were off. To every soul there—except one—the mystery was complete.

Finally the monarch of Kingdom Key drew himself up and addressed the party:

"The shores will be watched day and night, and anybody that tries to leave the Key will be shot first and asked afterward where he was goin'. Call it what you like. I'll have my diamonds."

A thick silence followed this little speech. It was then that the rawboned young minister rose from his chair for the first time, and for the first time since he had set foot on the old Rovalia said something more than "Tut-tut."

"Brethren and sisters," he drawled distinctly, "to-morrow a being Sunday, we will gether together here in this here same room, wi' the kind pe'mission o' Brother O'Grady, and have meetin'. I will add, brothers and sisters, that I air from Kaintucky, Breath-

itt County, and can fight, and even shoot, a leetle better than I can preach. May the Lord be with you all. Good-night!"

He turned toward the bedroom that had been given over to him to share with old Tuckahoe Smith.

Charley King sat beside his bedroom window for an hour, conversing in low tones with his guardian, who had gone to bed. Then Peele fell asleep. King turned his gaze through the window's screen, and noted that a full moon was shining from the zenith—the brilliant, beautiful moon of the tropics. The fronds of the palms around the lagoon were like rare works in silver. He could see the water shimmering around the old schooner. After a sly glance at the soundly slumbering sheriff, the Kid stole from his room, found the front door, opened it and stole into the still, bright night.

Sitting on the glistening white sand of the lagoon's shore, he came upon Skeezicks O'Grady! She was alone. He stared at her silently.

"Sit down, O'King," she murmured. "I wished you'd come."

She'd wished he would come! He gasped at the sheer loveliness of her upturned face in the moonlight. Never before had he seen anybody, or anything, half so lovely. He dropped to the sand beside her. A silence, ringing and stark, lay over land and sea for what to them both seemed a very long time. Then Skeezicks O'Grady said bluntly:

"O'King, every man I've seen makes love to me the first chance he has. Why don't you?"

The childlike innocence and simplicity of her was amazing! The Kid's temples throbbed. His head swam as he turned his unseeing eyes toward the tomb-still, ghostly old schooner on the lagoon's shimmering breast. All his life he had done things on the spur of the moment if he had done them at all, and already he adored this young woman. And she, the very soul of artlessness, had grown up in exactly the same way.

"Because I like you too much, Skeezicks," he told her, his youthful voice a little hoarse. "I was on my way back to Arizona, when the ship wrecked, to be hung for somethin' I didn't do. I mustn't let you know it, if I li-li-love you."

He, too, was artless! Her eyes became as bright as stars.

"What would you do, O'King," she demanded, "if *I* made love to *you*?"

"They say I killed a man," he muttered.

"Did you?"

"I didn't."

"If you stay here," said Skeezicks, "they can't hang you. Daddy wouldn't let 'em. What would you do, O'King, if *I* made love to *you*?"

The Kid, tempted more than he had ever dreamed man could possibly be tempted, drew back from her. He rose, fighting, fighting, and started for the house and a slumberless bed. Skeezicks O'Grady, too, rose.

"I wonder," she asked herself, "if it's that Miss DeMorest?"

Charley King's quick ears caught it. He winced, but went on. Heroism lies in *not* doing things as well as in doing things.

Early on the following morning, before breakfast, in fact, the little comedy-drama's main event rapidly began to unfurl itself further. It is proverbial that anything imaginable may happen over-night in the revolutionary little Central American republics. The Keys have the worst of Central American republics beaten by a long sea mile——

The Brazilian rapped at the front door of the big house, and said in his splendid English to O'Grady:

"The Spaniard, the Cuban, and the Mexican disappeared last night. I slept poorly, and I have a faint recollection of hearing shots, shots that came from across water. Thought I'd best tell you about it."

Accompanied by the great halfwit, O'Grady examined the huts of the missing trio. There was no sign of a struggle. The small boats were kept locked on a heavy chain now, and not one boat was gone. Wizened Huckleberry Bill Purple told old Black Ann that the devil had carried the three away, and he half believed it—and so did old Black Ann.

That morning the Reverend Parsons, of Breathitt County, Kentucky, held services in the O'Grady dining-room.

It was a hell-fire-and-brimstone sermon, but not without its logic. His little congregation, which included every living person on Kingdom Key, was respectful enough, but its innermost thoughts dwelled upon anything except religion. The inexplainable disappearance of the three men, coming on the heels of the necklace mystery, was nothing short of distracting.

A careful search of the entire Key that afternoon revealed nothing of any interest whatever.

In spite of himself, Charley King saw a good deal of the O'Grady girl that day, and it made his fight harder. He swore at the luck that had shown him the gate of a golden paradise and then forbade his entering. Miss Rubye DeMorest, illiterate but honest soul, was quick to see the drift of things. Just at sunset, she found the Kid brooding over a blood-red hibiscus flower of almost unbelievable dimensions.

"You're a fool, Kid," she whispered. "That O'Grady Skeezicks is nuts about you. She ain't fast, nor forward, or anything. She's as good as a angel; she ain't wise to nothin'. She's used to havin' everything she wants—and now she wants you! New York is makin' love to me, Kid, and I'm playin' him because he's got some dandy cigarettes and believes in wimmen smokin'. If he was somebody like Skeezicks O'Grady, I—I'd simply eat him up. You take my advice, Kid, and grab what God gives you!"

"Thanks," bitterly smiled the Tennessee Kid. "But I've seen people who made a good livin' mindin' their own business."

That night the other half of the so-called league of nations went quite as mysteriously as the first half had gone! And other shots rang out across water, but the wind was in a quarter that kept the sounds from carrying to any ear on Kingdom Key. As before, there was no sign, no trace. O'Grady pinned every man on the Key down with hard, sharp questions and the gaze of an eagle, and learned nothing at all.

"I'd bet a solid gold mule ag'in a brass safety-pin," said Huckleberry Bill Purple, "that the necklace went with 'em."

"Shut up—you!" cried O'Sheehan O'Grady; then he added, in an annoyed, affectionate voice: "You old fool!"

Following this, the two sailors from the old Rovalia, Tuckahoe Smith, Jackson Peele, and finally the Reverend Parsons, disappeared from the Key exactly as the others had gone—without a noise, without any evidence of a struggle, without a trace. It was as though they had been caught up by monster talons and dropped into the sea. They simply—went. And more shots rang out across water.

Nobody did any more hard thinking over the matter than young Charley King. His deductions and his search for motives brought him always up against a figurative stone wall; however, he found not even a hypothesis that had a leg to stand on. It was such an unheard-of thing, so entirely extraordinary, so nearly unbelievable. Sometimes he went so far as to pinch himself in order to be assured that the thing was reality and not a foolish dream. More than once he talked the mystery over with O'Sheehan O'Grady, for the lone reason that it did more than anything else to prove that there *was* a mystery—that eleven men *had* been spirited from the Key without the slightest sign, without anybody's knowing where they went or why.

He was sure now that O'Grady himself knew no explanation. The strain had begun to wear on the rugged old Irishman; he was fast growing haggard. His daughter was becoming nervous; she jumped when one spoke from behind her. As for the little actress, she lived in a constant state of hysterics. Old Black Ann spent half her time in moaning aloud of ghosts and voodoos. Bill Purple had subsided into a colorless nonentity. The giant halfwit, alone, of them all, kept his former equilibrium. As before, he was the faithful automaton. The Kid caught himself wondering, once, whether the crash of doomsday would shake Shab Burnett.

Then there came a night when Charley King, who had not even considered going to bed, heard a slight scratching at his window screen. He tiptoed to the window and peered cautiously out. In the slanting moonlight he saw the huge figure of the half-wit.

"Mr. O'Grady wants you, O'King," Burnett whispered. "Hurry, and don't make any noise."

The Kid stole softly out and joined the big man in the shadows of a group of sago palms. Burnett beckoned, and the Kid followed him swiftly down to the lagoon's shore, around it and to the south point of the crescent, where a rowboat had been drawn up on the sand.

"Get in, quick," Burnett said huskily.

King sprang in and sat down in the stern. He asked questions and Burnett told him to wait. The giant shoved the boat into the water, stepped into it, sat down amidships and slipped oars into their locks. Another minute, and he was pulling the boat across the moonlit waters almost at the speed of a power boat, leaving a long trail of phosphorescence behind. The strength of Shab Burnett was amazing.

At last the low green shore of a tiny mangrove-rimmed island rose out of the sea before them. The giant drove the rowboat's nose high on the mud, and stepped out with the Kid close on his heels.

"This way," growled Burnett, breaking through the rim of mangroves.

Charley King was not prepared for that which greeted his eyes when they had reached the center of the islet. There before him, distinct in the clear moonlight, was an even row of eleven mounds, side by side, each with a short length of board at one end—and there was a hole that had not been filled. Nearby was a long-handled shovel, ready!

"Yours," said Burnett, pointing to the hole.

"What's this?" the Kid wanted to know. "Where's O'Grady?"

The big half-wit took from somewhere in his clothing a weapon, a "six-gun." He turned the barrel straight toward the Kid's heart. King was certain that he saw a measure of stark insanity in Burnett's eyes.

"I'll find them di'monts for Miss Skeezicks, if I has to kill every man on Kingdom Key but Mr. O'Grady hisself," the giant declared. "I've almost done that now—you're the last, O'King, 'ceptin' Purple. All them men who dis'peared—you sees their graves there—they couldn't stand my third degree!"

"Plum' bughouse!" Charley King told himself. Burnett continued:

"It was easy to git 'em over here; they done jus' what you done. It must be you that's got the di'monts, O'King. If anybody else'd had 'em, they'd ha' gi' 'em up to keep from bein' shot. Where are they at?"

Never in his twenty-two years—years crowded with hazards—had the Tennessee Kid thought so fast as he thought now, with Burnett's beady eyes and the six-gun's muzzle staring him through. He had no doubt that the half-wit was in earnest. Then—the Kid laughed.

"Why, Shab, if you'd only come to me the first one, you wouldn't have had to shoot all them jaspers! You sure win the barb'-wire washrag. It's a wonder you didn't find the conclusion that I snatched off the necklace to keep somebody else from gettin' it, me bein' the handiest to it. I could easy ha' dropped it into my sleeve. With Peele's gun nosin' into my stummick, I would ha' been afraid to give the necklace up for fear they'd think I really *was* the thief! And then again, you could ha' figgered it another way.

"Listen, Shab—O'Grady sees he's made a whale of a mistake by puttin' the necklace on display before his league o' nations, for he's seen that them six men is sure bent on gettin' possession o' the diamonds. So he snaps the lights off, and hisself grabs the necklace from his girl's neck. He don't tell anybody about it, because he thinks the diamonds 'll be safe *only* if nobody knows he's got 'em. He's worried over the men disappearin', and you think he's worried about the necklace—and you do all this wholesale killin' without O'Grady knowin' a single thing about it. Shab Burnett, I'd hate to be the fool you've been!"

The half-wit's heavy jaw was hanging now, his beady eyes seemed popping. Charley King knew that whatever action he took would have to be taken before the narrow, twisted brain disentangled itself, and he gathered himself for a trick that he had played when facing other revolver muzzles in close quarters. He dealt the big man's gun wrist a lightning-like, paralyzing kick, and with his right hand seized the weapon and tore it from Burnett's grip.

Burnett seemed dazed. The Kid backed off, then turned and ran for the

rowboat. The giant made no move to follow him.

The distance was hardly two miles, but King was not a good oarsman, and he lost the way besides. The sun was an hour high when at last he drew the boat into the clear water of Kingdom Key's lagoon. Since leaving the islet he had heard faintly the sounds of dozens of shots, and they puzzled him and made him anxious.

As he neared the shore below the O'Grady house, he saw the figure of a tall man in tattered clothing, lying motionless on the glistening beach. He ran the boat's nose ashore, sprang out with his six-gun ready, and hurried to the silent form. The tall man had suffered a severe head wound and had a leg broken below the knee.

"Jack Peele!" the Kid cried smotheredly.

Peele it surely was. King's voice aroused the sheriff; he sat up unsteadily, and tried to grasp his scattered mental faculties.

"I thought Burnett killed and buried you!" exclaimed King.

"Third degree," Peele mumbled deliriously. "Nobody in the graves—Shot over our heads to scare us—Marooned us on Panther Key, one by one—We made raft and landed—other side this Key—The two sailors joined league of nations—determined to have necklace or die—they think O'Grady's still got it——" He was trying hard to remember.

"Me and the preacher put up a good fight, Kid—they knocked old Smith out quick—I had the only gun. New York and Brazil took it and my cartridges from me—Brazil struck O'Grady down—I killed Brazil with iron bar—preacher choked New York to death——"

The explosion of a cartridge in the vicinity of the house interrupted. It aroused Peele further, cleared much of the haze of delirium from his eyes. He seized the Kid's arm shakily.

"They're still at it up there!" he chattered, a tragic rattling in his throat. "I deputize you, Kid—you've got a gun there—kill all of 'em if you can—the law's behind you! O'Grady limp as a rag, and Skeezicks and Purple shootin' from windows—help 'em out, Tennessee, for the love of heaven!"

The effort to talk had told. Jackson Peele fell back, again unconscious. Charley King pulled the trigger of his six-gun back and held it, and raced toward the O'Grady home. The shot that he had just heard had been fired into the front door's lock ineffectually from the outside, by one of the Rovalia's sailors. The attacking party was now out of amunition—and so were the defenders of the house!

As the Kid drew near to the house he saw the bodies of two men lying still on the grass, mute witnesses to the marksmanship of wizened little Huckleberry Bill Purple. Across the front verandah's steps the Kentucky preacher lay insensible, bloody-faced, with his sinewy hands still set on the throat of the dead Brazilian. The remaining four of the would-be robbers were just bringing a palm log for the battering down of the front door, when Charley King, alias the Tennessee Kid, sprang into view.

"Drop it, and put 'em up!" flared the Kid.

The four turned their faces toward him, surprized, but they made no move to obey. King struck the hammer of his six-gun with the side of his left hand; there was a roar, a flash, and a red-rimmed hole appeared in a sailor's ear.

"Drop it, and put 'em up!" repeated Charley King—again the six-gun blazed, and the other sailor had a red-rimmed hole in his ear!

The four men let the log fall and sprang, insanely, for the Kid. King backed off, unwilling to take human life even under these circumstances. "Stop!" he cried. But they didn't stop. *Bang!* went the six-gun, and a man sank down with a broken shoulder. The other three came madly on! *"Stop!"* the Kid cried again. Once more he "fanned" the heavy weapon, and another man sank down with a shoulder broken——

The crimson-faced minister sat up, blinking, on the verandah steps. His mind cleared magically when he saw. He rose, leaped like a panther upon one of the remaining two villains, and bore him to the ground. Huckleberry Bill Purple, frightened but smiling victoriously, came out to the verandah. Charley King tossed his revolver to

Purple, and with his bare hands engaged the one man of the attacking party who was still on his feet. Never had Kingdom Key seen two such fights as were waged barehanded there during the next twenty minutes, and King and Parsons won.

Just at the finish, huge Shab Burnett, his clothing dripping with sea water from his long swim, arrived on the scene.

They found old Tuckahoe Smith, badly bruised, roped to a tree. Smith took charge of the wounded, and soon had revived O'Grady. Parsons took charge of the others, and the islet that poor, half-witted Shab Burnett had used was pressed into actual service, though that which was mortal of brave Jackson Peele was put to rest between two great sentinel palms on Kingdom Key.

The necklace was to all appearances forgotten until, one evening, the explanation came unexpectedly:

"I've got the diamonds. I had my eyes on 'em that night when the lights went out, and I knowed somebody meant to steal 'em; so I grabbed 'em off o' your neck and hid 'em in my clothes. I've been afraid to give 'em back for fear you'd think I *did* steal 'em! Forgive me if you can, dearie!"

Rubye DeMorest, or Sade Grimes, fell to her knees and buried her face, her eyes streaming, in Skeezicks O'Grady's lap. A kiss fell softly on her neck, and with it a single tear like a drop of dew. To Skeezicks she was still a fairy queen—yea, an angel.

Tuckahoe Smith, M. D., Ph. D., went with young Charles O. King back to Cactus County, Arizona. There Smith discoursed with characteristic eloquence upon King's life of persecution, cited his recent acts of heroism, awoke a sweeping sympathy for him, and finally succeeded in having him cleared in court of a false charge of manslaughter.

The Irish Queen met King in Tampa to carry him back to the earthly paradise that a few men know as "Kingdom Key." Aboard to welcome the "Tennessee Kid" were Miss Skeezicks O'Grady and her father, the Reverend Parsons, the little erstwhile actress, Shab Burnett the faithful, and funny Huckleberry Bill Purple. When the schooner was three miles from land, Parsons delightedly wedded Skeezicks O'Grady to Charley King, by and through the graces of God and the high seas law.

"And now it's you, O'King," sweetly said the new wife, shortly after the ceremony, "that soon will be king of Kingdom Key."

They stood on the after deck. O'Sheehan O'Grady, at the wheel, smiled fondly at them. On the forward deck, another couple exchanged confidences.

"Skeezicks' old man is goin' to build us a house, and I'm sure we'll be happy there," cooed Mrs. Parsons, nee Grimes. "Would you 'pank your Sadie, big mans, if her 'moked just one more teeny-weeny cigarette?"

"Tut-tut-tut!" her husband of a day chided mellowly. "My l'il doodlums fweedlums mustn't *'moke!* You air not Miss Forest now, y'know."

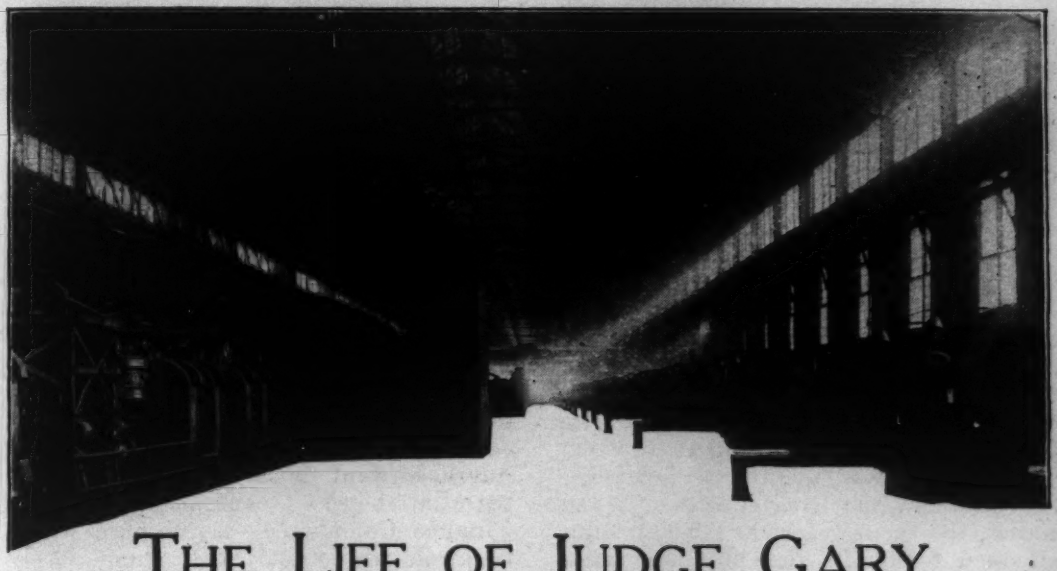
"It was DeMorest, dearie," smiled Sadie, "with a capital M."

DO YOU NEVER WANT TO BE ALONE?

From Irish Eclogues

Do you never want to be alone
Away from the octopus—man,
To be at one with the pine trees' moan,
Where they moan in monotonous monotone
As they moaned when the world began;
To don the wings of the buzzing drone;
To wander free with the old god Pan;
To ponder awhile on the wondrous plan
That governs both saint and courtesan,
Their destiny and our own?

Edward E. Lysaght



THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

To ease the situation in New York financial circles, during the panic of 1907, first J. P. Morgan and then Judge Gary reluctantly consented to the plan for the purchase of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company by the U. S. Steel Corporation. The transfer of ownership was made with the full knowledge of President Roosevelt and the Administration in Washington.

If Judge Gary had been disposed to create a monopoly he could have added much more to the Steel Corporation in November, 1907, than the four per cent. investment he got by buying the T. C. & I. But this is a judgment pronounced long after the event, and the immediate result of his purchase and his effort to get a cooperative movement among his competitors to hold the industry steady was that he became suspected by a large part of the public. The panic had stirred the public against Big Business and his efforts received sharp and hostile attention.

CHAPTER IX

The Attack

PANICS, like wars, have their aftermaths. Frequently they are longer, more difficult and quite as bitter in feeling as the catastrophes which gave them birth, and always they are anxious times for governments and the organized agencies which support them. The public holds these agencies responsible for its losses and disorders. If they are to continue to exist they must at least appear to be reconstructing affairs so that a like calamity can never again happen. These reconstruction periods are also open seasons for people who believe that the existing forms of government are inadequate. The disaster serves them finely as a demonstration of their theory and gives them the chance to exploit the particular substitute in which they believe.

Every variety of reform, of panacea, of grievance gets a hearing in this unsettled period. In a general reconstruction the more complaints voiced, the better chance there is of some radical change, consequently those with grievances and those with remedies, however irreconcilable at bottom, flock together.

The aftermath of the panic of 1907 was no exception to the rule. Business was responsible for the shock and the suffering. Business must be reconstructed, and an attack on its structure, its practises and its leaders at once developed in the Congress of the United States. It was joined by every agency that was seeking a hearing—the unionist, the single-taxer, the socialist, the tariff reformer. They found an open forum in the popular magazine, at that date at the height of its power and its courage. It was inevitable that the Steel Corporation and its spokesman, Judge Gary, should share in the suspicion and criticism which thickened and spread with every week. The Judge, however, had something to do at this juncture besides considering the criticism crystallizing around him. He was the responsible head of the world's greatest industrial corporation. The panic had forced two new and serious practical problems upon that Corporation. The first was, what were they going to do with the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company which, as we have seen, they had taken over the first week of November, 1907, after three days of active opposition on Judge Gary's part?

The purchase of the T. C. and I. threw a new burden of labor on men already heavily loaded with magnificent and costly plans for expansion. Two years before the panic the Corporation had decided to establish a new iron and steel center. The spot chosen was a long stretch of sand dunes on Lake Michigan in northern Indiana, a point in direct water connection with the Wisconsin and Minnesota ore mines and admirably placed to feed economically the greedy market of the Middle West and Northwest. Here they were building what they were ambitious to make the finest industrial plant and town that the United States had ever seen. Judge Gary particularly was interested in the new undertaking. He had a personal pride in it, for it had been named in his honor.

Fifty million dollars had been put into Gary before the panic of 1907, and it was known that thirty millions more must be spent before the twenty-eight open-hearth furnaces building would be ready for operation. And here in the middle of this gigantic enterprise was dropped the T. C. and I.—a thing of splendid future potentialities no doubt, but potentialities which could only be realized by the expenditure of at least twenty-five million dollars, so President Corey and his associates, who immediately after the purchase went down to Birmingham to see what they had, came back to tell the Finance Committee—a purchase which required also that they immediately find the sum of three million dollars to meet the overdue bills of the concern they had bought.

The first thing was a man. One who reviews the hectic early history of the T. C. and I. cannot but feel that at last Providence was interfering in its favor, for if ever a man was found fit for a trying job it was the one that Judge Gary persuaded the Steel Corporation to choose to direct its difficult purchase, George G. Crawford, at that time manager of the National Tube Company at McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Crawford was a native of Georgia, a graduate of its school of technology, and later a student at Tübingen in Germany. He had begun his practical education in steel at Birmingham, but had left after three months because of the unsatisfactory conditions. From Birmingham he went to Pittsburgh, entering the Carnegie Steel Company in 1892 as a chemist. In the fifteen years since, he had deliberately changed from one position to another that he might have practical experience in the entire complicated range of steel making.

Called to New York after the purchase of the T. C. and I. and offered the position, he refused at first. He held the Pittsburgh idea of Birmingham—that it was a hopeless proposition—an idea which probably had always had more or less of jealousy in it, for Pittsburgh had no inexhaustible deposits of iron ore, coal, and lime in its back yard! Mr. Crawford more or less

Judge Gary on his Long Island farm.

agreed with what Andrew Carnegie once told the Birmingham people at a great banquet they had given him in the hope of persuading him to come to their rescue: "Cotton used to be king," he said. "Steel is now king. You have here all of the elements—ore, coal, dolomite—but"—and having raised their hopes, he dashed them—"but," he added, "you cannot make steel."

Now, Mr. Crawford sympathized with that point of view. Iron, yes—but steel was doubtful. The attempt to make it there had, he knew, ruined the metallurgical reputation of more than one man. He had no desire to go to Birmingham, but President Corey insisted. "We took this thing, not for the deposits, as Pittsburgh thinks," he said, "but solely because Mr. Morgan felt that we should. We were pushed to it by the condition of the country. The operating department feels like a man who, having had a millstone hung about his neck, has been thrown into a rushing current and told to swim upstream. But you are the man for this place." And Mr. Crawford took it, and what he did there belongs to a later period of this story.

But Judge Gary, as we have seen, had assumed another responsibility in the panic, and that was to keep the bottom from falling out of the industry. He had set out to rouse in the Steel Corporation and among his competitors a sense of their responsibility to keep their industry steady, to sacrifice their opportunity to grow through the misfortune of the weaker as had been the practise of the strong in previous periods of distrust. At the first of the Gary dinners, given November 20th, and at others which followed in 1908, he had urged upon his guests, who represented fully ninety per cent. of the industry, that they cooperate in stabilizing prices.

"Violent fluctuations," he told his guests, "resulting in abnormal high prices when the demand exceeds the supply and in unreasonably low prices when the reverse is true, are to be deplored. A friendly exchange of views rather than unreasonable and destructive competition is what our trade needs at the moment.

"This very meeting proves," he went on, "that there can be active, sharp competition in business without unfriendly and bitter warfare that in the end will be injurious to the manufacturer, the consumer and to hundreds of thousands of employees, dependent as

they are upon the success of the industry for work and fair wages."

Portions, at least, of the public could not and did not believe that the leaders of the steel and iron industry were getting together for anything but a sinister purpose. They were "fixing prices"—"destroying competition." Again and again Judge Gary denied and explained. Possibly as emphatic a statement as he ever made in regard to the Gary dinners—there were only five of them—and the meetings of the Iron and Steel Institute which grew out of them was in 1911 at the Stanley Congressional investigation:

There is just one question involved in those dinners, it seems to me [he said]; that is whether it is good law and good morals to endeavor by intercourse such as you see described in those proceedings to maintain to a reasonable extent the equilibrium of business, to prevent utter demoralization of business and destructive competition. Prices were not attempted to be fixed, were not fixed, could not be fixed, and there was no possible way of fixing them or maintaining them, unless you have some way of having them fixed under Government control, or you are allowed to do it by positive agreements. It never has been possible. It never could be possible. We have never succeeded in doing so. But we have, by this friendly intercourse, prevented demoralization—sudden, wild, extreme fluctuations—destructive competition that would drive large numbers of them entirely out of business, and that would be ruinous to the customers of the steel people who had large stocks of goods on hand from time to time, and which would spread to other lines of industry. We have made no secret about it, and

A rescue team with full equipment, entering a coal mine of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company.

A Steel Corporation first aid and rescue team at work, during one of the frequent drills.

the public has known exactly what we have done; and if the Department of Justice, for instance, or the President, or Congress, should say, "This is not the wise thing to do or the right thing to do," you may be certain it would not be continued for one moment.

As a matter of fact, Gary had taken the criticisms to Attorney-General Bonaparte at the start, asking an opinion on the legality of the movement that he was fostering.

Large corporations [he wrote Bonaparte in February, 1908] are confronted with two extreme opposite points of view. Public sentiment as well as the laws are opposed to combinations in restraint of trade which I suppose would include positive agreements between large interests to maintain prices, restrict output, divide territory, etc., etc., in accordance with the practise of other countries. On the other hand, public sentiment is bitterly opposed to such competition as will result in the destruction of the business of competitors whose opportunities or resources are weak in comparison, because in the end it is certain to secure an absolute monopoly and in the meantime bring great harm to the employees and others.

We have endeavored to maintain a position between the two extremes. We are perfectly satisfied to limit the amount of our business to our proportion of capacity and to do everything possible we can to promote the interests of our competitors; and by frequent meetings and the interchange of opinions we have thus far been able to accomplish this result without making any agreements of any kind.

President Roosevelt and the Attorney-General gave careful consideration to Gary's letters as well as to criticisms which were coming to them from many directions, and finally, at the end of May, gave the Gary dinners what we may call a clean bill of health. "I do not perceive," wrote the Attorney-General, "that the facts received from you render any suggestions to you from this Department appropriate, and while I submitted these communications to the President, he did not consider that they called for any official comment on his part."

That is, Attorney-General Bonaparte seems to have taken the same view of the meeting of competitors in a trade to discuss their problems, exchange information, advice and exhortation, that

the Supreme Court voiced in June of this year:

It is not open to question [said the Supreme Court] that the dissemination of pertinent information concerning any trade or business tends to stabilize that trade or business and to produce uniformity of prices and trade practises. . . .

We decide only that trade associations or combinations of persons or corporations which openly and fairly gather and disseminate information as to the cost of their product, the volume of production, the actual price which the product has brought in past transactions, stocks of merchandise on hand, approximate cost of transportation from the principal point of shipment to the principal points of consumption, as did these defendants, and who, as they did, meet and discuss such information and statistics without, however, reaching or attempting to reach any agreement or any concerted action with respect to prices or production or restraining competition, do not thereby engage in unlawful restraint of commerce.

But while this cooperation of the leading men in the industry prevented a violent and sudden crash at this time, things did go from bad to worse. The October panic had immediately reduced the number of blast furnaces active in the country from 329 to 314. At the end of November there were 226 stacks blowing, by December 31st, 154, and by January 31st, 139—and no relief in sight. As 1908 went on, prices, in spite of their best efforts, sagged.

Prompt cutting of wages had always hitherto been the practise in the steel and iron industry when prices fell. Before the end of the year many of the big independents—the Lackawanna, Cambria, Pennsylvania—had begun to post reductions. The presidents of the subsidiaries naturally enough were restless under this disadvantage. Early in 1909 they circulated a petition calling for a wage readjustment. President Corey was with them; a majority of the Finance Committee was ready to agree. Judge Gary was opposed. He believed the depression was passing—a revival in sight—that a wage cut was unwise and unnecessary, and asked for time.

It will be recalled that back in 1902 when Judge Gary told Mr. Morgan that he thought his day of usefulness in the Steel Corporation was over, the banker had promised that if in future emergencies he wanted his support, to tell him what to do and he would do it—not to explain. The Judge took advantage of the promise now, calling by cable on Mr. Morgan, who was at Aix-les-Bains, for support in his opposition to a wage cut. He also asked Mr. Morgan to see Mr. Frick and Mr. Widener, who were then in Nice and had cabled that they favored the proposed reduction.

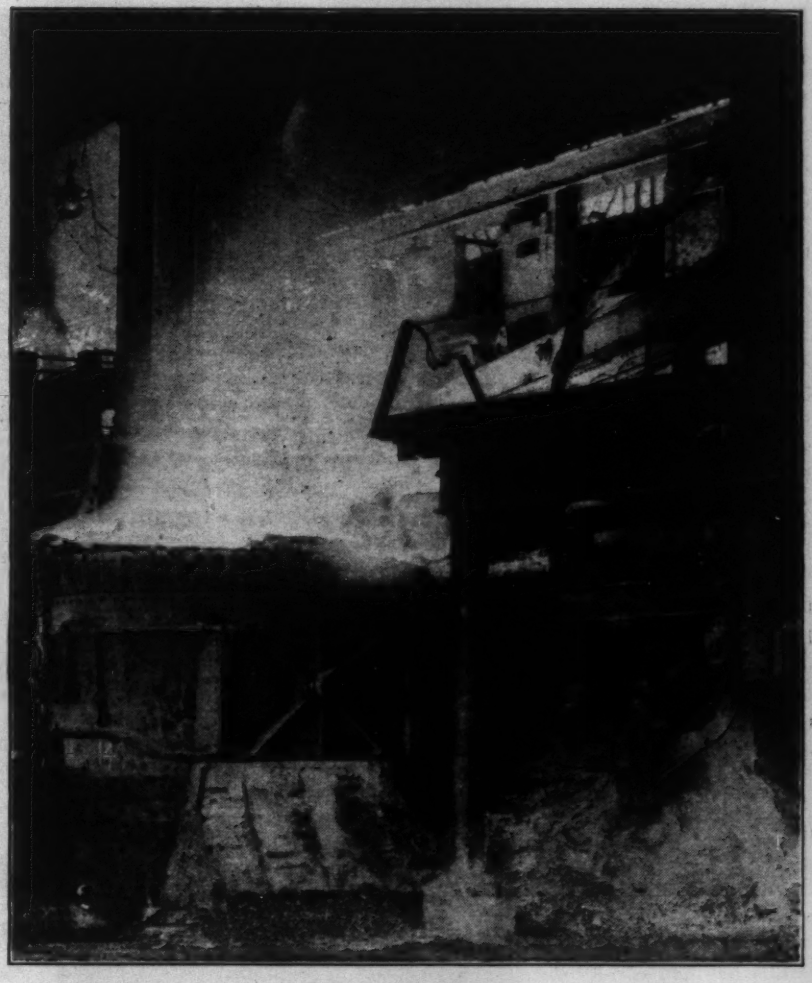
Mr. Morgan followed the suggestion, wiring Frick and Widener to meet him in Paris, with the result that the three men signed a cablegram sustaining Judge Gary. This was submitted to the Finance Committee, and wages were not dropped. As a matter of fact, the general average of wages and salaries was raised in 1909 to the highest point that the Corporation had yet seen, for Judge Gary had been right in his prophecy of business revival. Before the summer was ended the Corporation had taken on thirty thousand workmen and its earnings were sufficient to resume the quarterly dividend on the common stock.

His long-sighted handling of affairs in these two tempestuous years made a deep impression on his colleagues. "I recall an interesting conversation with George W. Perkins at his house at dinner," writes Bradford Merrill, a well-known New York publisher, "about the value of the services of certain executives to certain corporations. It was a man's dinner with only five or six persons present. I think it was Senator Beveridge of Indiana who asked Mr. Perkins how many men were really worth the salaries of from $100,000 to $250,000 a year which great corporations were then paying to their chief executives.

"Mr. Perkins, who had been many years Chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation, by way of answer recalled a single decision by Chairman Gary, made against great opposition, which Mr. Perkins said was, in his opinion, worth one hundred times all the salary

that the Steel Corporation would ever pay Mr. Gary in his lifetime." It was the above decision concerning wages.

Mr. Perkins told his guests of Gary's long, earnest argument to the members of the Finance Committee. "He told them that the present unprofitable business of the Corporation would not last many months, in his opinion, and that it was the duty of the Corporation to try to improve conditions, to relieve distress, to keep up employment and wages *even if the stockholders were forced temporarily to suspend dividends.* But they could not see the situation as Judge Gary did. A majority of them were in favor of reducing wages.



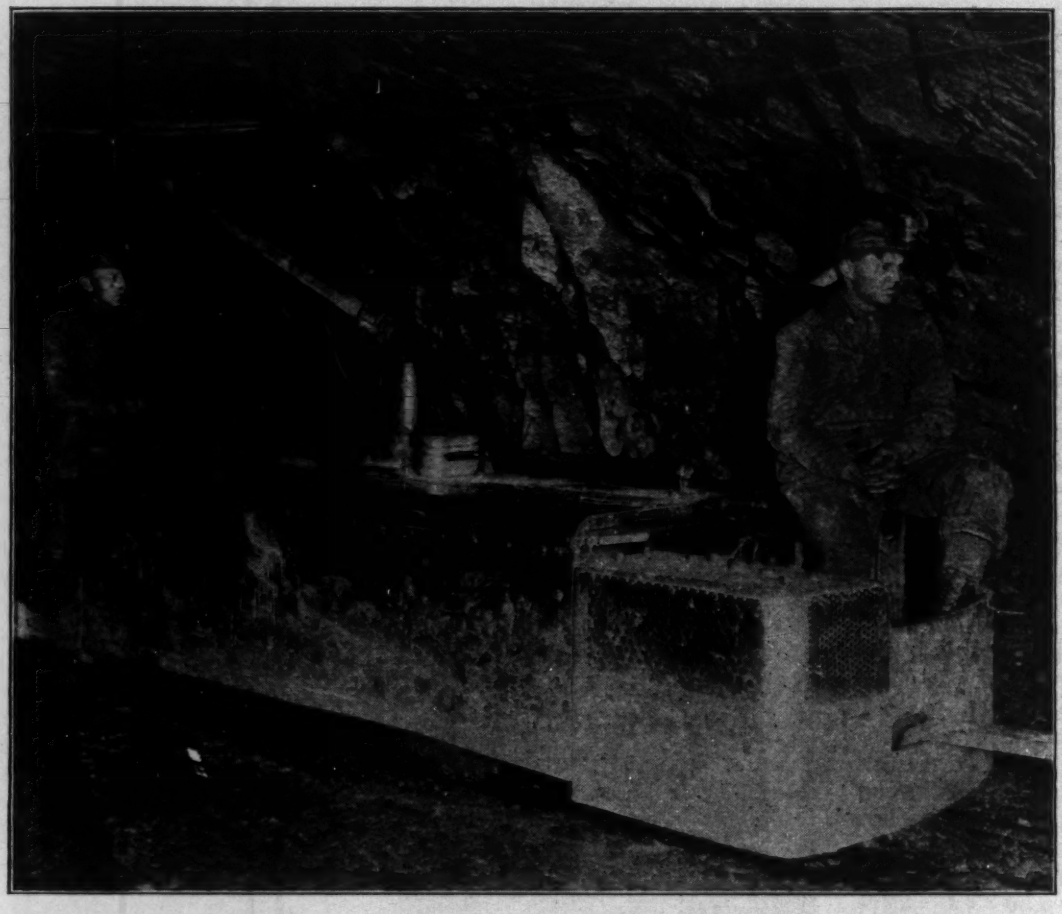
"Tapping heat" in an open hearth furnace.

"Judge Gary realized that if the matter immediately came to a vote, it would be decided against him, and he suddenly asked the directors if they would do him a favor. Would they agree to postpone the whole question for thirty days? They could not deny such a request from such an executive as Judge Gary."

The way he used the reprieve and the result I have recited.

With the reestablishment of something like normal business, the iron and steel trade wakened to the fact that the "Gary movement," as it was called, had actually prevented the "cut-and-slash" demoralization that had followed previous panics. It is probable that the spirits of the steel men had been so chastened by the disastrous after effects of the panic of 1907 that they were peculiarly receptive to the evangelistic fervor of Gary's appeals to steadiness and to decent and friendly competition, however vigorous that competition might be. They had yielded to his advice to their own surprize, and in 1909, when things began to revive, they were almost buoyantly exultant over their virtue. "Who would have thought we could have been so decent?" was the gist of their talks at luncheons and dinners!

They had come to love one another like brothers. It was Gary who had converted them to this policy, and in October of 1909 a large number of his competitors showed their appreciation by giving him what I think is one of the most remarkable dinners in our



Iron ore mine, a part of the Oliver Iron Mining Company holdings.

business annals—remarkable because of its sincerity as well as the kind of thing it celebrated.

It was Mr. Schwab who said the great word at the dinner:

Several times during the past week I have endeavored to write something that I might say to you on this occasion that would be appropriate, Judge Gary, and that would express the sentiment of your friends here assembled, but each time I tore it up as unsatisfactory, and I made up my mind that I would say to you exactly what I personally felt, feeling assured that in the saying of it I would express what was in the hearts and minds of every gentleman here.

I am thankful for this opportunity of saying one thing, Judge. You and I have been associated in business, or we were, for some years; we have had many differences, and I am glad of this opportunity to say publicly that with my bounding enthusiasm and optimism I was wrong in most instances—indeed in all instances—and you were right. The broad principles that you brought into this business were new to all of us who had been trained in a somewhat different school. Their effect was marvelous, their success unquestioned. It was a renaissance and a newness of things in this business that were necessary and invigorating. Judge, we feel that your position in the steel industry is unique. I have been present at many gatherings where men have been honored for scientific attainments in steel. I have been present at gatherings where men have been honored by reason of their operative ability in the manufacture of steel; but, sir, this is the first time in the history of the industry when the great heads of all the big con-

cerns in the United States and Canada have gathered to do honor to a man who has introduced a new and successful principle in our great industry.

I doubt if in looking back on his long warring on things which he felt were wrong, there is any experience which Judge Gary treasures more than what Mr. Schwab said at this dinner, unless it be, indeed, what Mr. Morgan said.

Mr. Morgan was at his right. "They will want to hear you say something," the Judge told him. Mr. Morgan, confused as a boy, replied, "I never could make a speech." But they called him out, and with one hand on Judge Gary's shoulder and another on his chair, he spoke fewer than two hundred words, the gist of which was in one sentence: "What I might say at another time would be pretty poor, but tonight I am very much overcome by all that I have heard said, for Judge Gary and I have been working together now for ten years in a way perhaps none of you appreciate, or how much it has meant to me."

It is easy to see that it was a great emotional moment in the love feast! And not the least memorable thing to Judge Gary in the occasion was when he thanked Mr. Morgan for his speech, and the Banker answered, "You know I never could have said a word if I had not had a chair and your shoulder to lean on."

A thirty-two inch "slabbing mill" shearing metal.

The policies were going on, but inside the Corporation there was still grumbling that the Chairman of the Board and of the Finance Committee outranked the President in authority. It came to a focus and was settled for good and all in the spring of 1910.

In the fall of the preceding year, Judge Gary had commissioned an executive in a western mine to look up certain information. When this came to the ears of the president of the subsidiary company, he promptly dismissed the man. The man complained to Judge Gary, who ordered him reinstated. President Corey resented the action, contending —and in this he was backed by the presidents of many of the subsidiaries —that the Chairman had no right to go over the head of the President in reinstating an officer, that if he did so it would ruin discipline.

Considerable ex-

citement developed, and one member of the Finance Committee, who sided with the President, went to Mr. Morgan with it. If the Finance Committee pronounced in favor of Gary in this matter, he reported, the presidents of the subsidiaries threatened to resign in a body.

"Tell them," answered Mr. Morgan, "that their resignations will be accepted."

The matter was thoroughly threshed out before the Committee and the Chairman was unanimously sustained. After the vote had been taken, Mr. Perkins, turning to Judge Gary, said, "Is there anything further that you would like to have us do?"

"Yes," he said, "I would like a resolution more definitely fixing my status in this Corporation." He got it, for on March 1st, 1910, the directors added the following section to the by-laws:

The Chairman of the Board of Directors shall be the chief executive officer of the Corporation and, subject to the Board of Directors and Finance Committee, shall be in general charge of the affairs of the Corporation.

It is doubtful if this added to the real power and authority of the Chairman for before the amendment he was Chairman of both the Board of Directors and the Finance Committee, holding all the power of the latter when it was not in session. The new by-law, however, made the matter clearer.

It was time the matter was settled, for the Corporation was entering on a period which called for an executive who had not only brains and firmness, but one who believed the purpose of the undertaking was legitimate, and that this could be demonstrated if its conduct could be kept within certain well-defined legal and ethical boundaries.

The suspicion which the organization of the Steel Corporation had awakened in 1901 grew rapidly after the panic of 1907, and, by the time Mr. Taft's administration took hold of things in the spring of 1909, the points of attack were fairly well defined.

There was the tariff. The cry for revision was loud and general. To put down the duties on iron and steel was the real way to curb the power of the Steel Trust. Now, Judge Gary had clear ideas on the tariff. At his first interview with Roosevelt in 1902, the President said to him that he felt that something ought to be done about the tariff, but he was not clear in his mind on the subject. How did the Judge feel? The Judge told him facetiously that he was a free trader in everything except iron and steel.

"They ridiculed Hancock for calling the tariff a local issue," laughed Roosevelt, "but that is what it is."

"In my judgment," Gary told the President, "we must have a protection in our industry in order to compete, particularly with Germany, but I believe that the duties should be fixed at the point where they would protect from but not prohibit foreign competition, and, at the same time, prevent injustice to the consumer."

"Well," said Roosevelt, "until I find that point I think I shall say nothing about the matter."

From that time on, whenever interviewed on the tariff or questioned by the Ways and Means Committee, as he was more than once, Judge Gary held to these views. I have before me the notes of an interview with him in March of 1908 in which he reiterated his belief in the doctrine, declaring that all stable countries had adopted tariffs and that England would be in a better condition if she had one. He said with great positiveness that while he thought steel and iron needed protection, he believed it to be a great mistake for the Steel Trust to fight a revision; that in this matter, as in all others, public opinion was the true guide. Judge Gary at this interview insisted that what was needed for sound tariff revision was a commission of experts, outside of politics, competent and honest enough to gather full information and to fix the point where protection left off and prohibition began. That is, at this time Judge Gary was advocating a handling of the tariff with which a patient reformer, even a patient free trader, could be satisfied—as a beginning! But he knew of course that his view was as unpopular in the steel and iron industry as many of his other views had been. The great majority of the trade at that moment, as in the past, cried for prohibitive tariffs, and

A group of colored employees, each with more than twenty-five years service in the U. S. Steel Corporation.

so did the organized steel and iron workers. They had been taught and they believed that it was high protection which filled their dinner pails. Indeed some of the most effective high tariff agitators in the preceding years had been labor leaders.

Consequently, the tariff reformer received no support from organized labor in the agitation which developed in the Taft administration. But if organized labor did not help the tariff reformer, it backed the "Trust Buster," as he was called. The strongest sector of the line forming for attack occupied itself, not with the Corporation's conduct, not with its views, but with what we might call its mechanics, the form of combination under which it was doing business. This, its critics claimed, was monopolistic in its very nature—its very existence was a restraint of trade; therefore the steel aggregation was illegal under the Sherman anti-trust law. Organized labor gladly joined this line of the attack.

As we have already seen, the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers had agreed, in 1901, not to attempt to organize further inside the Corporation if the Corporation on its side would continue to bargain with the groups already existing. The agreement had worked out badly for the Amalgamated. It was a weak body in 1901, that is, weak when its entire membership, 13,900, is compared with the whole number of workers in iron, steel, and tin and their products. The census of 1910 gives 393,125 as the number in iron and steel in 1900—70,505 in tin. It was a little larger by the time the Corporation was formed. Many thousands of these workers were outside of the Amalgamated's field of course. Of the "whole number," amounting to 433,630, the Corporation employed, in 1901, about 168,000.

By 1910 the number in iron, steel, tin and their products had grown to 993,116, whereas the membership of the Amalgamated had fallen to 8,300. How many of this 8,300 were in the Corporation and how many in independent concerns, we do not know. The number of employees belonging to the Amalgamated did not, however, represent all the unionists in the Steel Corporation. Among its foundrymen, machinists, railroad workers and miners,

there were many members of their respective unions, and in case of trouble they gave more or less sympathy and support.

As for Judge Gary, he had publicly expressed his attitude towards unionism more than once. It is what he still holds:

"I am of the opinion, and always have been," he said in an interview in 1906, "that labor unions, properly managed, are a benefit to the workingmen. No reasonable man would say otherwise, for cooperation and organization of the right sort can result in nothing but good to those concerned. But the trouble with labor unions has been that they have too often come under the control of men who did not hestitate to resort to turbulent methods to gain their ends. The majority of men belonging to unions do not want to strike, and they do not vote to bring a strike about. Those at all familiar with the workings of labor organizations know how this is. The leaders gather a few of the more turbulent members around them and they do the voting. When the strike is declared the conservative men feel that it is their duty to the union to stand by what has been done, but they never resort to violence. Yet the effect of the strike is bad for the good men, and they are compelled to suffer for what the others have done."

The Amalgamated charged its growing weakness in the industry at large to the Corporation's opposition to its further extension in its plants. It declared that if a man was known to belong to the union he would not be given work, that men were discharged when it was discovered that they were members, and that plants in which thriving lodges had once existed had been shut down for the express purpose of breaking up the groups.

The Corporation made a general denial, but it is probable that many superintendents and foremen, particularly in former Carnegie plants, used their full authority against the union, just as the labor organizers used all their ingenuity in getting into the plants and carrying on their propaganda. Each side suspected the other, spied on the other, hated the other. That is, the war still existed, spreading bitterness and suspicion between men and management. More than once between 1901 and 1909, strikes had been attempted by the Amalgamated, but had always failed. In 1910, Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, tried a novel stratagem—one in support of the main attack on the Corporation. In effect, he called upon the Attorney-General to disband it because it was oppressing labor by preventing men from joining the union. It was, therefore, according to Mr. Gompers' argument, a conspiracy in restraint of trade. He pointed out, what was true in some places, that plants were surrounded by high walls over which it was impossible for organizers to climb and that the police and municipal forces in industrial towns of the Corporation were used to break up the meetings of organizers. He charged that it was intentionally employing foreign laborers to the displacement of Americans. What Mr. Gompers really asked was that the Steel Corporation be dissolved because it would not adopt the policy of the closed shop. But, as this was not a government policy, the Attorney-General could hardly heed the plea and he did not.

Mr. Gompers' purpose, however, was admirably served. He emphasized the open shop attitude of the Corporation and its interference with workmen, eager, as he claimed, to organize. If, however, there had been as strong a desire among iron and steel workers in 1910 for organization as Mr. Gompers would like to have had the country believe, there certainly would have been more than 8,300 members of the Amalgamated in a body of upwards of 1,000,000 workers, not a fourth of which belonged to the Corporation, whatever the percentage of that million outside the Amalgamated's field or enrolled in other unions.

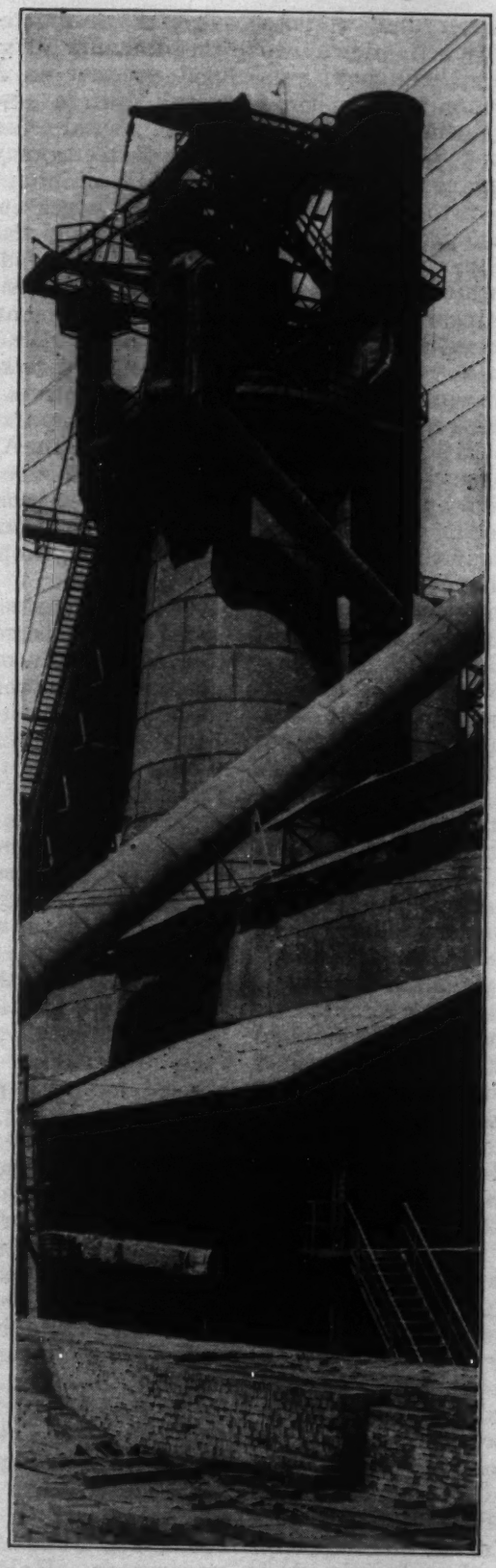
One of Mr. Gompers's complaints against the Corporation was that it was weaning men away by a labor policy which he characterized as a sham. What was this labor policy by 1910? We dropped it in this narrative in 1904 with two planks firmly nailed down: (1) the open shop and (2) a stock subscription scheme open to all employees, with a bonus for special services, in all ranks. And at that time various other

problems were under discussion—safety, relief, hours, conditions. It was safety that first crystallized.

When the Corporation was formed all of the companies had what they called "casualty managers," looking after the settlement of claims of injured employees. These casualty managers had been gathered into one group under the general solicitor of the Corporation. There was a growing conviction, however, that this method of handling injuries was unsatisfactory, very expensive and rarely just.

One of the most valuable "intangibles" that the Corporation had inherited was a slogan and a safety policy, originated by Thomas Lynch, the President of the Frick Coke and Coal Companies. The slogan was "Safety a First Consideration" and the policy was "To —— with rescue work—prevent accidents." The Illinois Steel Company transformed the slogan into the terse and compelling "Safety First"—the cry which now heads the national safety movement. Other subsidiaries contributed ideas and devices.

Early in 1906 the casualty managers came together in New York, in a first concerted effort to unify these contributions. By March of 1908 they had their plans sufficiently under way to announce a committee of safety, ready to make an organized attack on accidents. Judge Gary started the committee off with a hearty endorsement.



Blast furnace, Illinois Steel Company.

"Some of the gentlemen present, if not all of them, know," he said, "that I am in hearty sympathy with the movement. There is not any doubt that our Corporation will promptly and fully approve every suggestion that is made for the betterment of conditions in this respect. We will not hesitate to make the necessary appropriations in money to carry into effect every suggestion that seems to us to be practical for the improvement of our mills so far as the question of taking care of our employees is concerned."

The promise has been faithfully carried out. By the time we have reached in our narrative, 1910, the committee of safety had grown into a bureau of

safety, relief, sanitation and welfare. Its organization reached down to the last man in the shop, its most valuable committees being made up of workmen, the members of which changed periodically so that each man in a plant would sooner or later be called upon to exercise personal responsibility in preventing accidents—a plan for cooperative action in their own interest which had already proved of genuine educational and cooperative value. From a half million to a million dollars a year had been spent in accident prevention, with the result that there had been a decrease of accidents from a little over 10 per cent. in 1907 to 43½ per cent. in 1910.

Dovetailed into the bureau was an elaborate plan of relief and pensions. Outside of the American Steel and Wire none of the subsidiaries had contributed anything of importance to this plan. That concern, however, had brought into the Corporation an excellent accident and pension department which the company itself supported by depositing from month to month a sum equivalent to one per cent. of the pay roll, and from the start the Finance Committee heard much of this from Mr. Edenborn, with whom it had originated. Mr. Carnegie also had celebrated his retirement in 1901 by setting aside four million dollars, to be known as "The Carnegie Relief Fund," to be used exclusively for the employees of the Carnegie Steel Company. It was on this that the Corporation had begun to build. It had already set aside some eight million dollars as a pension fund. It was already voting annually many hundreds of thousands of dollars for the relief of those injured and it had under consideration at this time, 1910, a greatly enlarged relief and pension plan.

If we put down this safety and relief work as the third plank in the labor policy, the fourth deals with its attack on the seven-day week, which was practically universal in the iron and steel industry when the Corporation was formed. It was one of the results of the continuous processes which had been adopted in steel making. In other years when furnaces were small the practise had been to let them cool off on Sunday, but as they increased in size, the loss from the shut-down and the difficulty of getting back to a normal product on Monday morning had resulted in a seven-day week, with a most brutal feature—a twenty-four hour turn in every two weeks.

Public opinion was condemning the seven-day week and it had been more or less worrying the Finance Committee for some time. It was true there was no general opposition among the workers, for it meant to them an extra day's pay. When Judge Gary and other officers talked of a six-day week to the executives of the various subsidiaries they scoffed at the idea; nevertheless in April of 1907 the Finance Committee was sufficiently concerned to recommend that all work be suspended on Sunday at all steel works, rolling mills, shops, quarries and docks.

> It is understood [their resolution said] that it is not at present practical to apply the recommendation to all departments, notably the blast furnaces, but it is desirable that the spirit of the recommendation be observed to the fullest extent within reason.

The order was issued the next day. An immediate and whole-hearted obedience was perhaps too much to expect. There were executives that treated it as they had the order to stop pooling, to take no more rebates. In 1910, at the time that the Pittsburgh *Survey* was calling particular attention to the laxity of the Corporation in regard to the seven-day week, Judge Gary issued a peremptory order that a way be found to put an end to it, and very rapidly after that the seven-day week was brought to a practical minimum in the Corporation. When the order was put into effect four thousand men left the Corporation plants in one district, going where they could work the full week—a proof that there had been something in the contention of the executives that they wanted to work seven days—an argument ridiculed outside of the industry. What they wanted was the money.

Another labor policy that should not be overlooked in this general consideration was Judge Gary's effort to keep up wages. He had, as we have seen,

fought every cut proposed and had lectured his associates in and out of the Corporation on their obligation at all times to sustain wages. He had always been willing to sacrifice dividends before wages. Indeed, one of the chief reasons that he gave for his consistent advocacy of stabilizing prices was that it meant steadier wages.

The point here is that by the time Mr. Gompers called on the Attorney-General in the name of organized labor to dissolve the Steel Corporation, it had developed a fairly well-rounded labor policy, planned to meet some of the most serious and the most justified complaints of workers. Labor complained that it had no opportunity to acquire ownership in the industry to which it gave its time. Here was one—safe and liberal as investments go. They had sensed this, and every year there had been thousands of subscribers to the stock. The abolishing of the seven-day week gave them one day's leisure. But Mr. Gompers characterized the program as a sham.

Now in this period, when the complaints against the Corporation were crystallizing, Judge Gary had been diligently pursuing the policy in relation to the goverment that he had adopted in 1901. This had amounted to telling President Roosevelt and his Attorney-General, Mr. Bonaparte, that he considered it their business to see that corporations did not oppress their competitors, their employees or the public, and the Corporation's business to find out what the government regarded as oppressive, illegal and contrary to the public good and to put itself in harmony with that policy.

The new Attorney-General, Mr. George Wickersham, an eminent New York lawyer, knew Judge Gary's ideas on corporate conduct, for he had carried on for him in 1905-1906 an investigation of the way the Corporation was conducting itself, particularly in relation to pools, and his advice had then been taken. When, in 1910, Mr. Gompers became active it was possible for Judge Gary to write to the Attorney-General, without fear of misunderstanding, that as a matter of course they would be glad to furnish him or his representative at any time all the data in their possession or within their reach, bearing upon the subject matter of the complaint. "My understanding is," he concluded, "that our men generally are very well satisfied with the treatment received, notwithstanding Mr. Gompers and others have unsuccessfully attempted from time to time to get their support."

The acquaintance made it natural for Judge Gary to meet and to talk with the Attorney-General as he had with Mr. Roosevelt. As late as March of 1911 he dined with Mr. Wickersham at his home in Washington. They talked over the business situation much as he and Roosevelt had done, and he said to Mr. Wickersham as he had to the former President in a similar discussion, "I don't know whether you have any complaints against the Steel Corporation, but I want to say to you, as you know that I did to Mr. Roosevelt, if there is anything that we are doing that seems to you inimical to your policy, let us know and we will correct it." And Mr. Wickersham had replied, "I hope you don't think that there is any reference to your Corporation in what I have been saying."

But the public was pressing hard, and early in 1911, on the resolution of Representative Augustus Stanley of Kentucky, an investigation was ordered. The Stanley investigation, although inevitable in the general suspicion and ignorance of the work of the Corporation and its relation to the industry, has always been blackened by the supposed connection with it of one of the most notorious men of the last twenty years, David Lamar.

Lamar is charged with having had interviews with Mr. Stanley before the investigation was called. If this is true Mr. Stanley did not of course know that the fellow also had wormed his way into Judge Gary's office and said to him: "This Stanley investigation is going to be a serious thing for the Steel Corporation. I know Stanley. I am the only man in the country that can stop him"—at which point Mr. Lamar was shown the door.

Richard Lindabury, chief counsellor of the Corporation, told me, only a few days before his death in July of this year, that soon after Lamar saw Judge Gary, he came to his office in Newark, repeating the proposition, and with the

same promptness was sent on his way.

The statement which attracted the most attention was one which Judge Gary had repeatedly made but which never before had so taken hold.

"I realize as fully, I think, as this Committee that it is very important to consider how the people shall be protected against imposition or oppression as the possible result of great aggregations of capital, whether in the possession of corporations or individuals. I believe that is a very important question, and personally I believe that the Sherman Act does not meet and will never fully prevent that. I believe we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control, even as to prices, and, so far as I am concerned, speaking for our company, so far as I have the right, I would be very glad if we had some place where we could go, to a responsible governmental authority, and say to them, 'Here are our facts and figures, here is our property, here our cost of production; now you tell us what we have the right to do and what prices we have the right to charge.' I know this is a very extreme view, and I know that the railroads objected to it for a long time; but whether the mere standpoint of making the most money is concerned or not, whether it is the wise thing, I believe it is the necessary thing, and it seems to me corporations have no right to disregard these public questions and these public interests."

"Your idea then," said Martin Littleton of the Committee, "is that cooperation is bound to take the place of competition and that cooperation requires strict governmental supervision?"

"That is a very good statement," replied the Judge.

Another statement that called forth surprized comment concerned Mr. Morgan's power:

"I believe," said Judge Gary, "any man of Mr. Morgan's wealth and strength of character and courage can do a great deal of harm in banking circles as well as a great deal of good. I believe that with power and privilege there is necessarily involved responsibility and obligation. That applies to the individual or the corporation and also applies to the Government. I do not think I would be frank and sincere with this Committee if I should say that Mr. Morgan, under such circumstances, could not do a great deal of harm if he had the disposition to do so. That is true of other individuals, and that is one of the reasons why I say that this country, if it keeps up with other countries, in view of our great wealth and growing wealth, has got to come to the position, in my judgment, where there is cooperation between the Government and the individual."

This was getting a good deal more than the Committee bargained for, but it still had nuts much harder for Judge Gary to crack—the purchase of the T. C. and I., the increase in the Corporation's ore lands, the prices at home and abroad, its profits, its competitors.

Through all this, a demand had been growing stronger and stronger that the Attorney-General's office test the validity of the Steel Corporation as it had that of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust. The charge was made by the more irresponsible of the press that the Government was shielding the Steel Corporation; Mr. Wickersham ought to be impeached! A report was widely circulated that Judge Gary had told a reporter that the Corporation was immune from examination and punishment. Certainly not from examination! For nearly six years the Bureau of Corporations had had the run of the Steel Corporation books and the free service of auditors, twenty or thirty extra ones frequently being employed to compile the statistics to answer the Bureau's questions. Judge Gary told the Stanley Committee that the Corporation had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in the effort to give the information wanted.

Now, this repeated charge that the administration was favoring the Steel Corporation while dissolving the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust, as it had in May of that year (1911), probably was encouraged, or at least not discouraged, by the corporations that had been punished. Naturally enough, they had no love for the Gary policies. It also had a certain backing in anti-Roosevelt circles. Roosevelt had consented to the T. C. and I. purchase, and therefore it must have been wrong. It would be understandable if there had been a certain sympathy with this anti-

Roosevelt feeling in the Taft administration. At all events, in the early summer of 1911 Mr. Wickersham said to Judge Gary at a public dinner in Washington, where the two men were seated side by side, "I have something on my mind which I think I ought to tell you. There is such excitement over that Stanley investigation, such hostility to the Steel Corporation, so many charges that the Administration is favoring it, that we believe that we must proceed to a searching examination."

"Do you mean a suit?" asked Judge Gary.

"Yes," said the Attorney-General.

"Well," said the Judge, "this is so different from what I have believed to be your view of our Corporation that I am overwhelmed. But you must make your own decision—take your own course."

The decision of the Government to prosecute the Steel Corporation was unquestionably a terrible blow to Judge Gary. I have heard one of his presidents say that the only time in all his twenty or more years of association that he ever saw the Judge's emotions get the better of him was when he had to tell them they were to be tried by the Government, on a charge of conspiracy in restraint of trade.

Not a few of the leading lawyers now consulted by the Corporation insisted that an effort should be made to settle rather than allow the suit to go to trial.

"No," he said, resolutely, "I will never consent to that. This Corporation is not a conspiracy, it is not a monopoly, it is not restraining trade, and its intent has been from the start to avoid these things. The facts prove that we have done so; we have constantly corrected practises which we found to be in contradiction to the law as determined from time to time; we have helped rather than hindered our competitors. They have grown faster than we have. We have improved the condition of our employees, their wages, their prospects in life; we have stabilized business. We have made a demonstration of what a corporation ought to do. I will never consent it a settlement of this suit."

The Government went ahead, filing its petition on Ocotber 26th, 1911, praying that eight of the subsidiaries as well as the Steel Corporation itself be held "unlawful monopolies" and dissolved.

Judge Gary's whole mind now was given to making the defense as complete and as strong as possible. The legal battery selected was of the first class, including, besides the chief counsel of the Corporation, Mr. Lindabury, and his associates, an admirable man, Raynal C. Bolling, who was later to lose his life in France; Joseph H. Choate; John G. Johnson; Francis Lynde Stetson; David A. Reed, now Senator Reed; and Cordenio A. Severance. Judge Gary himself watched, supervised, suggested at every point, such suggestions as that in the following letter, which proved of great value in the end. This letter was written in August of 1913, from Cologne, to Raynal Bolling:

My dear Bolling:

The more I think of the subject, the more convinced I am that we should introduce a *large number* of witnesses who are our competitors in one line or another and who have never cooperated with us, to testify to their business success; or at least a number who can testify as to themselves and their business and also others. It will look well in the record, even if the total tonnage is not so large, and will demonstrate the flourishing condition of the trade in spite of our domineering (?) disposition.

The case for the Government was in the hands of J. M. Dickinson, former Secretary of War, a Democrat—as able a man as Mr. Wickersham could select. The case was tried in the United States District Court for the district of New Jersey before four well-known circuit judges—Buffington, Hunt, McPherson and Woolley.

The taking of testimony began in May of 1912, and continued at intervals for over two years. Four hundred and two witnesses were called. Theodore Roosevelt and ex-Secretary Garfield appeared, so did other characters in the T. C. and I. drama—Oakley N. Thorne, Lewis Ledyard, John A. Topping, the company's president at the time of the purchase. There were at least two hundred competitors, big and little, topped by the presidents or vice presidents of

the biggest independent companies: Schwab, now Chairman of the Bethlehem; Campbell, of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube; Willis King, of Jones and Laughlin; Powell Stackhouse, of the Cambria. The officers and directors of the Corporation itself with many executives of the subsidiaries spent days on the stand—Judge Gary was there for a week. In all, 189 full days were required to find out what this small army knew about the Corporation. Put into print the testimony filled thirty volumes—12,151 pages of about 400 words each. In addition to this there were close to 4,000 pages of Government and Corporation exhibits. This was what the four judges had to listen to and digest!

The briefs and statements were not presented until October of 1914.

In the meantime many things had happened besides the suit to engage the attention of the chief executive officers of the Steel Corporation. There had been two years of business—months of it the worst they had seen, with lower earnings, bad fluctuations in stock; there had been internal changes, one in particular of great moment and great sorrow to Judge Gary. This was the death of Mr. Morgan in March of 1913. The two men, as we have seen, had been brought into close association, first in 1898, in the Federal Steel Company and later in the Steel Corporation where they had shared in the most gigantic industrial responsibility which men in this country had ever dared assume. The relation had grown steadily in confidence and affection. I think it is not too much to say that Mr. Morgan had not only come to feel that he could not, as he once told Judge Gary, do a thing in steel without him, but he had come to have a thorough respect for his point of view, to which he often did not subscribe. "He is too good a man to oppose," he is known to have said more than once when he and his directors disagreed with Gary. Moreover, Mr. Morgan had come to feel genuine personal affection for Judge Gary. He was a man of ardent temperament and found satisfaction in surrounding himself in business hours with men he liked. He liked Judge Gary. In the early days it often happened that a Morgan partner would come over to the Steel Corporation to say, "Senior" (the office name for the elder Morgan) "wants to know why you have not been over."

In the summers when Mr. Morgan was abroad, Judge Gary on his annual trip always visited him. He saw him gradually going down physically and the last time he was at Dover House—the Morgan country place in England—he was painfully aware of the difficulty Mr. Morgan had in getting up steps when called to the house from the garden where the two were sitting.

The day before Mr. Morgan sailed in January, 1913, on what turned out to be his last trip, Judge Gary stopped at his request at his library. After a long talk he started several times to go, but Mr. Morgan called him back, evidently reluctant to say good-bye; and when finally he withdrew, saying, "Come back to us well and strong, Mr. Morgan," he shook his head. "I don't know. I may never come back," he said. And in March the news came that he was not coming back.

It was a severe blow to Judge Gary, particularly in the matter of the suit. He wanted his policies justified in his friend's eyes—his friend who through this period of trial had been standing splendidly by him.

But that was not to be. Moreover, it was to be literally years before Judge Gary himself was to know the end of the attack which had given him so much anxiety, for when, as I have said, the testimony and the briefs were before the judges in the fall of 1914, neither Judge Gary nor the world at large had their minds concentrated on the results of lawsuits. Something greater had broken out in the world. The head of the Steel Corporation had a new subject for anxiety—war. And it is to his part in that war that we now turn.

In January, Miss Tarbell will discuss the activities of Judge Gary and the Steel Corporation during the World War. This information has never been made public before. Production of steel is the first requisite of modern warfare, and the association between the Government and the great Corporation represents a new page in history.

THE HERB CALLED HEART'S-EASE

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Did you hear him? I dare say that boy lives a merrier life and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet. *From the Observations of "Mr. Great-Heart."*

IT was dusk in Boyville. The boys at a game of hide-and-seek filled the air with their calls:

Bushel of wheat, and a
Bushel of rye——
All't ain't ready
Holler 'aye.'
All in ten feet of my base is caught;
All eyes open.

Or

One—two—three for me.

Or

All's out's in free.

Among the trees they scampered, into hay-stacks they wormed, over barrels and boxes they wiggled, they huddled under the sunflowers and the horse-weeds. It was a royal game, but as the moon rose it merged into pull-away. That game flourished for a while and transformed itself by an almost imperceptible evolution into a series of races down the dusty road. But when the moon's silver had marked itself upon the grass, the boys were lying prone on a hay-cock behind the royal castle. They chattered idly, and the murmur of their talk rose on the just-felt breeze that greets the rising moon, like the ripple of waters. But the chatter was only a seeming. For in truth the boys were absorbing the glory of the moonlight. And the undertones of their being were sounding in unison with the gentle music of the hour. Their souls—fresher from God than are the souls of men—were aquiver with joy, and their lips babbled to hide their ecstasies. In Boyville it is a shameful thing to flaunt the secrets of the heart. As the night deepened, and the shy stars peeped at the bold moon, the boys let their prattle ebb into silence. Long they lay looking upward—with the impulse in their souls that prompted the eternal question that Adam left unanswered, that David cried in passion across his harp, that the wise men of the world have left locked in mystery—the question of the Whence, the Why, and the Whither.

As the moon climbed high into the arc of the heavens, the company upon the hay-cock dispersed, one by one, till a solitary boy remained.

After he had gazed at the moon a while a thrill of sheer madness set him to tumbling, head over heels, upon the fresh hay. Life was full of gladness for him, and his throat cramped with a delicious longing for he knew not what. He wondered vaguely if it were not something new and unimaginably

good to eat. It was the nearest he could come to a defining of the longing. Of course no one can define it. It is that which quickens the blood of all young creatures—the rosebud, the meadow-lark, the dragon-fly, the colt, the boy, and the maiden, bidding them glorify God with the show and the example of their comeliness. The boy rose from the hay and skipped under the trees, over the fantastic figures of the moon-spun carpet. He waved his arms, and there came to his throat a simple song, which he chanted croakingly, lest some one should hear him and laugh. He stopped, and sitting on a fence, looked at a great white cloud that was mounting the western sky. His soul was listening to the far-away music from the breakers of the restless rising sea of ambition, and the rush of life and action, that were flooding into the distant rim of his consciousness. The music charmed him. Tears came to his eyes, he knew not why. But we, whom this mighty tide has carried away from that bourn whereon the boy's feet strayed so happily—we know why the far-seeing angels gave him tears.

A dog in some distant farm-yard was baying at the moon. A whining screech-owl sent a faint shudder of superstitious fear over the boy. For a long time he sat on the fence, absorbing the night sounds—the cluck of the frogs, the burring of the crickets, the hum of the water on the mill-dam far down the valley, and the occasional call of some human voice, ringing like a golden bell in the hush of the night. It was after nine, and the boy was deep in his trackless revery. A woman called.

"Win-nee, Win-nee, oh, Winnie."

The spell upon him was almost too delicious to break; but he roused himself to reply,

"Yessum. All right."

Then the mother's voice continued, "Now wash your feet, Winnie, and wipe 'em dry; don't come to bed with dirty feet."

Slowly the boy climbed to the earth. He shuffled through the dewy grass, but his feet were still too dirty. He stood in the tub of water by the pump, rubbing one foot with the other, and his eyes turned moonward. The thrall of the night caught him again. In a hazy stupor he sat on the kitchen step drying his feet. When he got up, Piggy Pennington gazed for a moment at a star—a pale star which hovered timidly over the chimney of the home which sheltered his Heart's Desire. With the lunacy upon him, he flung to the star a bashful kiss. Then he grinned foolishly and came to himself with a grunt, as he ran upstairs to his room. He was ashamed to face the south breeze that fanned his bed.

THE SHEPHERD'S BOY

By JOHN BUNYAN

AS they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung.

"Hark," said Mr. Great-Heart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith."

So they hearkened, and he said:

He that is down needs fear no fall;
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
  That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss
  Is best from age to age.

Then said the guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."

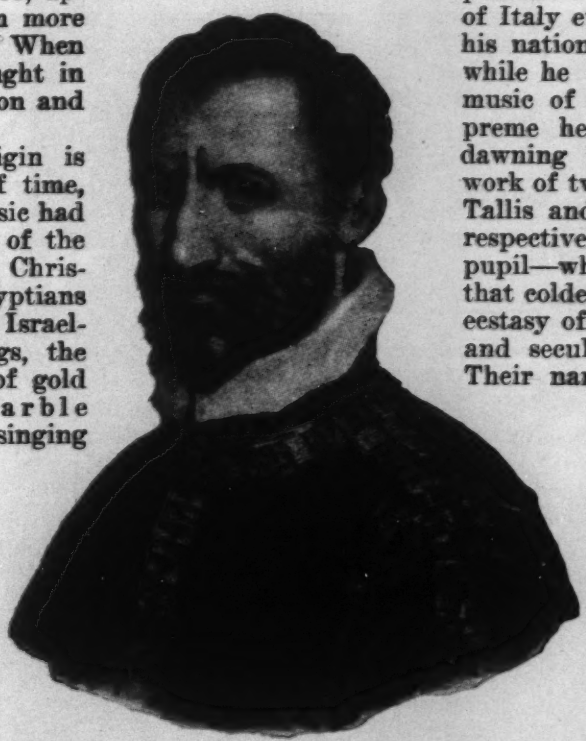
MEN OF MUSIC

By STEUART M. EMERY

THE music that inspires the soul, rich chords which rise and fall with the power of a sea of sound, gracious melodies fresh as a day in spring, tiny bits of harmony that have drifted untouched down the years—whence do they come? Music in some form there has always been since man discovered that from an oaten pipe or a set of queer strings could be evoked an intangible something that made the world a better place to live in. On the crudest of early instruments man played and found himself rejoicing—he sought a deeper note and, finding it, discovered that it, too, uplifted and gave him more glorious thoughts. When music came it brought in its train a new vision and a new era.

Although its origin is lost in the mists of time, it is known that music had its part in the life of the days that preceded Christianity. The Egyptians heard the lyre, the Israelites had their songs, the Greeks in an age of gold and gleaming marble placed their singing poets far above the rank of ordinary men. But there came an age of strife and destruction when even the voice of the lyre was stilled and for drab centuries no music was heard among the submerged peoples. It was not until the birth of a new seeking after light, as late as the sixteenth century, that the notes of a real school of music arose again definitely to take their places in an awakening continent.

There were few patrons of the arts in those bygone days and so it is logical enough that the music of the period which survived should be that dedicated to church services. Giovanni da Palestrina, composer of three classic masses, is the musician whose name emerges first from the obscurity clouding the rebirth of music. He was a peasant's son, yet no ruler of Italy ever did more for his nation than he. And while he was raising the music of his Italy to supreme heights there was dawning in England the work of two men—Thomas Tallis and William Byrd, respectively master and pupil—who were to thrill that colder island with the ecstasy of their cathedral and secular compositions. Their names and that of Henry Purcell who followed them are first on the roster of England's early artists.



Giovanni da Palestrina, composer of three masses, is the musician whose name emerges first from the obscurity clouding the rebirth of music.

In the course of another century came the birth of Handel, who might properly be called the first of the great geniuses of music. From

the day of his first tremendous oratorio the future of music as a living, animate force in the life of nations became assured. It is true that for years he had striven with the writing of grand opera, that he had produced a long succession of works in a London theater with indifferent success, that at times he had despaired of ever imbuing the public with his own enthusiasm for melody. Yet in the end he triumphed—the failure of his operas sent him to the composition of oratorios which will live forever. The boy Handel, who had practised his music on a battered spinet in an attic room while his family slept, won his way with *The Messiah,* and other wonderful sacred works, to a pinnacle that has been safely his ever since. "He set the Bible to music," is a centuries-old summing-up of Handel that is not likely to be bettered. Originally a German, Handel became a naturalized British subject and so lies to-day amid the company of the great in Westminster Abbey.

Admirers of Handel—and there is a host of them—can view the magnificent monument above his grave which depicts him in the act of setting down the deathless music of *The Messiah.* If they wish to go further they can visit the Foundling Hospital, richly endowed by him in his lifetime, where some of the pipes of the original organ he gave to the homeless children have been incorporated in a modern instrument. In the last years of his life, when blindness had drawn its curtain about him, Handel doubtless liked to think of the joy his music had given to little ones who had never known their parents.

Handel composed splendidly on the organ and so did Johann Sebastian Bach, his contemporary, who was also a German. His work was great, but

Handel, the boy prodigy, who became the first of the great geniuses of music.

the work of the men who drew their inspiration from him—Mendelssohn, Wagner, Brahms and Schumann—was greater still. Perfect as are Bach's compositions, those of his disciples far outshine them. A stupendous age in the history of music was dawning. When it had run its course the names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner were enshrined for all time.

Mozart wrote a minuet at the age of five.

The lives and careers of these amazing musicians overlapped in a period of creation probably never equaled before or since.

The French in the year 1809 were marching in force on Vienna. With bayonets fixed their grenadiers were advancing, their cuirassiers were galloping forward, their batteries were hurling salvo upon salvo of shells into the doomed town. Houses were crashing to earth in ruins under the fire of the foe, when the pianist Haydn, dying of a mortal illness, had himself carried to his beloved instrument and played his famous *Austrian Hymn*. It was his gesture of defiance—his challenge to all earthly forces of destruction. And while his weakening fingers went tenderly over the keys, another great composer crouched in a cellar of the town. It was Beethoven, already menaced by deafness, his soul shuddering at the roaring of the guns whose concussion threatened to rob him still further of his hearing. Haydn died, Beethoven went deaf—and the guns roared on.

Yet the music which Haydn played with his last strength still sounds as clearly as ever, while the echoes of the cannon have died. The symphony, the sonata and the string quartette to-day remain in the form in which he framed them. His origin was humble, his people were peasants, he went to work instead of to school, but his talents brought him past all obstacles. Life was not always such a serious affair to him, for the story is told of how he was discharged from one choir for cutting off the pigtail of a fellow singer.

For a time he had to pick up his living as best he could and his poverty led him into strange situations. The musician Haydn, who later was to astonish the world, was seen as a youth fiddling in the streets. He passed plates and cleaned them as a music teacher's servant. He was delighted when he had the opportunity to pick up a few crowns for playing at a bourgeois dance. Then a wealthy family by the name of Esterhazy, who maintained their own band, took him under their protection and while conducting the band he found time to go on with the composition of sonatas.

London claimed him next and he took the town by storm. His symphonies were acclaimed, his sonatas and oratorios established him in the place he so richly deserved. Beethoven himself rushed up to kiss Haydn's hand at the

close of one concert. Mozart wept at their parting. Nor was it remarkable that his work should stir up such depths of emotion, for Haydn, despite the deep meaning of his compositions, endowed them with a rare brightness of spirit.

Mozart himself had known what it was to see the dark shadow of want at his door. This genius, who wrote a minuet at the age of five, had a childhood that glowed with romance. His father was a brilliant musician and so was his sister. All over the face of Austria the three Mozarts wandered, appearing even before the Empress Maria Theresa. The Empress had an attractive little daughter and with her the young Mozart played after the concert. No one could foresee then that years later this same tiny princess—Marie Antoinette—would be the martyr queen of a France red with the orgies of the Terror.

Beethoven crouched in a cellar, so that the roaring of Napoleon's artillery would not rob him of his hearing.

Franz Schubert died at 31, poverty-stricken

There came the time when Mozart emerged from boyhood and married. He was composing with skill and success, but in that far-off period the rewards of music, remarkable though it might be, were small indeed. It is told that a friend of Mozart, calling unexpectedly at the humble lodgings occupied by the musician, found him waltzing about the room with his wife. It was winter, the snow lay deep in the street outside, and chill blasts had made their way into the room.

"What are you two doing?" inquired the friend. Mozart and his wife stopped dancing. "You seem to be pretty happy for a day like this."

"We are not dancing because we are particularly happy," said the composer. "It is just our way of keeping warm. It is cold and there is no wood for the fire."

A pathetic incident, indeed, but there is one still more

pathetic to be recounted. Never did Mozart know what it was to have enough money. He was taken ill in 1791 and realizing that his end was near composed a Requiem with his waning strength. Around his death-bed gathered his family and a few friends, and at his request they rendered for him his last composition. A whirling snowstorm came on his funeral day; the paid men of the undertaker alone attended the great composer as his remains were carried to a pauper's grave. There is a monument now to the memory of Mozart in the Vienna cemetery to which he was borne, but it does not stand above his grave. When the time came—tragically late—and an aroused public sought to pay honor to the musician-genius it was discovered that his last resting place had been unmarked. Somewhere in the vast stretch of the graveyard it lay, but no one was able to say just where it was.

Arthur Sullivan.

His operas have endured for fifty years

Still a young man when he died, for he was under forty, Mozart left an impressive number of compositions to glorify his name. It is estimated that he wrote 769 works, including 50 symphonies. *Don Giovanni, The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Flute* are among the operas which he produced under conditions of want and discomfort which would have destroyed the inspiration of any one but a genius.

Those were not the times when the horn of plenty poured its gifts upon the musician. There followed soon the tragic career of yet another musician of rare talent, Franz Schubert, who died at thirty-one, disappointed and poverty-stricken, after splendid years of toil and accomplishment. One day he had chanced to turn the pages of Goethe's *Erl-King*. The spell of the poet's weird forest seized him and his pencil sped across the sheets of music paper, translating the words into magic notes. *The Erl-King* is a classic to-day, although Schubert received for it only the price of a few meals. The inscription over the tomb of Germany's most famous classical song writer is apt indeed: "Music buried here a rich possession and yet fairer hopes."

Great musicians all these men, but there was a greater yet to send his compositions ringing down the years. The best-known portrait of Beethoven shows a strong face with jutting eyebrows, lips pressed firmly together and a flowing mane of hair. It is better to think of the magnificent composer thus in the full flower of his genius than as the embittered musician who had grown so deaf that he could not hear his own glorious works and once in a fit of rage threw the soup at his housekeeper. Men who impress the stamp of their individuality on the centuries cannot be measured by ordinary rules. Beethoven had had a heritage of want and misery. His father was a drunkard who, deter-

mined that his son Louis should become a great musician, forced him to slave hour upon weary hour at the piano until his childish soul rebelled and he cried over the keys. When he arrived at Vienna, Mozart heard him play.

"The world will hear from this youngster," was the comment of Mozart, made from a full heart.

No one followed Mozart to the grave, but all Vienna turned out on a day in March, 1827, when the funeral cortège of Beethoven passed through the streets. Slowly but surely the world which had heard from this composer had come to appreciate the men who were making its music. Beethoven's sonatas are acknowledged as standing unequaled—his Nine Symphonies are regarded as the real basis of orchestral compositons. In his works he attained true grandeur.

Up to this time grand opera, while excellently composed by a number of musicians, had not really reached its full sweep and power. It took Wagner to bring about a revolution in this field. He disagreed with the old idea that words in opera did not count and that music was everything. As a result he turned grand opera from mere musical recital into great and harmonious drama. As a German he loved the old myths of his native land—*Lohengrin, Tristan* and *Tannhäuser* were among the operas that he based on such fireside tales. He too might have had a career of want and hunger had not the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria recognized his genius and acted as his patron.

Of all the great founders of music Wagner approached most nearly to modern times, for his death at Bayreuth did not occur until 1883.

Liszt, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, Tschaikowsky, Strauss, Puccini, Leoncavallo and many others are listed among the composers whose works are certain to survive the test of time. Most of the musicians who raised their talents to the pitch of genius, it seems, did so only through years of suffering and disappointment. Mendelssohn is a happy exception. Frederic Chopin, the great Pole, is not—he had to fight the wasting plague of consumption while he was setting down his dreamy, poetical compositions.

Mendelssohn, the musician born to wealth, met Chopin when he was rendering one of Chopin's works.

"It is beautiful," he said. "I could play it forever." Among these great men of music, it would seem, there was never the taint of jealousy. Genius recognized genius and as such extended the hand of perfect friendship.

It will take the passage of many more years, in all probability, to determine the lasting qualities of the light operas written by England's gallant composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame. They have endured a full fifty years so far and there seems to be no reason why they should not continue to be played indefinitely. Sullivan came to the front at a time when ability to appeal to the public with music meant real reward and before his death in 1900 he had reaped a well-deserved fortune. The day has come now when the musical genius no longer starves in a garret, but it is all the more honor to the great men of the past that they accomplished their immortal creations in the face of every hardship and difficulty that could be imposed upon them by the heedless centuries.

THE EMPTY BOWL

Decoration by W. T. Benda

Little Christ, Little Christ,
My child has cried;
His blue bowl is empty,
The fire has died.

Little Christ, Little Christ,
Bring him some milk.
Bring him a coat of wool,
Trimmed with bright silk.

Little Christ, Little Christ,
Bring him a toy,
Some shining wonder-thing
Of sweetest joy.

Little Christ, Little Christ,
Save him from sin;
Show him Thy Father's House,
Bid him come in.

—*Anita Fitch.*

GOLDEN DEEDS

By VIOLA ROSEBORO

DAY after day through the years the New York papers are threaded by a little, steady stream of the best news in the world. It tells of great deeds just done, oftenest by the obscurest of the obscure, deeds as divine as any gracing the legends of the saints or the myths of heroes.

Nothing can outshine the glory of doings which are usually recorded in minor paragraphs of fine print on inside pages. I call these laconic items the best news in the world because they tell of sacrifices and devotions which affirm and reaffirm the incredible nobility that goes along with our human-racial ignobility, and are like a portent of the Kingdom of Heaven. Most of those I see report local happenings, and we all know that people who live in more constant peril, sailors and miners and lumbermen for instance, furnish a proportionately greater array of heroes. Certainly the make-up man makes little of them, and it is easy to find out that his example hypnotizes most of his readers. They often complain that he gives big headlines to crime and puerilities, but in their own minds they don't go far in correcting his most important inversion of values. Undoubtedly the truth is readers are continually missing my best news in the world altogether, because typographically it looks so unimportant.

It was my luck to form in adolescence a habit of attention—though a sadly desultory habit—to the best news, thanks partly to limitations making me stupidly indifferent to much about trade balances and presidents and concessions and prime ministers and taxations and budgets. I know well that these ponderous matters are far more charged with human smiles and tears than they sound, but it is a consolation for my deficiencies to know too that they can never mean so much in this mysterious world as the moral splendors of Tom, Dick and Harry—even though no one can measure, all the more that no one can half measure, what their matter-of-course nobilities do signify in the soul of man.

I was started right by a brief editorial in the New York *Tribune* a long life-time ago—but I can remember where it stood on the page. That editorial stickful retold a trifle of news that as human history was sublime. In New York's East River, Hell Gate was being dealt with for the good of navigation. I must tell this tale's essentials in most simplified fashion, for its engineering basis I understand only in relation to a little band of workmen and their foremen. The wall between two chambers under water held a glass bull's-eye, that signals might be seen and interpreted from the one place to the other. While a foreman from the lower vault was commanding men in the upper the water broke in on the laborers; they must drown unless it could flow off through the bull's eye and drown the foreman. Without demonstration, without plea, the men awaited orders; and with small delay the foreman signaled that the glass be broken, and never made another sign in this world. On that quiet gesture—so the men described it—he was flooded up to God. He, I recall, was a Scandinavian and his first name Peter, but a hundred to one the men who awaited his command and shared his nobility were Irish. Those were the days when the Irish did most of our digging.

Since then they have done much else, sometimes we put it that they have done a plenty to us, but they still do more than their share for our daily litany of courage. They still flock to fill up the ranks of firemen and police-

men, those employees who engage to die on the job if the call comes. And rarely, very, very rarely, whatever their shortcomings, do they fail to meet that obligation. But this little paper cannot afford to consider firemen and policemen or there will be no room to crowd in anybody else. Beside they would say with prideful humility that their professional doings should not be cried up along with the achievements of people unassisted by any *esprit de corps* or preparatory training. I talk about their pride, not a doubt they have it, but I can't quit them without noting that I never saw so many hang-dog, miserable-looking little men got together as in the only bunch of segregated hero firemen I ever chanced to see being paraded as such.

Talk of the Irish brings up Tessie McNamara. Her name stayed with me because it is such a blue-eyed Irish dear of a name. And what a heroine she was! She has probably changed the McNamara before this, for it was during the Great War that, along with millions of others, she testified to the high stern stuff hidden under our human instability and self-indulgence. We supped day and night then on heart-breaking stories of lives thrown gallantly away, the best first, till in our pain we all but sickened of the universal immemorial ideals of honor, so bitterly did the devil seems to trade on them. Almost—but there was no denying worship to fidelity and devotion when Tessie's star rose. Tessie presided at the central telephonic switch-board of a vast ammunition factory over in New Jersey. And what did she do? Listen, and let us stagger as near as we can, lame teller and lame listener, to some vague notion of her deed—for it would demand a Shakespearian imagination really to take it in.

How can we conceive a fire among millions of shells when the thought of it simply benumbs all our faculties? The reality did not benumb Tessie! Millions of shells! But thousands and thousands of lives in her hands, her two little hands and no others, were what steadied solitary small Tessie at her main switch-board when her world exploded in roar and flame. Frantic hundreds were racing by her, every one but Tessie was running, but Tessie was busy at her switch-board; thirty-six separate divisions of the works must be warned, and Tessie must plug in thirty-six times, must call, get an answer, speak her warning, and that young throat must not stiffen with terror till the thirty-six were done with—unless she were resolved into her original gases before she got the last unknown (and contemned) guinea running. Just you try how long it takes to count thirty-six, but to count thirty-six while you merely imagine death grabbing for you! She called everybody—and then she keeled over in a dead faint, a little savior who could not save herself. Some late fugitive racing by saw her on the floor by her chair, swung her up over his shoulder and got away with her before that particular place ceased to spot up space.

Naturally right away, we may assume, she went to work at another switch-board—the boss would be appreciative enough to see that she did not lose much time—and of course she went on being the same Tessie she was before, just as frivolous as if she had never been heroic, probably annoyingly preoccupied with her vanity-box and intemperate with her lip-stick, deplorably given to cutting her lunches to buy finery, and her sleep to dance in it. I doubt though if any could deny that she went to Mass every Sunday and regularly confessed all her regulation sins, even if she did wish Father Kelly wasn't so terrible strict. All I know about her, worse luck, is the scanty outline in the newspapers of her sublime hour; but thank God I have known many another of her kind, with names like Tessie McNamara.

Tessie's calls had a setting of mad and awful magnitude, but you can die just the same in ordinary fires and floods and it was only a few weeks ago that in some small fire a lame girl drove her mate to jump for the net

while she stuck to the switch-board and went West. Telephone girls take no oath to die in the pursuit of duty, but ever and ever again they are seeing the last man out of burning buildings, and calling warnings of floods till the wires are down and the foundations beneath them giving way. It is a help to remember that when one is a victim of a wrong number, though indeed I wish to pay their regular service tribute too. Wrong numbers are amazingly few in my experience.

It is since I began this paper that an office-boy, noon-time substitute proved that the switch-board girls had nothing on him. He stayed on after everyone was out of the burning place, under the illusion that he might still be wanted, and seemingly would have met the fate of Casabianca of established memory, if a fireman had not stumbled on him and insisted that the firemen's union was now in command and scab labor not tolerated.

I am telling of these beautiful braveries as one thing brings up another, for I have no records but a small deciduous crop of chance clippings, and there is no order in my capricious memory, which even in this field is always dropping more than it retains. Yet the great array of forgotten gallant triumphs and failures, which have heartened me during my life, hearten me still in the very fact that they are too innumerable for recollection.

But I don't think I will ever forget the executive who took charge when last winter, 1925, an epileptic fell off a subway platform at a rush hour. Right after him went a great nameless heroine, a stranger who had never seen him before; a train was coming, but she left any one who would to attend to stopping the train, while she kept herself and the unconscious man off the third rail and got him heaved up into the hands reaching down for him. Meanwhile the thick crowd surged to the platform's end crying and waving frantically to the oncoming motorman who just did manage to keep well off the struggling pair. The rescue-lady sent some one for an ambulance, dryly explained herself, as it were, by saying she was a nurse—so naturally you see jumping in front of express trains was all in the day's work for her—refused to tell her name and got away. From their standpoint the reporters had not enough to go on to make a stickful.

Just now as I write comes a supreme example of that divine foolishness which underlies all heroism. A contradiction in terms appears if you try to think of reasonable heroism. This news is on the front page—because it is about a calamity to people of some property and position. The mistress of the country-house which burned down was but just home from a hospital where only a week before she had undergone an operation for appendicitis. Her nurse was with her when somehow the house took fire and with appalling suddenness went up in flames. The two women were cut off from help. The nurse could have saved herself by jumping, for the sick-room windows were only one flight above soft flower-beds and green turf. But the other woman could not jump; she must die; and this stranger nurse could not leave her to die alone, could not turn from her helpless charge, *her charge,* and save herself. She could not save the other, but a self-saving gesture in the teeth of the other's agony—no matter how justifiable—she simply could not make it. A man called to her from that green ground so soft and safe and close, but she could not come, for she must comfort another up to the edge of doom. The two dead women were found locked in each other's arms. Always the dread loneliness of the dying grips the heart; none, we say, can reach near them in that dark and fearful hour; but these two must in death have come closer together than can ever any of us poor humans in life. Their solitary terrors must have been drowned, half-drowned, in a swift supreme revelation.

And what was that revelation but of the underlying, deepburied though unconscious good-will among men?

"Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend."

Yet love enough for that is always cropping up in the hour of need through the most unpromising surfaces, where there is no claim on it save in human brotherhood.

I proudly cherish acquaintance with one who once rose to a folly worthy to be mentioned along with the holy compassion of that dead nurse. Though, as the hero this time neither died nor achieved anything, his foolishness made small stir even at the time and among eye-witnesses, showing again how matter-of-course are sublimities among men. Withal, however, after the still fashion of plain men who know the taste of danger, my little city chap is set down in one fishing village as a man.

This time, to be sure, it was an old friend who must try to share the fate of his friend; but he took action, went out of his way, leaped away from safety, to do it. The endangered man was being carried out to sea, and the other was on shore, and, being no great swimmer, not so good as his imperiled friend, there was not a chance in the world that he could effect anything. Seafaring men, some of them experienced in coast-guard service, were standing on that beach and justifiably counting themselves helpless. They knew what that combination of wind and tide and current meant, and honorably enough judged it wrong to throw lives away. But there was another kind of claim clamoring in the heart of the little landsman; once the swimmer passed yonder point of land he would be altogether lost, out of sight and past help against his solitary doom. There was no chance of helping him, but this one on-looker could not go on drawing his breath on shore. Stripping swiftly he started swimming for dangers which were besting a stronger combatant. The treachery of sea currents can work both ways, and some unexplained slackening of the combination against him enabled the lost man to make a turn and save himself. Whereupon enlightening shouts from shore brought the last man to turn about before it was too late.

But all this talk about the hopelessness of his essay is after all tainted with that reasonableness that the existence of heroes flouts. One of the things heroes are always proving afresh is that the impossible is possible. Here is an illustrative tale, and it too concerns a gentleman I am honored to know, a young Bostonian of the fastidious Boston sort, whose distinguished name satisfactorily escaped print in connection with his most distinguished achievement; which reminds me that no heroism known to me personally ever did get in print. So there is evidence that the ones which pepper our dailies are but a small proportion of those which overtax the Recording Angel.

This youth's attack on the impossible saved two lives. Such triumphant gambles are not rare, but they are always especially starry. No Bostonian reasonings paralyzed his absurd reactions when from afar he saw three poor Italian lads go through the ice into the Charles River. He was on the third floor of the paternal mansion, looking on the frozen stream from a back window, and the house was in the middle of the block. After getting to the street he must run half a block and turn the corner to reach the river. Would not any one with a grain of sense have known it could not be done in time? And were there not plenty of people nearer by to do all that could be done? But no, this quietest of lads did not have any sense of that sort. He was down those stairs, around the corner and in the river—his clothing intact and his watch in his pocket—in time to save two of the three. And he turned up the next day at the friend's house where he was due (and where I met him) with a cold and no explanation of how he caught it. It was months before his mother appeared and told details that no mother could be expected to suppress to suit any son.

But if you think that was a feat, what about the ten-year-old who in

1923 pulled three little girls out of a frozen country pond adjacent to our metropolis, and then had to rescue two of them the second time because, in their absorption with his efforts with number three, they fell in again? I saved a very shamefaced picture of him that a newspaper photographer snapped when, days after, the papers got hold of the story because the neighbors were trying to show that he should have a Carnegie medal. I suppose he got the medal—it can't matter much, and the papers are right to make even less of such chancy hit-and-miss honors than they do of the great deeds which may or may not be so honored.

It seems no one past the cradle is too young for the crowding ranks of heroes. With tragic frequency the papers briefly note the efforts of one little child to save a yet smaller one from trolley and truck. Sometimes the little Greatheart does it and dies himself. Any one who has habitually watched tenement-house children would know that so it must be. I have been taking my every opportunity to note their doings in street and park for a lifetime and I never saw boys or girls fail in devotion to the lesser ones in their charge. The tenements' free-ranging infants are far more rewarding objects of observation than the properly chaperoned and nurse-guarded. There is the text of a sermon on education long simmering in my breast, but I cannot hope to be allowed to preach it here.

With a new day comes now the news of a ghastly railroad disaster on Rockport Siding, New Jersey, and the obscurest thing in the columns about it is the testimony of one gentleman, name and address given, to conduct of such surpassing self-forgetfulness as uplifts the lives of holy men. Here it is not even emphasized, merely mentioned by an eye-witness whose emotion makes him baldly laconic. He briefly tells about tearing up blankets for bandages and seeing a dozen badly scalded men lying together on the grass, and then goes on to say, "We could look into the first day coach . . . A scalded woman was trying to prevent another from getting up and running around. A man scalded around the chest was trying to make a friend comfortable." Ask God to help you guess what a bad big steam scald is like!

As I have said, I clearly remember few of these sacred happenings out of the many I read, but I could tell more than I should tell here. It is a kind of recital that must be made short because it stretches us so far above our usual commonplace that we can't go on responding to it long. Yet how omit one moment's tribute to that lame clerk at Bellevue who, this spring, seeing a delirious woman making for the sea wall, makes his last hippity-halting run after her, follows her into the water and drowns with her! How leave out the governess who, something over a year ago, died on Riverside Drive under a disorderly motor-car's wheels, because she had stopped to throw her little charges out of danger! And further back in memory was a middle-aged maid-of-all-work in some neighboring New Jersey town who chose to burn to death that she might save the baby of the house, the darling of people so much more fortunate than her poor drudging self. *Noblesse oblige?* Never is the obligation so nobly recognized as by the poor and humble and down-trodden when they, out of the largesse of their souls, confer salvation on the lucky and the proud. And things are always happening that way. When it comes to giving your life for another, class distinctions are ignored and the poor are freely permitted to rise to any nobility of self-sacrifice.

I can't see why we should let the rebels of the universe stump us with defiant demands for an explanation of the existence of evil. Why don't we turn around and ask them to explain such a many towering peaks of selfless mystic love? No one ever said—or no one but negligible theologians—that the whole was a simple, plain, comprehensible, open-and-shut proposition; and if the professionally impious an-

swer us by saying that goodness is to be expected, is not mysterious because goodness is normal, surely that is not exactly a consistent position either.

I once heard an able and greatly experienced lawyer do better than that at taking a rational, practical stand as to the existence of goodness. He was ardently defending our jury system—so greatly contemned by the sophomorically superior. He closed a cogent argument by declaring, 'I'll pick a jury out of Sing Sing any time that I'll guarantee to have lying awake nights to give me a just verdict—that is if you'll keep them away from temptation. Maybe a dollar would corrupt 'em, but they don't need any temptation to try to do right. I don't know why people want to be good, greatest mystery in the Universe to me, but they do.''

Yes, there is the ultimate and most significant mystery of all our mysterious existence, yet the law and the prophets and newspaper headlines all unite in taking it for granted; taking it for granted that, desperately wicked as we are, we naturally want to be good, and that no ''motives'' are needed to explain the supremest sacrifices of one stranger for another. On this scene of greed and cruelty that goes as to be expected. I thrill at the unconscious pride of that position; but when puppets shaped like humans cry out against making much of heroes and their deeds because heroes are so common and are often such ordinary and below ordinary sinners, they sound to me as if they were committing the sin against the Holy Ghost.

''Physical courage is the commonest thing in the world''—that cry made in contempt is the sure sign of some denatured, odious and vain sophistication, or else of that bewildered mental stupidity which reverses the fact and thinks the goodness which is ordinary must be unimportant.

The plain man feels instinctively and the scientific knows that we would not be here, there would be no human race, if courage were not common, and no other virtues whatsoever if it were not both the commonest and the most obligatory, since all the others rest at bottom on it. There are reasons deeper than Tom, Dick and Harry can state for their eternal racial conviction that cowardice is the major infidelity.

All goodness is lovely—and there is tautology in such a statement. The lovely is the good. What balls us up ruinously in our lame efforts to give honor where honor is due is foolishness about who and what deserves ''credit'' and how much or how little—that being something we cannot know anything about or have any proper concern with. Making the decisions of blind mice on credit and demerit marks is doing just what Jesus of Nazareth forbade—''Judge not.'' But reaching after wisdom as to what sort of *conduct* is beautiful, good, is the beginning of salvation. Courage is common and glorious as mother love is common and beautiful. We must cherish all the old records and legends of noble devotions and self-effacing compassions, but if at the same time we do not take it in that every day the most ordinary citizens are behaving altogether as grandly all around us, we simply get no true measure of the honor it is to be a human being.

''There is no wise man, there is no man of power,'' says Emerson; ''there are men through whom wisdom and power sometimes flow.'' So the greatest thing in the world, the ultimate good-will, we see flowing in supreme moments through little soiled broken human beings. And we are told that this unreckoning impulse to save another's life is instinctive and oftenest prevails without thought or resolution. It is as if at such moments the Infinite Good-will drove through and took possession of its own, and proved again that men are the children of God.

The divine stream does not go on flowing. Jim Smith is not transformed because he is scorched and broken in the fire he braved to save the Jones

kids. The old mysterious scheme resumes sway and he must again battle with the world, the flesh and the devil on less inspired terms. But whatever his fortunes in that war, more than the Jones family are in his debt forever.

Let us watch and pray that we too in the hour of trial may be better than our everyday selves.

It grows plain why the papers blazon crime and for the most part obscurely tuck away the most moving happenings of their daily harvest. They are newspapers, and these heavenly wonders are small news. They are as common as the blessed grass. We poor humans are blown upon by endless winds of temptation, are forever falling in the mud, are weak when we think we are strong, in awful danger of self-righteousness—the ugliest sin of all—as soon as we begin to grow a little pleased with ourselves, yet always our plentiful crimes remain more news than when one of us lays down his life for another, any other.

Surely that particular schedule of journalistic values should not depress us.

I don't know just what the papers should do about blazoning or not blazoning misconduct in big type. But I have a shrewd notion that these blazonings generally are merely a symptom, a symptom of stupidity and immaturity in consumers. Letters on a child's blocks are big, too; and diminishing their size does not make the child older and wiser. But surely only criminals have a sound case when it comes to arguing for the suppression of news about crime. They are the ones really inconvenienced by such sensationalism.

What I am clear and convinced and pronounced against is the idea that it is up to the papers' news columns to help us get more good of the best news. No, to treat such stories as I have been telling as other than small news, to be baldly and briefly reported, is to belittle it. To have the sob squads habitually turned on it would be a sacrilege, and, as essays are not for the news columns, something like the sob squad's work is the only alternative.

No, it is we who should change, should be less hypnotized by type, and more thoughtful in seeking matter which means more to feelings and faith than any form of statement can fathom.

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—Henry Abby.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH OF ENGLISH SONG

I

From "Christ's Nativity"

Awake, glad heart! get up, and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake, awake! hark, how th' wood rings,
Winds whisper, and the busie springs
A concert make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird, or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to Thee.

—*Henry Vaughan (1650–65)*

II

When the herds were watching
In the midnight chill,
Came a spotless lambkin
From the heavenly hill.

Snow was on the mountains,
And the wind was cold,
When from God's own garden
Dropped a rose of gold.

When 'twas bitter winter,
Houseless and forlorn
In a star-lit stable
Christ the Babe was born.

Welcome, heavenly lambkin;
Welcome, golden rose;
Alleluia, Baby,
In the swaddling clothes!

—*William Canton*

III

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His bib, or stomacher;
And tell Him, for good handsel* too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need.
Tell Him, for coral thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, He should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of His,
Then never take a second one,
To spoil the first impression.

—*Robert Herrick*

*A good luck gift.

IV

From "A Handfull of Celestiall Flowers" (1632)

All this night shrill chanticleer,
Day's proclaiming trumpeter,
Claps his wings and loudly cries,
"Mortals, mortals, wake and rise!
See a wonder
Heaven is under,
From the earth is risen a Sun
Shines all night though day be done.

"Wake, O earth, wake everything,
Wake and hear the joy I bring,
Wake and joy; for all this night
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing,
Angels, powers and all that be,
Wake and joy this Sun to see.

"Hail, O Sun, O blessed Light,
Sent into the world by night,
Let thy rays and heavenly powers
Shine in this dark soul of ours;
For most duly
Thou art truly
God and man we do confess.
Hail, O Sun of Righteousness!"

V

Lift up your heartes and be glad!
In Christes birth the angel bade;
Say each to other, if any be sad:
What cheer? Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year.

Now the King of heaven His birth hath take,
Joy and mirth we ought to make!
Say each to other, for his sake:
What cheer? Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year.

I tell you all with heart so free,
Right welcome ye be to me.
Be glad and merry for charity!
What cheer? Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!
Be merry and glad this good New Year.

—*Old English* (*Before 1536*)

Decoration by Elizabeth MacKinstry

A GREEN RIVER POCAHONTAS

THERE were love stories in the Rockies in the early pioneer days, and sometimes Indian brides played heroic rôles in saving their trapper husbands from sudden massacre. Many of them became the mothers of splendid boys and girls who grew up to play an important part in the days of the first settlement of the West.

Such an Indian woman was the wife of Peter Skene Ogden; her children honored her name for many years in early Oregon history. They were looked up to as fine Americans by all who came in contact with them.

But of all the romances of the mountains the most unusual was that of an Indian beauty of the Crow tribe named Umentucken. This name had been given with a true poetic spirit, for when translated it meant "The Mountain Lamb."

The romance which won her as a white man's bride began in the beautiful Bear River Valley, in Utah and Idaho, and ended six years later when a Bannock arrow pierced the beautiful Indian girl's heart and laid her dead at her trapper husband's feet, a sacrifice to the red man's jealousy.

The first chapter in the story began when Milton Sublette was stabbed in a row with a Rockaway Indian of his own hunting party. It was considered certain that he would die. Mountain men could not tarry when a spring hunt for beaver was on. So during the spring of 1832 they left Sublette beside the Bear River, to live out what were supposed to be his few remaining days.

Joe Meek, already called "Old Joe," and famous because he had tracked Indian horse thieves one hundred miles on foot and had come back with the stolen horses plus a large number from the Indian band, was left with Sublette to bury him and mark the grave.

But the Bear River Valley, with its rich verdure and its fish-filled streams of splashing mountain water, was not a place which invited death. Sublette's wound improved. Fish, which Joe Meek caught from the stream, and berries which he picked on the hillsides, brought a remarkable recovery.

After forty lonesome days, two strong men rode east out of Bear River Valley, to seek their friends at the summer rendezvous far to the northward in Pierre's Hole. They had taken the Green River Valley Trail as the best way to the rendezvous. But, as they laughed over the surprize party they expected to spring on Jim Bridger and their other friends, they suddenly found themselves surrounded by Crow warriors.

There was nothing to do but to make a race for life. By this time both Meek and Sublette were acquainted with the Crow language and Crow customs. They knew that the Crows respected their Medicine Lodge as ancient Greeks repected their temples. Far ahead of them the two riders saw the Indian village with this sacred tepee standing bold against the horizon, the most conspicuous lodge of all. Toward it they guided their horses as they sank spurs

into their quivering sides and urged them to top speed.

The sanctuary they reached at last, barely ahead of their Indian pursuers. Here they were safe, but only for a little while. No Indian could now drive an arrow through one of them, and boast and sing about the deed at the next war dance. But the tribal council could condemn the prisoners to death, and order them to be sacrificed.

The council was duly called, as the two white men sat gloomily in a dark corner of the great lodge. The Indians harangued for hours over the question of their fate. All seemed to be against them, except one chief, Gotia the Good, who pleaded for their lives. He pleaded for the policy of peace that in the next generation made the Crows our greatest of Indian friends.

Meanwhile, outside of the lodge, something was happening of which they were unaware. Umentucken, the beautiful daughter of Gotia, had heard her father's plea. She had heard the voices of opposition. And who can tell the ways of a maiden's heart? Maybe she had seen the handsome white men and, like Pocahontas of old, did not want to have an Indian war club end their lives.

Whatever may have been her motive, the young Indian girl suddenly appeared beside the two prisoners. Excluded from the council in another part of the great tepee, they were lost in the shadows, and Umentucken had slipped under the buffalo robes where she would be least likely to attract attention.

She whispered her word of warning.

"Outside your horses await you," she said. "Ride, ride for your lives all night. And to-morrow do not tarry."

The white men slipped out into the gathering gloom. They rode, as directed, all night and the next day they did not tarry. They finally regained their friends—but two white men had lost their hearts—and to the same dusky Indian lass of the mountains. They dreamed of their beautiful deliverer and wished, each for himself, that he might bear her away to be his own forever. Milton Sublette was soon to have his love blossom into romance, for he made friends with these Crows and was offered the hand of Umentucken by her father. After the Indian custom, he paid ponies and beads and scarlet cloth for her. And then he lavished much more of these to make his bride the most beautifully dressed girl among all the mountain clans.

Joe Meek also loved—and watched from a distance the man whose life he had saved and the girl who in turn had saved his own. Winter came and the trappers took the cold trail down out of the Rockies for the Snake River.

A fierce storm of snow and sleet came up out of the northwest when Unmentucken was riding far behind the pack horses, with her newborn babe in her arms. Joe Meek saw that they suffered from the cold. Gallant after the manner of his Virginia ancestors, Joe slipped out of his huge capote or outer garment, and threw it over the shoulders of Umentucken.

Then for half a day he rode with breast naked and bared to the storm. while mother and babe went on snugly warm beneath the Virginian's cloak. At the Portneuf camp they had to roll Joe Meek in the snow to get the frost out of him before letting him come too near the fire!

And Joe Meek loved the Mountain Lamb, too, with a love that was not wholly in vain. Sublette fell victim to an old wound in 1835, and started east to seek a surgeon's aid. At the fort built by his brother William and first named Fort William after him, Sublette died. Stories of his life are still told at this old frontier post, now called Fort Laramie after a trapper killed on the river beside which it stands.

The widow found in Joe Meek an ardent wooer, when it was made plain that Sublette would not come back to the mountains any more. For Umentucken he whirled his California lasso gracefully over the head of the most handsome pony in his herd and gave it to her for a mount.

Many years afterward, old Joe insisted she was the most beautiful woman he had ever known. He gave her cut-glass beads, a saddle for which he paid $150, and a bridle richly decorated with porcupine quills to match it. For this bridle he paid $50.

He did not know it, but with his rich presents he was also giving his dusky bride her warrant of death. For the women in Indian tepees in the Rockies never let their spouses rest for talking about Umentucken. They wanted to know why they could not have such ponies, such a saddle, such a bridle, such bands of fine beads to decorate their shabby steeds!

It proved too much for some young Bannock braves. Taunted by the girls to whom they made love, because they did not offer gifts such as Umentucken had received, the Bannocks rode through the white men's camp on a wild stampede. All were aroused. Umentucken came to the door of her lodge. A Bannock riding past loosed a swift arrow aimed fairly for her heart. She received her death wound; but she did not die alone. The chief of the raiding Bannocks was tumbled to the dust by a bullet from Joe Meek's rifle. When she had gone he mourned her as deeply and truly as any man ever mourned his sweetheart.

Her romance became a legend. Many a gloomy encampment in earlier days has been made brighter by the telling of this little love tale of the mountains, enacted in the times before white women had penetrated into the wild fastnesses of the Sweetwater, and the romantic region beyond the Wind River crags.

THE WAYS

From All's Well!

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham

FATHER GILLIGAN

By ELIZABETH JACKSON

IN a little village of Ireland the good priest Father Gilligan had spent many years caring for the people of his parish. Day and night his time and his strength were at their service. Whether it was to baptize a baby, to marry a pair of happy lovers, to pray by the sick or to comfort those who had lost their loved ones, whoever sent for him always found him ready to answer the summons. His people loved to meet him as he rode about the parish, for he had always a smile and a cheery word for every one.

Then came a terrible epidemic of sickness. The good old priest worked night and day, visiting the sick and burying the dead. One evening he came home and sinking wearily into a chair fell fast asleep. He was very tired, for he had had no rest the night before, but he had slept only a few minutes when a knock at his door awakened him. Another poor man who was dying had sent for Father Gilligan.

"I'll come at once," said the good priest. But when the messenger had gone and he thought of the long ride before him, he exclaimed,

"Always some one dying! Shall I never have any rest or peace?"

Then he was ashamed of his weakness in thinking of himself when one of his people needed him, and falling on his knees by the chair he hid his face and cried,

"Forgive me, dear God! It was only my weary body that spoke. My soul is strong and rejoices to serve Thee. Forgive my weakness, dear God." But the poor old priest was so tired that even as he prayed he fell fast asleep once more.

It grew dark and the stars came out, but Father Gilligan slept on. Night passed; dawn came, and the good priest awoke with a start.

"Alas!" he cried. "The poor man may have died while I was a sleeping.

He ran out to saddle his horse and rode as hard as he could, along rocky lanes, over hills and through marshy valleys or fens, until he reached the house to which he had been summoned. The sick man's wife opened the door.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Have you come back so soon?"

"Come back?" he repeated in amazement, but the woman went on,

"My husband died an hour ago, just after you left us. Your prayers cheered him so that he died happily, with a smile on his lips."

Then Father Gilligan knew that an angel must have come while he slept to take his place and minister to the sick man. The good man fell upon his knees and humbly thanked God who had had pity on him and had sent His angel down so that the faithful priest might be spared the sorrow of feeling that he had failed one of his people.

An Irish poet has told this story very beautifully. Perhaps you will like his poem.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

The old priest Peter Gilligan
  Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
  Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair."
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

"He Who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He Who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

—*William Butler Yeats.*

THE LAST RACE

Given a month to live if he continued at work, or a possible three months if he rested in Florida, Ernest Harold Baynes chose to keep working. He is known to thousands through his lectures and books, most of them connected with birds and other forest creatures. The following poem, written shortly before he died, appeared in *The Outlook* a few days after his death. Its spirit may suggest Henley's famous *Invictus,* with an added poignancy drawn from real life. *Editor's note.*

I have the mount on Courage to-day,
And Death is riding the White,
Through the paddock gate, with a smile at fate,
To the track in the slanting light.

The odds on Death are short, they say,
And how shall a sportsman choose?
There is just one test, you must ride your best,
Then you win, if you win or lose.

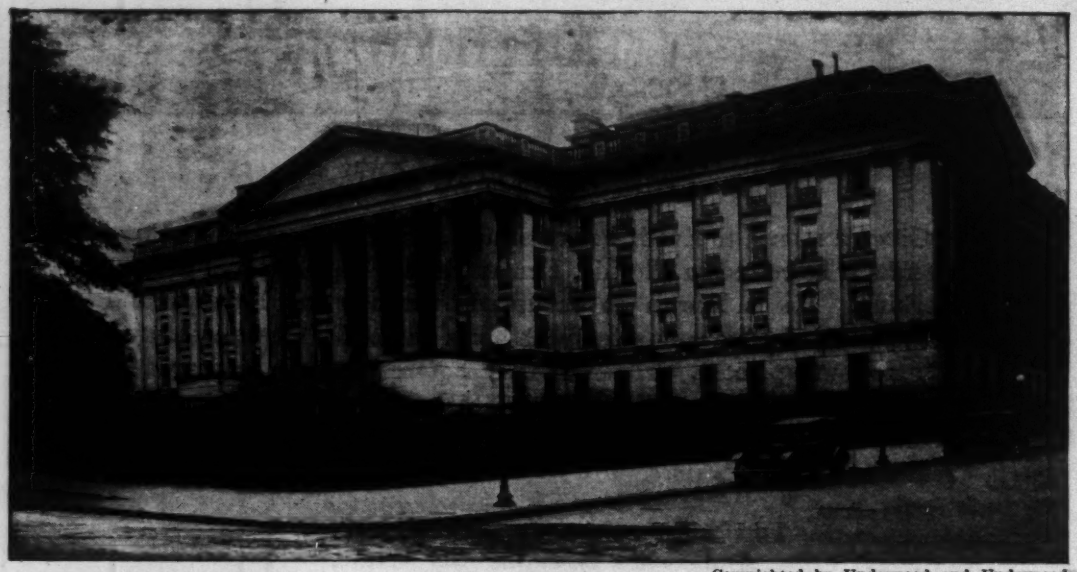
We face the flag on our hill-rimmed course,
It falls to a perfect start,
No waiting race—we must set the pace,
The pace that will break his heart.

On the long back stretch we lead by a length,
Old Courage asserting his pride,
Till Death shows fight and calls on the White:
He rides! For he *has* to ride.

As we swing to the straight, we are still in the van,
My horse at the top of his speed,
With Death's coming fast—we are nearing the last,
And the last is already decreed.

The horses, lapped to their saddle girths,
Rush through like a storm-swept fire—
Death wins! Bravo! But I laugh in his face,
As he noses me out at the wire.

Ernest Harold Baynes



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USING OUR MONEY

By JOHN PLUNKETT

DURING the past several months we have witnessed the greatest boom in stocks that has ever occurred in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. Shares representing partial ownership in various corporations have risen recently to prices which even a few months ago would have been considered ridiculous. With every fresh surge forward in security values old stock traders look for the end, prepare for what experience has told them is the inevitable reaction. Yet while it would be a bold man who would predict that stock prices are going still further upwards, as a matter of fact there are no indications, to the time of writing, of anything else, and it is entirely possible that, barring accidents, values of sound securities may yet go to levels unthought of to-day.

What is the answer? In a recent article Mr. Walter S. Hiatt told readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE of our enormous gold supply. "Too much gold — eating its head off," he said. It is the existence of this enormous golden flood in the United States that has made possible the greatest bull market in history and has brought about changes in our economic condition that we are only now beginning to understand dimly. It is the existence of this apparently inexhaustible reservoir of money that leads many students of business to declare that this country is not merely in a "boom," but at the beginning of a new and wonderful period of prosperity that may last, with only minor set-backs, fifty years or more.

It seems, but is not, an extravagant statement that the available money supply of the United States is so great that there is not the faintest danger in very many years of the needs of commerce catching up with and putting a strain upon it. By this I do not mean that there is no possibility of temporary periods of tight money due to special causes. Such periods may well be beneficial, a salutary check. And we will never avail ourselves of our fullest possible money supply. 'Twould be madness to do this. Up to ten years ago productive and consumptive expansion was often stopped by scarcity of money.

The facts about our money supply are obvious and easily understandable. Eleven years ago, just before the outbreak of the Great War, we had in this country a total money supply of $3,738,000,000, of which $1,805,000,000 was in

gold. And this supply practically could not be expanded except through the discovery of more gold. We were using normally almost all this money. Although 1914 was a poor business year, the amount of money in circulation, in actual use by the public, was $3,402,000,000. There was very little surplus to provide for business expansion.

To-day our situation has been radically changed. The money in the country, according to the latest figures I have — and those only a few weeks old — amounts to $8,206,000,000 and of this but little more than half, $4,784,000,000, is in circulation. With good business conditions all over, or almost all over the country, we have a money surplus, unused cash, of $3,500,000,000 in round figures! It would take an incredible increase in the volume of business to use up this surplus.

Let us suppose for an instant that the business and money requirements of our fair land grew to a point where the $3,500,000,000 surplus now existing was all in use. Would a money shortage then inevitably follow, as it would have ten years ago? It would not. For we now have the Federal Reserve System, which permits expansion of circulating medium based not on gold supply alone, but on the legitimate needs of commerce. If need be we could expand our money supply to twenty-five billions, thirty billions of dollars, or even more.

If this were all it would be more than enough. But not only is our money supply greater than it ever was, greater than we are likely to need for a generation, but it is being more carefully used than it ever was before. Some four years ago American business suffered a severe set-back. Production ran ahead of consumption. Manufacturers, apparently believing consumption would never stop, found to their cost that it had a saturation point. Not only manufacturers, but wholesalers, retailers, and others found themselves caught with big surpluses of unsold goods which, to move, they eventually had to sacrifice. And our economic structure shivered for a long time from the blow. Every dollar's worth of these overproduced goods tied up its equivalent in money, took that much cash or credit from the available supply. Business men are apprehensive of being caught again. They

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are buying only what raw material they can use immediately, and manufacturing only what goods they can sell immediately. This is freeing an incalculable amount of money for other purposes.

Still another element in the present situation making for money conservation is the fact that it is generally realized that in most lines of production the existing facilities of the United States are sufficient to cover all consumptive needs for a long time. As a result factories are being consolidated to save costs; new plants are not being built. And less money is needed for construction, expansion and operation.

And in this course they are being aided by the fact that railroad service is the best we have ever enjoyed. Certainty of getting quick deliveries of goods makes stocking up unnecessary.

Finally, we are promised and expect reduced taxes which will release still more funds for creative and productive purposes.

Because of this superabundance of money, many economic experts predict that the United States is on the verge of a period of inflation — has already started on it. I am not quite clear just what is meant in this case by inflation. Certainly if it is the inflation that followed the war in Germany, Austria and other European countries, when fictitious currency was ground off printing presses as fast as they could work, we are in no such danger. We already have too much real money — the international medium of exchange, gold — to make this necessary or possible. But, if by inflation is meant that the value of money as measured in terms of commodities purchased with it will decline, then inflation seems unavoidable.

For money hates idleness. It is the most industrious thing we know of. The hatred of Dame Nature for a vacuum is no greater than that of money for innocuous desuetude. It wants to work, and sooner or later will get to work. And the more money working the less goods will it buy.

And we come at last to the consideration of the effect of the golden floods on security investments.

Given a free hand money will always increase itself. Its industry is always productive. It will always seek the greatest return — interest — it can, proportionate to safety. But rather than do nothing it will take any old return offered. If it cannot get seven per cent. it will take six per cent. or five per cent. Under the stress of competition with other money it will content itself with two per cent., or even one per cent.

The urge of money to reproduce itself will sooner or later break its bonds and enable our surplus, or part of it at least, to get to work. And money works through investment — investment in agriculture, transportation, manufacturing, service, or stocks and bonds representing all of these.

It has often been stated that money is exceedingly timorous. This is less than a half truth. If it were the fact that money is the timid thing it is represented it would be plain that the immense funds that will be seeking investment in the next few years would go largely into the highest grade bonds, where the margin of safety is wide, and the investor who bought such bonds today would be sure of reaping a harvest in the course of two or three years.

But money, while timid enough, is not nearly so fearful as it is greedy for profit. Its animating motive is nothing but the combined financial sentiment of all civilized men — all who use money.

If money has to be satisfied with a low return, it will seek this return first where there is a possibility of increasing itself in another way, by profit, and where there is a possibility of an increase in that return. In the case of high grade bonds the yield is fixed. Moreover, if we are on the verge of a period of inflation, or of depreciated money value, the interest on these bonds will buy less and less of commodities and the money received for the bonds themselves, if maturing, will be worth less in goods. While, under the same conditions, the price of stocks will be enhanced and the dividends increased.

With the huge sums of money that, it seems to me, will be seeking investment for some time to come, it appears inevitable that good stocks will be in general demand and that those with sound management and good dividend record will be competed for, by capital, until they sell at a low yield. When the period of inflation, if it comes, shall have run its course, or if there is still money left over, the trend will turn to bonds.

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PRESENT PROSPERITY OF FLORIDA IS SAFE AND SOUND

What The Wall Street Chronicle Has Learned As a Result of Its Investigations

THE *Wall Street Chronicle* is convinced, after a most careful and thorough investigation of the situation in Florida, that prevailing prosperity there is permanent; that it is the result of a slow but positive appreciation by the public of its many advantages; that Henry M. Flagler was right when he visualized a great future for the Peninsula State.

We agree with Roger W. Babson when he makes these remarks: "That although I am fully convinced that in any event this dawning of prosperity (in this country) would have been accompanied by a boom in some section, there are powerful reasons why the choice of the locality should have fallen upon Florida. A locality rarely, if ever, has a boom of any duration unless the locality is fundamentally sound. Regardless of any question of speculation or inflation, Florida has resources which entitle it to rank as one of the most interesting states in the country."

With sixty-eight per cent. of its wealth represented by manufactures and twenty-six per cent. by farm products, amounting to more than $375,000,000 annually, the state appears to be on a very firm foundation.

Any marked disadvantage it may possess at this time is through questionable real estate fakers—for which it is not entirely responsible.

In this issue the decision of Henry Ford as to the best section of the state is explained. In succeeding issues other phases of this situation will be outlined.

What is the most desirable section of Florida? That is the question that is asked most frequently by our readers and is, rightly enough, the most pertinent in relation to Floridian real estate investments.

If this query is made more definite: What is the best section for permanent and attractive living conditions? or what is the best business section? or even, what is the best for quick profits? we get our answer much more quickly.

To the Northerner, especially, that section of Florida below the so-called "frost-line"—south of Fort Pierce on the East Coast and Arcadia on the West Coast—is the most attractive.

This will comprise part of St. Lucie County, De Sota, Okeechobee, Manatee, Lee, Hendry, Palm Beach, Broward and Dade Counties, and the Key West section. This is where Florida is generally the warmest. It is also the section that has shown the greatest enhancement in values because it comprises the Palm Beaches, Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Bradentown, Fort Myers and should include St. Petersburg—allowing for the warmer Gulf of Mexico on the West coast.

The "best business section" is still Jacksonville, with sections adjoining Miami, Palm Beach, St. Petersburg and Tampa in second position.

The best sections for farm lands are the Lake counties in the middle of the state, especially in Orange, Seminole and Lake Counties, and between Arcadia, Fort Myers and La Belle in the south.

The remaining part of these questions, What is the best for quick profits? is one which the investor must decide for himself.

On the basis of rapid increase in population, which is probably the most important at the present time, the so-called "below the frost line" section will show the greatest gains. With a population now of more than a million it is safe to estimate an increase to five million within the next several years. (An estimate of ten million in less than ten years has been made by many careful authorities.)

Henry Ford apparently is of this opinion. His investments are chiefly in and around La Belle, not far from Fort Myers. It is here that the great auto-

La Belle Manor

FLORIDA

On the Highway Between West Palm Beach and Fort Myers

In a locality that is attracting the far seeing investor and where big development projects are already under way. Henry Ford's 8200 acre plantation is within one mile of La Belle Manor and other big developments, both agricultural and manufacturing are locating in this area.

La Belle has two good hotels; bank, churches, schools, theatre and many beautiful homes. Railroad, motor bus and river transportation makes this section accessible to all other cities, North, South, East and West. Additional new highways and railroads are proposed and will probably be constructed.

The great cross state waterway connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of Mexico, now navigable for shallow draft boat will probably be deepened to permit the passage of sea going vessels.

The location of La Belle Manor is high, the soil is rich and the climate is superior to that of either coast.

Your hope for health, wealth and recreation will be realized in this fast growing section and you can now buy land at a fraction of what it will cost you in a few months when the public learn of what is going on and these vast development plans become a reality.

During the past few years you had the same opportunity at Miami, Coral Gables, Hollywood, Palm Beach, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Bradentown and Fort Myers. Those who bought had the same vision and foresight as those who will buy at La Belle Manor.

Study the railroad and highway maps of Florida and write to us for literature of this garden of Eden which has attracted such far seeing capitalists as Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, Thomas Edison, Barron Collier and a host of others. Follow such leaders — they are financially able to create conditions that will increase values where they are interested.

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mobile king, in association with Henry Firestone, is developing his rubber plantations. And this is where Thomas A. Edison and Barron Collier are also active and prominent.

Mr. Ford purchased his 8,000-acre ranch at La Belle at a price of nearly one million dollars.

Only a few months previous to this transaction La Belle was comparatively unknown, even in Florida. When Lee County was divided into smaller areas and Hendry County was created with La Belle as the county seat, it started to figure in the actual events of its state.

When Henry Ford made his big purchase there it, of course, came under the big spot lights.

Its future is even more promising, as it is on the East and West Coast Highway system that connects Fort Myers and Palm Beach.

This is one phase of the Floridian situation. In future issues other phases will be covered, but La Belle and Fort Myers are the sections that should attract the greatest amount of investment this winter. Other sections should follow in rapid succession.

Florida's Wealth

	1920*	1925†
Manufactures	$213,000,000	$225,000,000
a. Lumber		20%
b. Tobacco		18%
c. Ships		11%
d. Turpentine		10%
e. Miscellaneous		41%
	1920*	1925†
Crops	$80,000,000	$150,000,000
a. Vegetables		$25,000,000
b. Fruits—nuts		24,000,000
c. Miscellaneous		31,000,000
Mineral Products	10,000,000	12,000,000
a. Phosphate rocks		8,000,000
b. Miscellaneous		2,000,000
Livestock	8,000,000	10,000,000
Total	$311,000,000	$397,000,000

In percentages (1920):

Manufactures	68%
Crops	26%
Minerals	4%
Livestock	2%

* 1920 Federal Government Census.
† Estimated.

From The Wall Street Chronicle of October 24th, 1925.

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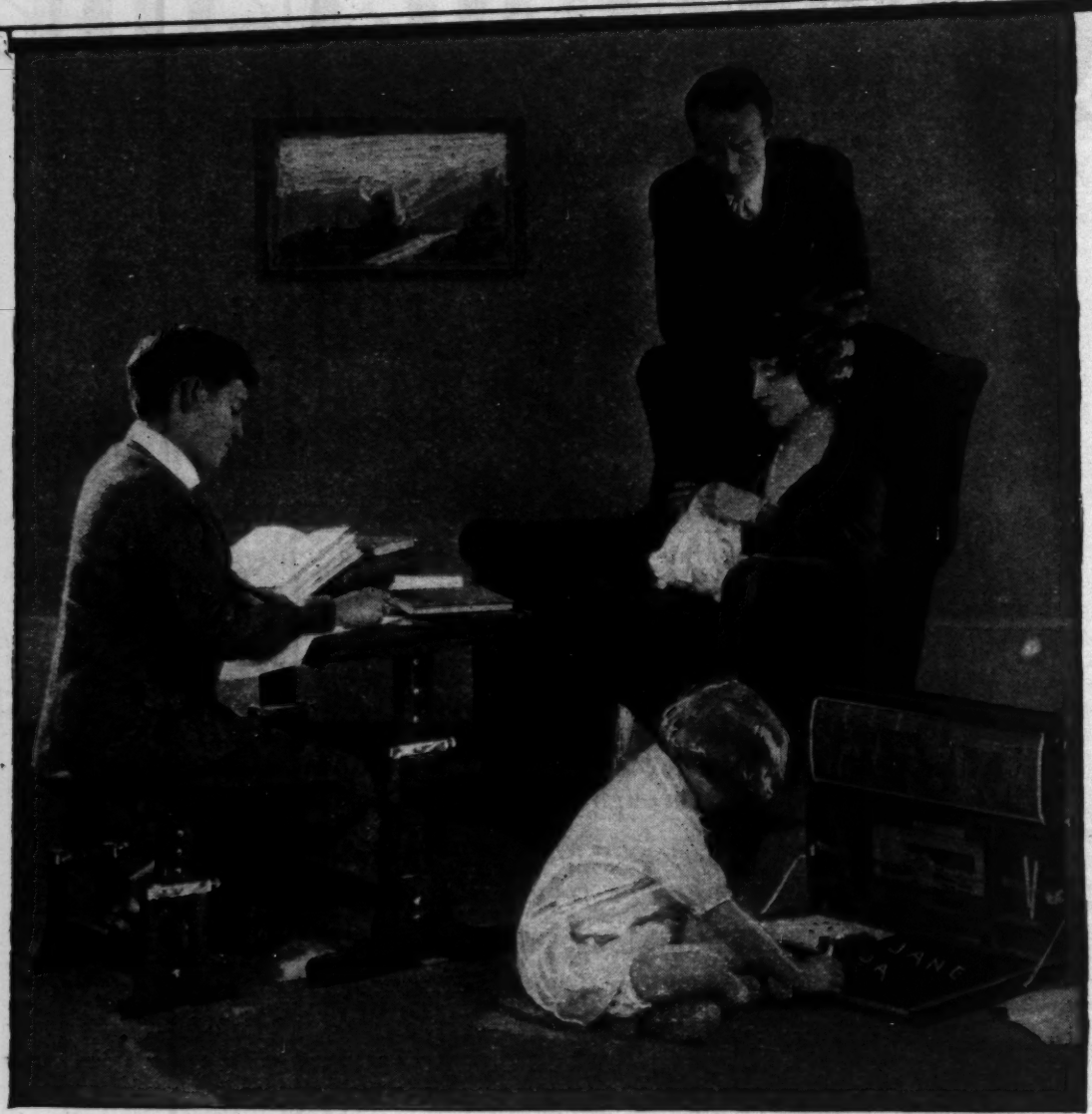

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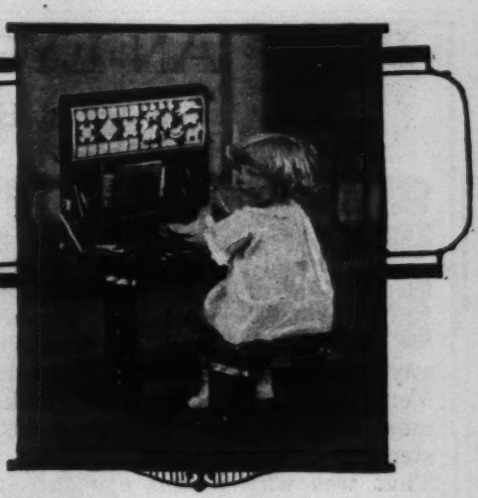
President, National Educational Association.
Principal, Pierce School, Brookline, Mass.

Christmas



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"For I might not have become an artist but for it.

"I believe it to be the germ from which my attainments have grown, and from that little investment of my parents, through Santa, I have received profits of thousands of 'per cents.'"

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE

By E. H. LANCASTER

LO, it was the sheep did it! Your 'Cajan farmer is good-natured, slow to anger. Yes! but when he *gets* mad he *stays* mad. And it would make any man mad to have his sheep stolen? Very true! And it would make any man mad to be unjustly accused of stealing sheep? Again, very true. That was why it was eye for eye between M. Gasconne and M. LeReille.

"Oeil pour oeil." All the neighbors took sides. The children fought at school; the young people cut each other at church; the old people were savage. *"Oeil pour oeil."* And it was the sheep did it. The poor, silly sheep.

But in her heart the teacher, burned by the crossfire, called other things silly besides the sheep. She was a practical young woman, that teacher. She could not teach a school with a feud in it. Lo, the feud must cease! She would ignore it. She would down it. Boldly did she send Silvan and Dazier to the spring for water, and boldly did she lick the pair of them when they returned bloody after the inevitable scrimmage.

But the patrons rose in arms. They "visited *la maitresse d'ecole.*" They harangued. But she would listen to neither side.

"I have been appointed to teach this school, and I am going to teach it. If the boys fight, I will whip them. If the girls quarrel, I will punish them."

"You do what teacher say," they counseled their rebelling youngsters. "She's ilected for dis year, dis year, yas," with slow significance of utterance. With bad grace the boys and the girls obeyed. Came and went, sat and spoke as the school-teacher directed. But even the meekest of them plucked up spirit—anticipating a glorious row—when the teacher, determined upon a clean sweep of feud antagonism, ordered Etienne Gasconne to take his books to the next seat to Madeline LeReille. Etienne scowled his blackest but went. Madeline's eyes blazed scorn at him. She started up:

"I want go home, me."

"No," said the teacher.

"His papa call my papa 'T'ief.' I won't seet by heem, me."

"That will do, Madeline."

"Je me paindre á papa." And the rebellious little beauty burst into tears. The teacher gave her attention to the class at the board, deaf to the heart-rending sobs from the far corner.

Good! But Etienne was not so "hardheart" as "das teacher." He turned with an impatient whisper:

"Why don' you shot op?"

"Because I won' shot op, me."

"I'm goin' ask tetcher mek you."

A stinging slap in the face was her reply. All the school saw it. All the school looked at the teacher. Teacher was blind. Bébé, the telltale, stood in his seat: "Mees Bella, Madeline, she slap Etienne."

"She didn'. Nothin' the sort." thundered Etienne.

" You may come and stand at my desk, Bébé," said the teacher. Bébé stood. All the school wondered.

On the road from school that afternoon Etienne instructed his little brothers and sisters: "Don't you say nothin' *à la maison.*" Madeline sat next to Etienne with no further protest. Would not look at him or speak to him. Ha, no! Held her head high and drew her skirts close when he took his seat. But—she carried her sunbonnet in her hand all the way to school for fear of mussing her hair.

Poor Etienne, his lot was a hard one. To have to sit by a girl that he knew despised him, and not to be able to despise her back because she was too pretty! Verily it was no bed of roses. And yet, when the end of the month came, and with it the privilege for boys to change seats, Etienne buried his fists in his curly hair and studied hard. Not even when the teacher called his name did he raise his eyes. Madeline touched

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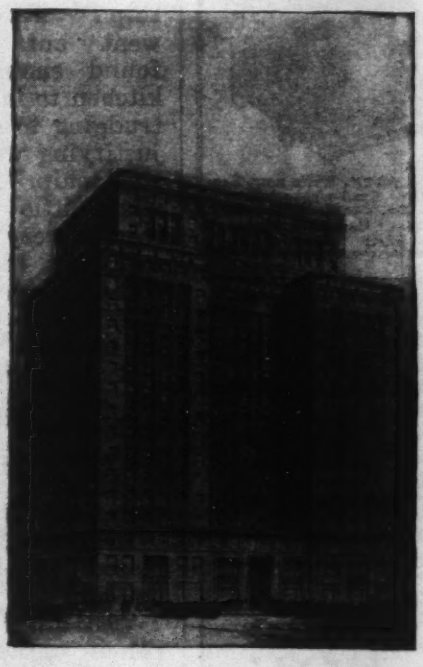

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him with her pencil: "Don' you hear?"

"No," he whispered briefly.

It leaked out at home that he had not changed his seat.

"I don' know, me, what for you want seet by one t'ief," shouted irate papa.

"*Cher, Cher,*" interposed mild little Madame. "Das ain' Madeline steal ship?" Etienne got up quickly and went out. Next morning Madame found enough split kindling in her kitchen to last her a week, and Etienne trudging to school repeated eagerly her justifying words: "Das ain' Madeline steal ship." Ah, what a wonderfully wise little mother was his! Life seemed very sunny as he slid into his seat, but the gods still had grief in store. Madeline dropped her pencil. It fell close to his foot. With his eyes on his book Etienne stooped sideways, picked up the pencil, and slipped it into her lap. Nobody saw. With her eyes on her book Madeline whispered softly: "T'ank you." Reckless courage came to Etienne. He looked at her. "My mama say tain't you steal ship."

Reckless anger seized Madeline. She blazed at him. "Tain't my papa neither!"

"Etienne! Madeline!" The teacher's pencil dashed down two vicious demerits. The culprits bent over their fourth readers. Madeline's lips began to move silently, conning her definitions with a fine air of indifference. Etienne did not even see the book before him. He had made her mad and got her into trouble. Life was all gloom. With his fist at his temples he stared wretchedly, blindly. At last the fourth reader—the highest class in school—was called. And he stood up in cold consternation. Madeline was head, he was next. He gave one despairing look at the first word that would come to him, and closed his book. The word came. He spelled and defined nervously. It was a long class. If nobody missed a second word might not come to him. "But, of course, that *sot* at the bottom would miss." And the booby did. Madeline caught the word in the air, rose, spelled, defined, sat down. Etienne stood up. "Wilderness." It was an easy word to spell. He spelled slowly. What *did* it mean? He knew that the next boy knew by the way he was watch-

ing him. "Wilderness," he pronounced and paused. The teacher looked up. Madeline looked down. Etienne looked down also, looking desperately at that bent head. Then he found himself repeating quietly: "A place where no one lives."

Madeline was late the next morning. How could *she* know who it was that laid the big, red rose on her desk. Truly, such a gift may not be expected from an enemy. Surely, there was no reason, then, why she should not wear it in her hair all day. The more so that when Bébé told her after school that it was Etienne who brought the rose she promptly snatched it from her hair, and flung it under foot with every mark of disdain. But perhaps she felt a little—just a little badly about doing that when she heard them telling Etienne next morning and laughing at him. And it was the morning, too, for the girls to change seats if they wished to. Maybe it was because she was so busy watching the way Etienne's fingers trembled as they fumbled his fourth reader that Madeline did not hear when the teacher called her name. The teacher did seem to be in a hurry and ran over Madeline's name "too quick," as everybody admitted. Etienne looked at Madeline, and caught her looking at him. The bold boy laid surreptitious fingers upon the pink bud in her belt, and transferred it to his pocket.

"T'ief," she whispered.

"Yes," he agreed. "Goin' steal all you got." And quite as a matter of course that afternoon, he carried Madeline's books home for her. "Eye for eye?" The teacher smiled. It *looked* more like "heart for heart."

But it was a long time after when M. Gasconne drew rein beside M. LeReille, with a cheery hail:

"Jack, you know 'bout das moutons I *los'* las' winter? I find out, me, where dey was *los'*. In das branch back of old man Réné's place. Yas. Find all five dey's head."

Ah, but that was long time after Etienne's little brother had stopped calling Madeline's little brother "one pole-cat." Long time, yes. Etienne had been smoking cigarettes on Madeline's front gallery every Sunday for nearly six months.

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